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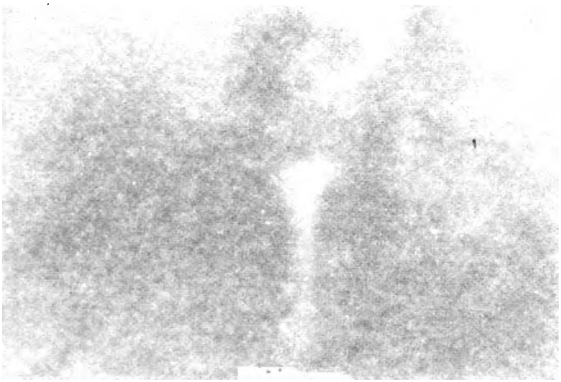

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THE

TE POETICAL WORKS

OF

XANDER POPE, ESQ.

WITH

ITICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

AND

ALUABLE MISCELLANEOUS PRODUCTIONS,

T CONTAINED IN ANY OTHER EDITION.

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POPE'S

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTORY.

In his arrangement of what follows, the editor has aimed to accomplish a classification of the various poems embraced in the volumes, regardless of the period when they were written. Some of the author's earliest productions will be found among the miscellaneous collection at the end of this volume; and, in fact, all pieces that could not properly be classed under some distinct head, have been thus disposed of.

In accordance with the plan pursued by a majority of former editors, "*the Author's Preface*" is given in this place, as more suitable than any other it could occupy. Of this production, it has been justly remarked, that the clearness, the closeness, and the elegance of style with which it is written, render it one of the best pieces of prose in our language. It abounds in strong good sense and profound knowledge of life; and is written with such simplicity, that scarcely a single metaphor is to be found in it. Bishop Atterbury was so delighted with it, that he read it over twice, and desired the author not to balance a moment about printing it; "always provided there is nothing said there that you may have occasion to unsay hereafter."

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

I am inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks as, on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controlling the opinions of all the rest, so, on the other, the world has no title to demand that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment; therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame or pleasure as each affords the other.

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Every one acknowledges it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man; and yet one would think that the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly passed upon poems. A critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point; and can it then be wondered at, if the poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments.*

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-placed; poetry and criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

(Yet sure, upon the whole, a bad author deserves better usage than a bad critic; for a writer's endeavour, for the most part, is to please his readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill-judgment; but such a critic's is to put them out of humour: a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill-temper.)†

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the faults of bad poets. What we call a genius is hard to be distinguished by a man himself from a strong inclination; and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it in any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others. Now, if he happens to write ill, (which is certainly no sin in itself,) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write; and this, too, may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant or insincere; and the rest of the world in general is too well-bred to shock them with a truth which generally their booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents, and till such talents as they have are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first step he makes in the world; and people will establish their opinion of us from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature.

* In the former editions it was thus: *For as long as one side despises a well-meant endeavour, the other will not be satisfied with a moderate approbation.* But the author altered it, as these words were rather a consequence from the conclusion he would draw, than the conclusion itself, which he has now inserted.—WARBURTON.

† In the edition of 1717, the above passage stands thus: *Yet sure, upon the whole, a bad author deserves better usage than a bad critic; a man may be the former merely through the misfortune of an ill-judgment, but he cannot be the latter without both that and an ill-temper*

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given up to the ambition of fame, when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances; for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth than if he were a prince or a beauty. If he has not very good sense, (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of sense,) his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a coxcomb; if he has, he will, consequently, have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery; and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine genius as with a fine fashion; all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it; and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so much good as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people, who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities, and these, to a man, will hate or suspect him; a hundred honest gentlemen will dread him as a wit, and a hundred innocent women as a satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are, indeed, some advantages accruing from a genius to poetry, and they are all I can think of: the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone; the privilege of being admitted into the best company; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it, any way, one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. (I could wish people would believe, what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when, methinks, I should find more credit than I could heretofore, since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these trifles by prefaces, biassed by recommendation, dazzled with the names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses.)* I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author; I writ, because it amused me; I corrected, because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I published, because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant: I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with

*The above passage does not appear in the edition of 1717; but was added by the author in the subsequent editions.

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them at last; but I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so; for they have always fallen short, not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to say the least of them) had as much genius as we; and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fall to produce more complete pieces. They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality; though, if we took the same care, we should still lie under a further misfortune: they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited, both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can have is but to be read in one island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients: and it will be found true, that, in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must have been common sense in all times; and what we call learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore, they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the Ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our fathers'; and indeed it is very unreasonable that people should expect us to be scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have served myself all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors, dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies:* but the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live: one may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together; and what critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public is, that I have as great a respect for it as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. (I would not be like those authors who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake a whole poem, and, *vice versa*, a whole poem for the sake of some particular lines.)† I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a

* In the edition of 1717, the following passage here occurs: *And that I expect not to be excused in any negligence, on account of youth, want of leisure, or any other idle allegations;* which, not being quite consistent with a passage that afterwards occurs was perhaps for that reason here omitted.

† This passage has been added in the subsequent editions.

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good writer as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this, if any thing, that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned; but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice, in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things as, partly by malice and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any miscellanies or works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If time shall make it the former, may these poems, as long as they last remain as testimony that their author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of party or self-interest; the gratification of public prejudices or private passions; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered, that it is what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare, I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, that there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five-and-twenty; so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in executions) a case of compassion; that I never was so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad, could never be defended; that I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill-language; or, when I could not attack a rival's works, encouraged reports against his morals. To conclude: if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the critics not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a *memento mori* to some of my vain contemporaries the poets, to teach them, that, when real merit is wanting it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

November 10, 1716.

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VARIATIONS IN THE AUTHOR'S MANUSCRIPT PREFACE.

After line 25, page 147, it followed thus: For my part, I confess, had I seen things in this view, at first, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them. I am sensible how difficult it is to speak of one's self with decency: but when a man must speak of himself, the best way is to speak truth of himself, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this preface a general confession of all my thoughts of my own poetry, resolving with the same freedom to expose myself, as it is in the power of any other to expose them. In the first place, I thank God and nature, that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly used, to make the whole course of life entertaining: *Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet.)* It is a vast happiness to possess the pleasures of the head, the only pleasures in which a man is sufficient to himself, and the only part of him which, to his satisfaction, he can employ all day long. The muses are *amicæ omnium horarum;* and, like our gay acquaintance, the best company in the world as long as one expects no real service from them. I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of self-love upon innocence. I had made an epic poem, and panegyrics on all the princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I cannot but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many trials, and sad experience, have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame, I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me correct; besides that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

At line 25, page 148. In the first place, I own that I have used my best endeavours to the finishing these pieces. That I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors, dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and my enemies. And that I expect no favour on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason they are not yet more correct is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years, may be ashamed to employ thirty in measuring syllables, and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old; and when we are old, we find it too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the wits will pardon me, if I reserve some of my time to save my soul; and that some wise men will be of my opinion, even if I should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life, than in pleasing the critics.

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PASTORALS;

WITH

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL POETRY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCIV.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

ALTHOUGH the whole of Pope's early productions are allowed the praise of elegant correctness and musical versification, they have not escaped the charge of a want of originality and poetical invention; but of all his various and very freely-censured writings, there are none that appear to have met with a harsher or more fastidious reception at the hands of his commentators and critics, than his *Pastorals*. Without regarding them with a sufficient reference, either to the time of life of the author, or the objects he had in view in their composition, they have considered them as deficient in originality and strength of thought, because they do not more greatly abound in new and striking images. But to say nothing of the unreasonableness of requiring "new and striking images," on a subject which has been obvious from the earliest ages to all mankind, and has been the general theme of poetry in every country, period, and language; it must be observed, that it was not the intention of Pope to rely upon the strength of his own powers, or to attempt an original style of pastoral composition.—ROSCOE.

Dr. Warton was disposed to be rather captious in regard to these early specimens of our author's genius; pronouncing "the descriptions and sentiments trite and common," while at the same time he conceded that Pope had exhibited "the ideas of Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser, in language equally mellifluous and pure." In this concession, he has granted every thing which Pope endeavoured to accomplish; and the observation of Johnson, that "no invention was intended," is, as far as the exceptions of Warton affect the genius and character of Pope, a decisive answer.

As regular compositions, these pastorals may be considered as the first productions which entitled their author to the name of a poet. From these it appears that he had already very carefully studied the works of the best critics and commentators, with a view of acquiring that uncommon degree of elegance, correctness, and harmony, with which his poetry abounds. To these rules he ever afterwards conformed; and for their merits in the exemplification of them, he placed none of his productions above the pastorals.

Of the *effect* which these productions are calculated to exercise on the mind, a happier illustration cannot perhaps be adduced, than that given by the admirable Gilbert Wakefield:—"The *Pastorals* of Pope," he says, in

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some remarks upon them, "were among the very first writings that engaged the attention of my infancy; and, if the reader will excuse this circumstance of egotism, I read them with facility, with perseverance, and delight, at an earlier period than any one whom I have ever known or heard of. They have left upon my mind the fading traces of a transport inexpressible."

A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL POETRY.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius.—VIRGIL.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses, than of those which are called Pastorals, nor a smaller than those which are truly so. It therefore is necessary to give some account of this kind of poem; and it is my design to comprise in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations that critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ; and a few remarks, which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world; and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably pastoral.* It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the poets chose to introduce their persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both;† the fable simple, the manners not too polite, nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In, short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

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* Fontenelle's *Discourse on Pastorals.*

† Heinsius in Theocr.

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The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity,* brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy nature, it may be useful to take this idea along with us, that pastoral is an image of what they call the Golden Age. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been, when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an air of piety to the gods should shine through the poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity; and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing: the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short,† and the periods concise: yet it is not sufficient that the sentences only be brief; the whole eclogue should be so too: for we cannot suppose poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered.‡ This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shown by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight: for what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries.§ Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject, that it contains some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety.‖ This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and, lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of a heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

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* Rapin de Carm. Past., p. 2.
† Rapin, Reflex. sur l'Art. Poet. d'Arist., p. ii. Refl. xxvii.
‡ Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg. § Fontenelle's Disc. of Pastorals.
‖ See the fore-mentioned Preface.

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It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil, (the only undisputed authors of pastoral,) that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers* and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners, he seems a little defective; for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But it is enough that all others learned their excellence from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original; and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such, they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to.† He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their patterns. The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso and our Spenser. Tasso,‡ in his *Aminta*, has as far excelled all the pastoral writers, as in his *Gierusalemme* he has outdone the epic poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the pastoral comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's *Calendar*, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil; not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His eclogues are somewhat too long if we

* ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ, Idyl. x. and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ, Idyl. xxi.

† Rapin, Refl. on Arist., part ii. Refl. xxvii.—Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg.

‡ Pope was mistaken in supposing the *Aminta* of Tasso the very first pastoral comedy that appeared in Italy, and older heads have fallen into the like error. Angostino Beccari boasts in the prologue that his *Il Sacrificio* was the first: it was acted at Ferrara in 1550, and the *Aminta* in 1573. But there were other writers of pastoral in Italy prior to either of these, and among them Bernardo Pulci, Politian, and Sannazaro in his *Arcadia*.

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compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets. His stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough for the Tetrastic has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect; for the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons; whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a calendar to his eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself: he compares human life to the several seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his pastorals into months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass that some of his eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: that they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's: that, in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But, after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

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SPRING.

THE FIRST PASTORAL;* OR, DAMON.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

First in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You that, too wise for pride, too good for power,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And, carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost;
Oh, let my muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre!
So when the nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,

* These Pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and then passed through the hands of Mr. Walsh, Mr. Wycherley, G. Granville (afterwards Lord Lansdowne), Sir William Trumbull, Dr. Garth, Lord Halifax, Lord Somers, Mr. Mainwaring, and others. All these gave our author the greatest encouragement, and particularly Mr. Walsh, whom Mr. Dryden, in his Postscript to Virgil, calls the best critic of his age. "The author," says he, "seems to have a particular genius for this kind of poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds his years. He has taken very freely from the ancients. But what he has mixed of his own with theirs, is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery at all to say, that Virgil had written nothing so good at his age. His Preface is very judicious and learned."—*Letter to Mr. Wycherley, Ap.* 1705. The Lord Lansdowne, about the same time, mentioning the youth of our poet, says (in a printed letter of the character of Mr. Wycherley), "that if he goes on as he hath begun in the pastoral way, as Virgil first tried his strength, we may hope to see English poetry vie with the Roman." Notwithstanding the early time of their production, the author esteemed these as the most correct in the versification, and musical in the numbers, of all his works. The reason for his labouring them into so much softness, was, doubtless, that this sort of poetry derives almost its whole beauty from a natural ease of thought, and smoothness of verse; whereas that of most other kinds consists in the strength and fullness of both. In a letter of his to Mr. Walsh, about this time, we find an enumeration of several niceties in versification, which perhaps have never been strictly observed in any English poem, except in these Pastorals. They were not printed till 1709.—P.

But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.
Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
Pour'd o'er the whitening gale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side.
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus replied:

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on every bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year.

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow,
Here western winds on breathing roses blow,
I'll stake yon lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines;

VARIATIONS.—Ver. 17, &c. The scene of this Pastoral, a valley; the time, the morning. It stood originally thus:

Daphnis and Strephon to the shades retired,
Both warm'd by Love, and by the Muse inspired,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair,
In flow'ry vales they fed their fleecy care;
And while Aurora gilds the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus replied.

Ver. 34. The first reading was:

And his own image from the bank surveys.

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Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing:
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
Now leaves the trees, and flowers adorn the ground:
Begin; the vales shall every note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white bull shall at your altar stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes;
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

VARIATIONS.—Ver. 36 originally stood thus:

And clusters lurk beneath the curling vines.

This line was probably rejected from its resembling too nearly a line in Dryden's translation of Virgil's Eclogues, viz: "The grapes in *clusters lurk* beneath the vine."

Ver. 49. Originally thus in the MS.:

Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,
Of Parian stone thy statue will I raise;
But if I conquer, and augment my fold,
Thy Parian statue shall be changed to gold.

Ver. 38. *The various seasons*, &c.] The subject of these Pastorals engraven on the bowl is not without its propriety. Thomson is said to have told Collins that he took the first hint and idea of writing his *Seasons* from the titles of Pope's four Pastorals.

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DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Bright Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield.
Feed here, my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana, Cynthus—Ceres, Hybla loves;
If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in showers,
Hush'd are the birds, and closed the drooping flowers,

VARIATIONS.—Ver. 61. It stood thus at first:

Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boast,
Her purple wool the proud Assyrian coast,
Bless'd Thames's shores, &c.

Ver. 61. Originally thus in the MS.:

Go, flow'ry wreath, and let my Sylvia know,
Compared to thine, how bright her beauties show,
Then die; and, dying, teach the lovely maid
How soon the brightest beauties are decay'd.

DAPHNIS.

Go, tuneful bird, that pleased the woods so long,
Of Amaryllis learn a sweeter song;
To heav'n arising then her notes convey,
For heav'n alone is worthy such a lay.

Ver. 69, &c. These verses were thus at first:

All nature mourns, the birds their songs deny,
Nor wasted brooks the thirsty flow'rs supply;
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.

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If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia smile, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd Nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring, the fields—in autumn, hills I love,
At morn, the plains—at noon, the shady grove;
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day:
Ev'n spring displeases when she shines not here;
But, bless'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears
A wondrous tree, that sacred monarchs bears:
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The thistle springs, to which the lily yields:
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree,
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Blest swains, whose nymphs in every grace excel;
Blest nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well!
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bowers,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal showers:

Ver. 86. *A wondrous tree,* &c.] An allusion to the Royal Oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the pursuit after the battle at Worcester.

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The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While opening blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For, see! the gathering flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful showers descend.

VARIATION.—Ver. 99 was originally,

The turf with country dainties shall be spread,
And trees with shining branches shade your head.

SUMMER.

THE SECOND PASTORAL; OR, ALEXIS.

TO DOCTOR GARTH.

A SHEPHERD's boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
Soft as he mourn'd the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naiads wept in ev'ry watery bower,
And Jove consented in a silent shower.
Accept, O Garth! the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;

VARIATIONS.—Ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, were thus printed in the first edition:

A faithful swain, whom Love had taught to sing,
Bewail'd his fate beside a silver spring;
Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads
Through verdant forests, and through flow'ry meads.

Ver. 3. Originally thus in the MS.:

There to the winds he plain'd his hapless love,
And Amaryllis filled the vocal grove.

Ver. 3. The scene of this Pastoral, by the river side, suitable to the heat of the season; the time, noon.

Ver. 9. Dr. Samuel Garth, author of the *Dispensary*, was one of the first friends of our poet, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continued from 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death.

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Hear what from love unpractised hearts endure,
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.
Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing;
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay;
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflamed by thee.
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.
Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the watery glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in every herb that grew,
And every plant that drinks the morning dew,
Ah, wretched shepherd! what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces sheer;
But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspired when living, and bequeathed in death:
He said, "Alexis, take this pipe; the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name."

VARIATION.—Ver. 27:

Oft in the crystal spring I cast a view,
And equal'd Hylas, if the glass be true;
But since those graces meet my eye no more,
I shun, &c.

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But now the reed shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despised by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming power,
The captive bird that sings within thy bower!
Then might my voice thy listening ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.
And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song.
The nymphs, forsaking every cave and spring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring;
Each amorous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again:
For you the swains their fairest flowers design,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are comprised in one.
See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly bowers;
When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And, crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
Oh! deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade;
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade;
Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.

Ver. 73. *Where'er you walk*, &c.] Hudibras has some very similar lines, but certainly no resemblance was intended:

"Where'er you tread, your feet shall set
The primrose and the violet;
Nature her charter shall renew,
And take all lives of things from you."

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Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in every grove,
And winds shall waft it to the powers above.
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wondering forests soon should dance again,
The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
And headlong streams hang listening in their fall!
But, see! the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The loving herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flocks remove.
Ye gods! and is their no relief for love?
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

VARIATIONS.—Ver. 79, 80:

Your praise the tuneful birds to heav'n shall bear,
And list'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verses were originally written. But the author, young as he was, soon found the absurdity, which Spenser himself overlooked, of introducing wolves into England.

Ver. 91.

Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay.

AUTUMN.

THE THIRD PASTORAL*; OR, HYLAS AND ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays:
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love;
And Delia's name and Doris' filled the grove.

* This Pastoral consists of two parts, like the Eighth of Virgil. The scene, a hill; the time, at sunset.

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Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring;
Hylas' and Ægon's rural lays I sing.
Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
Oh! skill'd in nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.
Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpitied, and forlorn.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd choirs neglect their song:
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny:
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Cursed be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
Fade every blossom, wither every tree,
Die every flower, and perish all but she;
What have I said? Where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flowers arise!
Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from every thorn.

Ver. 7. *Thou, whom the Nine.*] Mr. Wycherley, a famous author of comedies; of which the most celebrated were the *Plain Dealer* and *Country Wife*. He was a writer of infinite spirit, satire, and wit. The only objection made to him was, that he had too much. However, he was followed in the same way by Mr. Congreve, though with a little more correctness.

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Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their evening song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to labourers faint with pain,
Not showers to larks, nor sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come! ah, why this long delay?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds;
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye powers, what pleasing phrensy soothes my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes! Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!
Next Ægon sang, while Windsor groves admired:
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspired.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjured Doris, dying I complain:
Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies;
While labouring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat;
While curling smokes from village tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon poplar oft we pass'd the day:
Oft on the rind I carved her amorous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs;
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away:
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

VARIATION.—Ver. 48. Originally thus in the MS.:

With him through Lybia's burning plains I'll go,
On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal snow;
Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,
And dread no coldness but in Thyrsis' heart.

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Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain;
Now golden fruit on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell the floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove.
Just gods! shall all things yield returns but love?
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."
Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserved my sheep?
Pan came, and ask'd what magic caused my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but hers, alas! have power to move?
And is there magic but what dwells in love?
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flowery plains.
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world, but love;
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred;
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed:
Thou wert from Etna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born.
Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods; adieu, the light of day;
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains.
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains.
Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd every shade.

Ver. 97. *Thus sung.*] Dr. Warton has mentioned Fairfax, as a writer of Pastorals, to whom English versification is much indebted. It is singular that he does not even allude to Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*, a work now almost forgotten, but containing some images of rural beauty which Milton did not disdain sometimes to copy.

Ver. 99, 100. "There is a little inaccuracy here," says Warburton. The first line makes the time after sun-set; the second, before.

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WINTER

THE FOURTH PASTORAL; OR, DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.*

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murmuring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing:
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh! sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost:
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the listening dryads to the plain:
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave:"
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

* This lady was of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the author's friend Mr. Walsh, who having celebrated her in a pastoral elegy, desired his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his letters, dated September 9, 1706: "Your last eclogue being on the same subject with mine, on Mrs. Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn, as if it were to the memory of the same lady." Her death having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703, gave a propriety to this eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it.

The scene of this Pastoral lies in a grove; the time, at midnight.

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THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
Let nymphs and sylvans cypress garlands bring:
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows as when Adonis died;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone;
"Let nature change, let heaven and earth deplore;
Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"
'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay:
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day.
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
See where, on earth, the flowery glories lie;
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah! what avail the beauties nature wore;
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuse their verdant food;
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood:
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own:
In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies:
Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore:
Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!
No grateful dews descend from evening skies,
Nor morning odours from the flowers arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store:
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

VARIATION.—Ver. 29. Originally thus in the MS.:

'Tis done, and nature changed since you are gone,
Behold, the clouds have put their mourning on.

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No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall, listening in mid air, suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more!
Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in every plain and wood,
Her fate rēmurmur to the silver flood;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
Daphne our grief, our glory now no more!
But, see! where Daphne wondering mounts on high,
Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There, while you rest in amaranthine bowers,
Or from those meads select unfading flowers,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still evening, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed,
While plants their shade, or flowers their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise, shall live!

THYRSIS.

But, see! Orion sheds unwholesome dews;
Arise: the pines a noxious shade diffuse;

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Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves;
Adieu, ye shepherd's rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew:
Daphne, farewell! and all the world, adieu!

Ver. 89, &c.] These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four Pastorals, and to the several scenes of them particularized before in each.

MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE:

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE idea of uniting the sacred prophecies and grand imagery of Isaiah with the mysterious visions and pomp of numbers displayed in the *Pollio*—thereby combining both sacred and heathen mythology in predicting the coming of the Messiah—is one of the happiest, for producing emotions of sublimity, that ever occurred to the mind of a poet; and has been executed with a splendour of language, and a harmony and flow of diction, which give to the grandeur of the subject its full effect. If any proof were wanting, this poem alone would be sufficient to demonstrate, that religious and devotional subjects are not only suitable for poetry, but are most appropriate of all others to exemplify whatever is dignified, impressive, and sublime. But it must not on that account be supposed that such subjects are, strictly speaking, more *poetical* than any others, or that there is any peculiar merit (except in a moral view) in the selection of them; such merit, poetically considered, consisting entirely in the manner in which they are treated, or, in other words, in the *genius* of the poet; insomuch that we may safely presume that, had the same idea occurred to, and the same choice been made by, any individual of all Pope's contemporaries, he would not have been able to have produced the elevated sensations and striking effect which we experience from the perusal of this eclogue; so true is it, that *poetry* consists in the execution only; and that if the poet had not, in this instance, infused into his production a full portion of his spirit, the felicity of his choice would have been of no avail; and *The Rape of the Lock*, or *The Dunciad*, although calculated only to inspire emotions of a very inferior kind, might, in point of poetical excellence, have been entitled to a preference.

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MESSIAH,

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

ADVERTISEMENT.—In reading several passages of the Prophet Isaiah, which foretell the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the *Pollio* of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect that the eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the prophet are superior to those of the poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.*

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou! my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 8. *A Virgin shall conceive—All crimes shall cease, &c.*] Virg. *Ecl.* iv. ver 6.

Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras—
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

"Now the virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, shall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his father."—

ISAIAH.

Isaiah, ch. vii. ver. 14.—"Behold, a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son." Chap. ix. ver. 6, 7.—"Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given: the

* As Pope made use of the old translation of Isaiah in the passages which he subjoined, it was thought proper to use the same, and not have recourse to the more accurate and more animated version of Bishop Lowth.

From Jesse's* root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies.
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens!† from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick‡ and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning Justice§ lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh! spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon‖ his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way!¶ a God, a God appears!

IMITATIONS.

Prince of Peace; of the increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end: upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to establish it, with judgment and with justice, for ever and ever."

Ver. 23. *See, Nature hastes*, &c.] Virg. *Ecl.* iv. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

"For thee, Oh child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with baccar, and colocassia with smiling acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee."

Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 1.—"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." Ch. lx. ver. 13. —"The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of thy sanctuary."

Ver. 29. *Hark! a glad voice*, &c.] Virg. *Ecl.* iv. ver. 46.

Aggredere ô magnos (aderit jam tempus) honores,
Cara Deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum!

Ecl. v. ver. 62.

Ipsi lætitiâ voces ad sidera jactant
Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, Deus ille, Menalca!

* Isaiah xi. 1. † Is. xlv. 8. ‡ Is. xxv. 4. § Is. ix. 7. ‖ Is. xxxv. 2. ¶ Is. xl. 3, 4.

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A God, a God! the vocal hills reply
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and ye valleys, rise!
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks! ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him,* ye deaf! and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine† chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd‡ tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised Father§ of the future age.
No more shall nation‖ against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,

IMITATIONS.

"O come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the gods! O great increase of Jove! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars; the very rocks sing in verse; the very shrubs cry out, A God, a God!"

Isaiah, ch. xl. ver. 3, 4.—"The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make straight in the desert a highway for our God! Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain." Ch. xliv. ver. 23.—"Break forth into singing, ye mountains; O forest, and every tree therein; for the Lord hath redeemed Israel."

* Isaiah xliii. 18; xxxv. 5, 6. † Is. xxv. 8. ‡ Is. xl. 11. § Is. ix. 6. ‖ Is. ii. 4.

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Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plowshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful Son*
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts† with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valley,‡ once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs§ with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 67. *The swain in barren deserts.*] Virg. *Ecl.* iv. ver. 28.

Molli paulatim flavescet campus aristâ,
Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

"The fields shall grow yellow with ripened ears, and the red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oaks shall distil honey like dew."

Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 7.—"The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water; in the habitations where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds, and rushes. Ch. iv. ver. 13.—"Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree."

Ver. 77. *The lambs with wolves, &c.*] Virg. *Ecl.* iv. ver. 21.

Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet—

"The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk; nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die."

Isaiah, ch. xi. ver. 6, &c.—"The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice."

* Isaiah lxv. 21, 22. † Is. xxxv. 1. 7. ‡ Is. xli. 19; lv. 13. § Is. xi. 6. 7 8.

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The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents* lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hands shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem,† rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race‡ thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations§ at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabean‖ springs!
For thee Idumé's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun¶ shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas** shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 85. *Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!*] The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which makes the loftiest parts of his *Pollio*.

Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo!
—toto surget gens aurea mundo!
—incipient magni procedere menses!
Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæcle! &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah, here cited.

* Isaiah lxv. 25.
† Is. li. 6.
‡ Is. lx. 1.
§ Is. lx. 4.
‖ Is. lx. 6.
¶ Is. lx. 19, 20.
** Is. li. 6; liv. 10.

TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS.

THE FIRST BOOK

OF

STATIUS HIS THEBAIS.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR MDCCIII.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

It is not perhaps to be inferred, that because Pope undertook to translate some portions of Statius and Ovid, he therefore preferred their writings to those of Virgil and Horace, and the other great poets of the Augustan age. They appear to have been selected by him with no other view than as exercises, on which he wished to try the extent of his powers, and by which he might accustom himself to greater ease and facility of expression. That this object is likely to be more effectually accomplished by translations than by original composition, is apparent from the consideration that, in the former, the writer is compelled to discover a mode of expression which shall precisely convey the sentiment of the original; while, in the latter, he can modify or change the sentiment to adapt it to the mode of expression. It was probably by his translations of the Roman poets, that Pope so eminently qualified himself for his great task, the translation of the *Iliad*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following translations were selected from many others done by the author in his youth; for the most part, indeed, but a sort of Exercises, while he was improving himself in the languages, and carried by his early bent to *poetry* to perform them rather in verse than prose. Mr. Dryden's Fables came out about that time, which occasioned the translations from Chaucer. They were first separately printed in *Miscellanies* by J. Tonson and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the quarto edition of 1717. The *Imitations of English Authors*, which are added at the end, were done as early; some of them at fourteen or fifteen years old; but having also got into *Miscellanies*, we have put them here together to complete this juvenile volume. —Pope.

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THE FIRST BOOK OF STATIUS'S THEBAIS.

ARGUMENT.—Œdipus, king of Thebes, having by mistake slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned his realm to his sons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the Fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus, king of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the Shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo, that his daughter should be married to a boar and a lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that god. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorœbus. He inquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality. The sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

The translator hopes he need not apologize for his choice of this piece, which was made almost in his childhood: but, finding the version better than he expected, he gave it some correction a few years afterwards.

FRATERNAL rage, the guilty Thebes alarms,
Th' alternate reign destroyed by impious arms,
Demand our song; a sacred fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
O goddess! say, shall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sowed the soil,
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil? 10

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Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Whose fatal rage th' unhappy monarch found?
The sire against the son his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks, and plunged into the main.
But waive whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song
At Œdipus—from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæsar's conquering eagles sing:
How twice he tamed proud Ister's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains stream'd with barbarous blood:
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole:
Or long before, with early valour, strove
In youthful arms t' assert the cause of Jove.
And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,
Increase of glory to the Latian name,
Oh, bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain!
What though the stars contract their heavenly space,
And crowd their shining ranks to yield thee place;
Though all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
Conspire to court thee from our world away;
Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine;
Though Jove himself no less content would be
To part his throne, and share his heaven with thee;
Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watery main;
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
And people heaven with Roman deities.
The time will come, when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame:

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Meanwhile, permit that my preluding muse
In Theban wars an humbler theme may choose:
Of furious hate, surviving death, she sings,
A fatal throne to two contending kings,
And funeral flames, that, parting wide in air,
Express the discord of the souls they bear:
Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts
Of kings unburied in the wasted coasts;
When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep
In heaps, her slaughter'd sons into the deep.
What hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the prophet's fate?
Or how, with hills of slain on every side,
Hippomedon repel'd the hostile tide?
Or how the youth, with every grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
And sing with horror his prodigious end.
Now wretched Œdipus, deprived of sight,
Led a long death in everlasting night;
But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day;
The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,
And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul;
The wretch then lifted to th' unpitying skies,
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes;
Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hand he strook,
While from his breast these dreadful accents broke:
"Ye gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, sable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd
Through dreary coasts, which I, though blind, behold:
Tisiphone, that oft hast heard my prayer,
Assist, if Œdipus deserve thy care!

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If you received me from Jocasta's womb,
And nursed the hope of mischiefs yet to come.
If, leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day,
When by the son the trembling father died,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide:
If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,
Taught by thyself to win the promised reign;
If wretched I, by baleful Furies led,
With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd;
Then self-condemned to shades of endless night,
Forced from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight;
Oh, hear! and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire!
My sons their old unhappy sire despise,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and deprived of eyes;
Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;
These sons, ye gods! who, with flagitious pride,
Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.
Art thou a father, unregarding Jove!
And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
Thou Fury, then, some lasting curse entail,
Which o'er their children's children shall prevail;
Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,
Which these dire hands from my slain father tore;
Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear;
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,
Blind as I am, some glorious villany!
Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
Could'st thou some great, proportion'd mischief frame,
They'd prove the father from whose loins they came."

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The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her snakes, untied, sulphureous waters drink;
But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,
And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air,
The gliding lightning, or descending star.
Through crowds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the silent night;
Swift as she pass'd, the flitting ghosts withdrew,
And the pale spectres trembled at her view:
To th' iron gates of Tænarus she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.
The day beheld, and, sickening at the sight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,
Trembled, and shook the heavens and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;
With eager speed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head;
In her sunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow,
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circle flow,
When, labouring with strong charms, she shoots from high,
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.
Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
Blue streaming poisons, and a length of flame.
From every blast of her contagious breath,
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues and death.
A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone.
She toss'd her meagre arms: her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a funeral brand:
A serpent from her left was seen to rear
His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.
But when the Fury took her stand on high,
Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,

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A hiss from all the snaky tire went round:
The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
And through th' Achaian cities send the sound.
Œte, with high Parnassus, heard the voice;
Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noise;
Again Leucothoë shook at these alarms,
And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,
And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race possess'd
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
And all their Furies wake within their breast.
Their tortured minds repining envy tears,
And hate engender'd by suspicious fears;
And sacred thirst of sway; and all the ties
Of nature broke; and royal perjuries;
And impotent desire to reign alone,
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne;
Each would the sweets of sovereign rule devour,
While discord waits upon divided power.
As stubborn steers, by brawny plowmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share.
But rend the reins, and bound a different way,
And all the furrows in confusion lay;
Such was the discord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.
In vain the chiefs contrived a specious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway;
Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

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Yet then no proud aspiring piles were raised,
No fretted roof with polish'd metals blazed:
No labour'd columns in long order placed,
No Grecian stone the pompous arches graced;
No nightly bands in glittering armour wait
Before the sleepless tyrant's guarded gate;
No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
Nor silver vases took the forming mould;
Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine.—
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say, to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his evening beams the west adorn,
When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like these not all those realms suffice,
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!
But Fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:
What joys, oh tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,
When all were slaves thou could'st around survey,
Pleased to behold unbounded power thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envied throne!
But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate:
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those who groan beneath the sway
Of kings imposed, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spite
With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight,)
Exclaim'd—"O Thebes! for thee what fates remain!
What woes attend this inauspicious reign!
Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change whom changed we still mus. fear?

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These now controul a wretched people's fate,
These can divide, and these reverse the state;
Ev'n fortune rules no more:—Oh, servile land!
Where exiled tyrants still by turns command.
Thou sire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate;
From the first birth of our unhappy state;
When banish'd Cadmus, wandering o'er the main
For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
And, fated in Bœotian fields to found
A rising empire on a foreign ground,
First raised our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threat'ning ardour glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
Yet who, before, more popularly bow'd?
Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
Oh, wretched we! a vile, submissive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in every reign!
"As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that, the wavering sails they bend,
While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:
Thus on each side, alas! our tottering state
Feels all the fury of resistless fate;
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
While that prince threatens, and while this commands."
And now th' almighty father of the gods
Convenes a council in the bless'd abodes:
Far in the bright recesses of the skies,
High o'er the rolling heavens, a mansion lies,

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Whence, far below, the gods at once survey,
The realms of rising and declining day,
And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and sea.
Full in the midst, and on a starry throne,
The majesty of heaven superior shone;
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling spheres confess'd a god.
At Jove's assent, the deities around
In solemn state the consistory crown'd.
Next a long order of inferior powers
Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bowers;
Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow;
And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow;
Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease,
And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
A shining synod of majestic gods
Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes;
Heaven seems improved with a superior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The monarch then his solemn silence broke,
The still creation listen'd while he spoke;
Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is fate.
"How long shall man the wrath of heaven defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the sky!
Oh! race confederate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!
This wearied arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain;
Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his task retires;
Th' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.
For this I suffer'd Phœbus' steed to stray,
And the mad ruler to misguide the day,
When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd,
And heaven itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd.
For this, my brother of the watery reign,
Released th' impetuous sluices of the main:
But flames consumed, and billows raged in vain.

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Two races now, allied to Jove, offend;
To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
The Theban kings their line from Cadmus trace
From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
And the long series of succeeding wo?
How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,
Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
Th' exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood;
The savage hunter, and the haunted wood?
The direful banquet why should I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to name?
Ere I recount the sins of these profane,
The sun would sink into the western main,
And rising gild the radiant east again.
Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed)
The murdering son ascend his parent's bed,
Through violated nature force his way,
And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;
His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curse, O Œdipus! just Heaven alarms,
And sets th' avenging Thunderer in arms.
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waste of war.
Adrastus soon, with gods averse, shall join
In dire alliance with the Theban line:
Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;
The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed:
Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembering breast
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.'
He said: and thus the queen of heaven return'd,
(With sudden grief her labouring bosom burn'd:)
"Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' towers defend,
Must I, O Jove! in bloody wars contend?

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Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
Though there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded Argus slept, and bled;
Though there the brazen tower was storm'd of old,
When Jove descended in almighty gold,
Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
Those bashful crimes disguised in borrow'd shapes;
But Thebes, where, shining in celestial charms,
Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
And blazing lightnings danced around her bed;
Cursed Thebes the vengeance it deserves may prove
Ah, why should Argos feel the rage of Jove?
Yet, since thou wilt thy sister-queen controul,
Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,
Go, raze my Samos, let Mycene fall,
And level with the dust the Spartan wall;
No more let mortals Juno's power invoke,
Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke:
But to your Isis all my rights transfer,
Let altars blaze, and temples smoke for her:
For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.
But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
And from the long records of distant age,
Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
To date his vengeance; to what bounds confined?
Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
His wand'ring streams, and through the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;
Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
Of fierce Œnomäus, defiled with blood;

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Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can those honours please? and canst thou love
Presumptous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove!
And shall not Tantalus's kingdom share
Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?
Reverse, O Jove! thy too severe decree,
Nor doom to war a race derived from thee:
On impious realms and barbarous kings impose
Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such sons as those."
Thus, in reproach and prayer, the queen express'd
The rage and grief contending in her breast;
Unmoved remain'd the ruler of the sky,
And from his throne return'd this stern reply:
"'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
The dire, though just, revenge which I prepare
Against a nation thy peculiar care.
No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend;
Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
Their work, and reverence our superior will.
For, by the black infernal Styx I swear,
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer,)
'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
Haste then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air;
Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give us Laius to the realms of day:
Whose ghost, yet shivering on Cocytus' sand,
Expects its passage to the farther strand;
Let the pale sire revisit Thebes, and bear
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That, from his exiled brother, swell'd with pride
Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promised empire, and alternate reign;

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Be this the cause of more than mortal hate:
The rest succeeding times shall ripen into fate."
The god obeys, and to his feet applies
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies.
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
He seized the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarian coasts,
Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghosts.
Thus, through the parting clouds, the son of May
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;
Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight,
Now springs aloft, and towers th' ethereal height;
Then wheeling, down the steep of heaven he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.
Meantime, the banish'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) through th' Aonian groves,
While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,
His daily vision, and his dream by night;
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly;
With transport views the airy rule his own,
And swells on an imaginary throne.
Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day:
He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
And bids the year with swifter motion run.
With anxious hopes his craving mind is toss'd,
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.
The hero then resolves his course to bend,
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And famed Mycene's lofty towers ascend,
(Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest,
And disappear'd in horror of the feast.)
And now, by chance, by fate, or furies led,
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,

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Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground.
Then sees Cithæron towering o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.
Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
Where treacherous Scylla cut the purple hairs:
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the different shores:
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.
'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night,
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light:
Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew;
All birds and beasts lie hush'd: Sleep steals away
The wild-desires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, descending through the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promise the skies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the distant light
Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night;
From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.
At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky;
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
The heavens, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
Which the cold North congeals to haily showers.
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flash from every cloud.
Now smokes with showers the misty mountain-ground,
And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round.
Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run,
And Erasinus rolls a deluge on:

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The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams away
Old limbs of trees, from crackling forests torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne:
The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
And first to light exposed the sacred shade.
Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky,
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,
The floods descending, and the watery war,
That, driven by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.
Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amazed, what doubtful path to tread;
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.
So fares a sailor on the stormy main,
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain;
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.
Thus strove the chief, on every side distress'd,
Thus still his courage with his toils increased;
With his broad shield opposed, he forced his way
Through thickest woods, and roused the beasts of prey,
Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies;
On this side Lerna's poisonous water lies,
On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise:
He pass'd the gates, which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

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Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Bless'd with calm peace in his declining days.
By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus graced his noble line:
Heaven had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.
To him Apollo (wondrous to relate!
But who can pierce into the depths of Fate?)
Had sung—"Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
A yellow lion, and a bristly boar."
This, long revolved in his paternal breast,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest;
This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,
Though skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain:
For thus did the predicting god ordain.
  Lo, hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
And, seized with horror, in the shades of night,
Through the thick deserts headlong urged his flight.
Now by the fury of the tempest driven,
He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heaven,
Till, led by fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.
  When thus the chiefs from different lands resort
T' Adrastus' realms, and hospitable court:
The king surveys his guests with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with surprise.
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils.
A boar's stiff hide of Calydonian breed,
Œnides' manly shoulders overspread:
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood:
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.
  Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The king th' accomplish'd oracle surveys;

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Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding godhead, and his future sons.
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
And a glad horror shoots through every vein.
To heaven he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
And thus invokes the silent queen of night:
"Goddess of shades, beneath whose gloomy reign
Yon spangled arch glows with the starry train;
You, who the cares of heaven and earth allay,
Till nature, quicken'd by th' inspiring ray,
Wakes to new vigour with the rising day:
O thou, who freest me from my doubtful state,
Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of fate!
Be present still: oh goddess! in our aid
Proceed, and firm those omens thou hast made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars sacrifices lay;
The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke.
Qail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus! I confess the gods."
Thus, seized with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
Then to his inner court the guests convey'd:
Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise,
And dust yet white upon each altar lies,
The relics of a former sacrifice.
The king once more the solemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.
His train obey, while all the courts around
With noisy care and various tumult sound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
This slave the floor, and that the table spreads;
A third dispels the darkness of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light.
Here loaves in canisters are piled on high,
And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.
Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne;

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A lofty couch receives each princely guest;
Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.
And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd;
Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When from the close apartments of the night,
The royal nymphs approach divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face;
Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
But that in these a milder charm endears,
And less of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise,
Their downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,
Then on their father's reverend features rest.
The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
Which Danaus used in sacred rites of old,
With sculpture graced, and rough with rising gold.
Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
And ev'n in gold, turns paler as she dies.
There from the chase Jove's towering eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars;
Still as he rises in th' ethereal height,
His native mountains lessen to his sight;
While all his sad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze;
And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.
This golden bowl with generous juice was crown'd,
The first libations sprinkled on the ground:
By turns on each celestial power they call,
With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands dress'd,

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While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the gods in numerous hymns of praise.
Then thus the king: "Perhaps, my noble guests
These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts
To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cause: our old solemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;
But, saved from death, our Argives yearly pay
These grateful honours to the god of day.
"When by a thousand darts the Python slain,
With orbs unroll'd, lay covering all the plain,
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue,)
To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter bless'd,
That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd:
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.
Happy! and happy still she might have proved,
Were she less beautiful, or less beloved!
But Phœbus loved, and on the flowery side
Of Nemea's stream the yielding fair enjoy'd:
Now, ere ten moons their orbs with light adorn,
Th' illustrious offspring of the god was born;
The nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.
"How mean a fate, unhappy child, is thine!
Ah, how unworthy those of race divine!
On flowery herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries,
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give:

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For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
And breathed the freshness of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;
Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies,
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.
"But, touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,
The raging god prepares t' avenge her fate.
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
High on a crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs;
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.
"But generous rage the bold Chorœbus warms,
Chorœbus, famed for virtue, as for arms;
Some few, like him, inspired with martial flame,
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monster from afar descried,
Two bleeding babes depending at her side,
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
And in their hearts imbrues her cruel claws.
The youths surround her with extended spears;
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears,
Deep in her breast he plunged his shining sword,
And hell's dire monster back to hell restored.
Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprise,
Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
Her spotted breast, and gaping womb imbrued
With livid poison, and our children's blood.

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The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste,
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
And ravenous dogs, allured by scented blood,
And starving wolves ran howling to the wood.
"But, fired with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:
A night of sultry clouds involved around
The towers, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thousand lives together fled,
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.
But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year,
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.
"Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy manes, and preserve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who, divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save;
But view'd the shrine with a superior look,
And its upbraided godhead thus bespoke:
"'With piety, the soul's securest guard,
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here.
Thy monster's death to me was owed alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.
Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays;
For whom, as man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by pestilential air!
But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
From gods above no more compassion find;

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If such inclemency in heaven can dwell,
Yet why must unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
Or funeral flames reflect a grateful light,
Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
But for my country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.'
"Merit distress'd, impartial Heaven relieves:
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives:
For not the vengeful power, that glow'd with rage,
With such amazing virtue durst engage.
The clouds dispersed, Apollo's wrath expired,
And from the wondering god th' unwilling youth retired.
Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please;
These honours still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.
"But say, illustrious guest!" adjoin'd the king,
"What name you bear, from what high race you spring?
The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known
Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon.
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite."
The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,
Confused, and sadly thus at length replies:
"Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(Oh, generous prince!) my nation or my name,
Or through what ancient veins our blood has roll'd?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!
Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own;
Know then, from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place."

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To whom the king (who felt his generous breast
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
Replies: "Ah, why forbears the son to name
His wretched father, known too well by fame?
Fame, that delights around the world to stray,
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.
Ev'n those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,
The faithless Syrtes, and the moving sands;
Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;
All these the woes of Œdipus have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
If on the sons the parents' crimes descend,
What prince from those his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace,
And be thyself the honour of thy race.
But, see! the stars begin to steal away,
And shine more faintly at approaching day.
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more resound the great Apollo's praise."
Oh, father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast
And snowy mountains thy bright presence boast;
Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
Or, pleased to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore;
Or choose thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The shining structures raised by labouring gods;
By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
And the dark counsels of almighty Jove,
'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
The change of sceptres, and impending wo;

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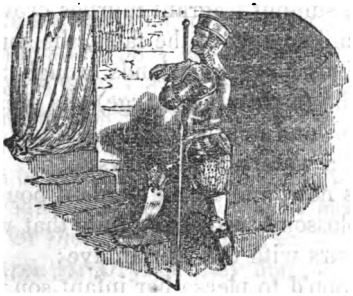
When direful meteors spread through glowing air
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire
T' excel the music of thy heavenly lyre;
Thy shafts avenged lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her numerous offspring for a fatal boast.
In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears:
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mouldering rock, that trembles from on high.
"Propitious hear our prayer, O Power divine!
And on thy hospitable Argos shine;
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain;
Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns."



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THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.*

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

She said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
When the fair consort of her son replies:
"Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own;
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer wo, a sister's stranger fate.
No nymph of all Œchalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride
(Myself the offspring of a second bride).
This nymph, compress'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
Andræmon loved; and, bless'd in all those charms
That pleased a god, succeeded to her arms.
"A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flowery garlands brought;
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she press'd
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
Not distant far, a watery lotos grows;
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs
Adorn'd with blossoms, promised fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye:
Of these she cropp'd to please her infant son;
And I myself the same rash act had done:

* Upon occasion of the death of Hercules, his mother Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Iole, who answers with a relation of those of her own family, in particular the transformation of her sister Dryope, which is the subject of the ensuing fable.—Pope.

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But, lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood.
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true),
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form; and, fixing here, became
A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.
"This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight;
And first the pardon of the nymphs implored,
And those offended sylvan powers adored:
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
And, as she struggles, only moves above;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below:
Surprised at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
The child Amphissus, to her bosom press'd,
Perceived a colder and a harder breast,
And found the springs, that ne'er till then denied
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dried.
I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
Embraced thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.
"Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy sire
Appear, and for their Dryope inquire;
A springing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind;
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And close embrace, as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;

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Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From every leaf distils a trickling tear,
And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains:
"'If to the wretched any faith be given,
I swear by all th' unpitying powers of heaven,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey!
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care:
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree; and say, with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapless parent lies:
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flowers; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a goddess shrined in every tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell!
If in your breast or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browsing cattle, or the piercing steel.
Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades:
Remove your hands; the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.'
"She ceased at once to speak, and ceased to be;
And all the nymph was lost within the tree:
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd."

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VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

FROM THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign:
Of all the virgins of the sylvan train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improved the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field,
The streams and fountains, no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
And see the boughs with happy burdens bend.
The hook she bore, instead of Cynthia's spear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
Now the cleft rind inserted graffs receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives;
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
These cares alone her virgin breast employ
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on every side,
To lawless sylvans all access denied.
How oft the satyrs and the wanton fauns,
Who haunt the forests or frequent the lawns,
The god whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care,
To pass the fences, and surprise the fair!
Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like these, rejected by the scornful dame,
To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears;
And first a reaper from the field appears.

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Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming-swain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade:
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyoked the sweating steers.
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
Now gathering what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
A fisher next, his trembling angle bears.
Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.
A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of reverend age appears,
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs;
Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
The god, in this decrepit form array'd,
The gardens entered, and the fruit survey'd,
And "Happy you!" he thus address'd the maid,
"Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine,
As other gardens are excel'd by thine!"
Then kiss'd the fair (his kisses warmer grow
Than such as women on their sex bestow);
Then, placed beside her on the flowery ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling vines her swelling clusters spread:
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And praised the beauty of the pleasing sight.
"Yet this tall elm, but for his vine," he said,
"Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her married elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah, beauteous maid! let this example move
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.

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Deign to be loved, and every heart subdue:
What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you?
Not she whose beauty urged the Centaur's arms,
Ulysses' queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
Ev'n now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
A thousand court you, though they court in vain,
A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.
But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
Whom age and long experience render wise,
And one whose tender care is far above
All that these lovers ever felt of love;
(Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess'd;)
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.
For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
To distant lands Vertumnus never roves;
Like you, contented with his native groves;
Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair;
For you he lives; and you alone shall share
His last affection, as his early care.
Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,
With youth immortal, and with beauty bless'd.
Add, that he varies every shape with ease,
And tries all forms that may Pomona please.
But what should most excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and pleasures are the same:
To him your orchard's early fruits are due,
(A pleasing offering when 'tis made by you,)
He values these: but yet, alas! complains
That still the best and dearest gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows
With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows;
Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies:
You, only you, can move the god's desire:
Oh, crown so constant and so pure a fire!

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Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
Think 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind:
So may no frost, when early buds appear,
Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs."
This when the various god had urged in vain,
He straight assumed his native form again;
Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
As when through clouds th' emerging sun appears,
And, thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
Force he prepared, but check'd the rash design;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features, and a youthful face;
In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

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SAPPHO TO PHAON.

FROM THE FIFTEENTH OF

OVID'S EPISTLES.

[ARGUMENT.—Phaon, a youth of exquisite beauty, was deeply enamoured of Sappho, a lady of Lesbos, from whom he met with the tenderest returns of passion: but his affection afterwards decaying, he left her, and sailed for Sicily. She, unable to bear the loss of her lover, hearkened to all the mad suggestions of despair; and seeing no other remedy for her present miseries, resolved to throw herself into the sea, from Leucate, a promontory of Epirus, which was thought a cure in cases of obstinate love, and therefore had obtained the name of the Lover's Leap. But before she ventured upon this last step, entertaining still some fond hopes that she might reclaim her inconstant, she wrote him this epistle, in which she gives him a strong picture of her distress and misery, occasioned by his absence: and endeavours, by all the artful insinuations and moving expressions she is mistress of, to sooth him to softness and mutual feeling.—ANON.]

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost as to thy love?
Ask not the cause that I new numbers choose,
The lute neglected, and the Lyric Muse.
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tuned my heart to elegies of wo.
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
By driving winds the spreading flames are borne.
Phaon to Etna's scorching fields retires,
While I consume with more than Etna's fires!
No more my soul a charm in music finds,
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds;
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please.
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;

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All other loves are lost in only thine,
Ah, youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise,
Those heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear:
Would you with ivy wreathe your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus loved, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
Than ev'n those gods contend in charms with thee.
The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
Though great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
No less renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire;
To me what nature has in charms denied,
Is well by wit's more lasting flame supplied.
Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspired young Perseus with a gen'rous flame;
Turtles and doves of different hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be moved:
Phaon alone by Phaon must be loved!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ;
Once in her arms you centred all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For, oh! how vast a memory has love!
My music, then you could for ever hear
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.

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In all I pleased, but most in what was best;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion fired,
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desired,
Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures died away.
The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame:
Why was I born, ye gods! a Lesbian dame?
But, ah! beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast
That wandering heart which I so lately lost;
Nor be with all those tempting words abused,
Those tempting words were all to Sappho used.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
And still increase the woes so soon begun?
Inured to sorrow from my tender years,
My parent's ashes drank my early tears:
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame;
An infant daughter late my griefs increased,
And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
Alas! what more could fate itself impose,
But thee, the last and greatest of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hands the sparkling diamonds glow;
No more my locks, in ringlets curl'd, diffuse
The costly sweetness of Arabian dews;
Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,
That fly disordered with the wanton wind:
For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
He's gone whom only she desired to please!
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
Still is there cause for Sappho still to love:
So from my birth the Sisters fixed my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;
Or, while my muse in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.

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By charms like thine, which all my soul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn:
For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep:
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
Oh, scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
Oh, useful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age and glory of thy race,
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take at least the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!
The less my sense, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu;
(At least to feign was never hard to you!)
"Farewell, my Lesbian love," you might have said;
Or coldly thus, "Farewell, oh, Lesbian maid!"
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her,
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, "Be mindful of our loves, and live."
Now by the Nine, those powers adored by me,
And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood,
Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood;
No sigh to rise, no tear had power to flow,
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of wo:
But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound;
I rave; then weep; I curse, and then complain;
Now swell in rage, now melt in tears again.

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Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
Whose first-born infant feeds the funeral flame.
My scornful brother with a smile appears,
Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears:
His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
"And why this grief? thy daughter lives!" he cries
Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim:
Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night.
Oh, night! more pleasing than the brightest day,
When fancy gives what absence takes away,
And dress'd in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine;
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
A thousand melting kisses give and take:
Then fiercer joys: I blush to mention these,
Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.
But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I;
As if once more forsaken, I complain,
And close my eyes to dream of you again;
Then frantic rise, and like some fury rove
Through lonely plains, and through the silent grove,
As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
I view the grotto, once the scene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone.
I find the shades that veil'd our joys before!
But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwined in amorous folds we lay;

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I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their songs till thy return:
Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below;
A flowery lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the sylvan genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,
Before my sight a watery virgin stood:
She stood and cried, "Oh, you that love in vain!
Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main:
There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
There injured lovers, leaping from above,
Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
In vain he loved: relentless Pyrrha scorn'd:
But when from hence he plunged into the main,
Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha loved in vain.
Haste, Sappho, haste! from high Leucadian throw
Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"

She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;
How much I fear—but, ah! how much I love!
I go, ye nymphs! where furious love inspires;
Let female fears submit to female fires.
To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below!

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And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane!
On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
And this inscription shall be placed below:
"Here she who sung to him that did inspire,
Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre;
What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee,
The gift, the giver, and the god agree."
But why, alas! relentless youth, ah! why
To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than those may far more pow'rful be,
And Phœbus' self is less a god to me.
Ah! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
Oh, far more faithless, and more hard than they?
Ah! canst thou rather see this tender breast
Dash'd on these rocks, than to thy bosom press'd?
This breast, which once, in vain! you liked so well;
Where the loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell?
Alas! the Muses now no more inspire;
Untuned my lute, and silent is my lyre;
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy sinks beneath the weight of wo.
Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad song shall ring,
No more these hands shall touch the trembling string:
(My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign,
Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:
Absent from me, the poet's flame expires;
But, ah! how fiercely burn the lover's fires!
Gods! can no prayers, no sighs, no numbers move
One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my prayers, my sighs, my numbers bear,
The flying winds have lost them all in air!

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Or when, alas! shall more auspicious gales
To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails?
If you return—ah, why these long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
Oh, launch the bark, nor fear the watery plain;
Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
Oh, launch thy bark, secure of prosperous gales;
Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
If you will fly—yet, ah! what cause can be,
Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?—
If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
Ah, let me seek it from the raging seas:
To raging seas unpitied I'll remove,
And either cease to live, or cease to love!

THIS Epistle is translated by Pope with elegance, and much excels any Dryden translated in the volume he published; several of which were done by some "of the mob of gentlemen that wrote with ease;" that is, Sir C. Scroop, Caryl, Pooly, Wright, Tate, Buckingham, Cooper, and other careless rhymers. Lord Somers translated *Dido to Æneas*, and *Ariadne to Theseus*. A good translation of these Epistles is as much wanted as one of Juvenal; for out of sixteen satires of that poet, Dryden himself translated but six.

One of the most learned commentaries on any classic is that of Mezeriac on the epistles of Ovid. It seems strange he should have employed so much labour on such a writer. The very best life of Æsop is also by Mezeriac; a book so scarce, that neither Bentley nor Bayle had seen it when they first wrote on Æsop. It was reprinted in the *Mémoires de Litérature* of M. de Sallengre, 1717, tom. i. p. 87. This is the author whom Malherbe, with his usual bluntness, asked, when he published his edition of *Diophantus*, "If it would lessen the price of bread?"

There was a very early translation of the epistles of Ovid ascribed to Shakspeare, which error, like many others, has been rectified by that able and accurate inquirer, Dr. Farmer, who has shown that they were translated by Thomas Heywood, and inserted in his *Britaine's Troy*, 1609.—WARTON.

If Pope ever fails, it is where he *generalizes* too much. This is particularly objectionable, where in the original there is any *marked*, *distinct*, and beautiful *Picture*: so, as it has been observed, Pope only says,

"Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails;"

whereas, in Ovid, Cupid appears before us in the very act of guiding the vessel, seated as the pilot, and with his *tender* HAND, (*tenerâ manu*,) contracting, or letting flow, the sail.—BOWLES.

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THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

IMITATED FROM CHAUCER.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE following note was prefixed to the first edition of this poem:

"Some modern critics, from a pretended refinement of taste, have declared themselves unable to relish allegorical poems. It is not easy to penetrate into the meaning of this criticism; for if fable be allowed one of the chief beauties, or, as Aristotle calls it, the very soul of poetry, it is hard to comprehend how that fable should be the less valuable for having a moral. The ancients constantly made use of allegories. My Lord Bacon has composed an express treatise in proof of this, entitled *The Wisdom of the Ancients;* where the reader may see several particular fictions exemplified and explained with great clearness, judgment, and learning. The incidents, indeed, by which the allegory is conveyed, must be varied according to the different genius or manners of different times; and they should never be spun too long, or too much clogged with trivial circumstances, or little particularities. We find an uncommon charm in truth, when it is conveyed by this sideway to our understanding: and it is observable that, even in the most ignorant ages, this way of writing has found reception. Almost all the poems in the old Provençal had this turn; and from these it was that Petrarch took the idea of his poetry. We have his *Trionfi* in this kind; and Boccace pursued in the same track. Soon after, Chaucer introduced it here, whose *Romaunt of the Rose, Court of Love, Flower of the Leaf, House of Fame,* and some others of his writings, are masters-pieces of this sort. In epic poetry, it is true, too nice and exact a pursuit of the allegory is esteemed a fault; and Chaucer had the discernment to avoid it in his *Knight's Tale,* which was an attempt towards an epic poem. Ariosto, with less judgment, gave entirely into it in his *Orlando;* which, though carried to an excess, had yet so much reputation in Italy, that Tasso (who reduced heroic poetry to the juster standard of the ancients) was forced to prefix to his work a scrupulous explanation of the allegory of it, to which the fable itself could scarce have directed his readers. Our countryman, Spenser, followed, whose poem is almost entirely allegorical, and imitates the manner of Ariosto rather than that of Tasso. Upon the whole, one may observe this sort of writing (however discontinued of late) was in all times so far from being rejected by the best poets, that some of them have rather erred by insisting on it too closely, and carrying it too far; and that to

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infer from thence that the allegory itself is vicious, is a presumptuous contradiction to the judgment and practice of the greatest geniuses, both ancient and modern."

It was to the Italians we owed any thing that could be called poetry; from whom Chaucer, imitated by Pope in this vision, copied largely, as they are said to have done from the bards of Provence, and to which Italians he is perpetually owning his obligations, particularly to Boccace and Petrarch. But Petrarch had greater advantages, which Chaucer wanted, not only in the friendship and advices of Boccace, but still more in having found such a predecessor as Dante. But whatever Chaucer might copy from the Italians, yet the artful and entertaining plan of his *Canterbury Tales* was purely original and his own. This admirable piece, even exclusive of its poetry, is highly valuable, as it preserves to us the liveliest and exactest picture of manners, customs, characters, and habits, of our forefathers, whom he has brought before our eyes acting as on a stage, suitably to their different orders and employments. With these portraits, the driest antiquary must be delighted. By this plan, he has more judiciously connected these stories which the guests relate, than Boccace has done his novels: whom he has imitated, if not excelled, in the variety of the subjects of his tales. It is a common mistake, that Chaucer's excellence lay in his manner of treating light and ridiculous subjects; for whoever will attentively consider the noble poem of *Palamon and Arcite*, will be convinced that he equally excels in the pathetic and the sublime. It has been but lately proved that the *Palamon and Arcite* of Chaucer is taken from the *Teseide* of Boccace, a poem which has been, till within a few years past, strangely neglected and unknown, and of which Mr. Tyrwhitt has given a curious and exact summary, in his *Dissertation on the Canterbury Tales*, vol. iv. p. 135.

The fashion that has lately obtained, in all the nations of Europe, of republishing and illustrating their old Poets, does honour to the good taste and liberal curiosity of the present age. It is always pleasing, and indeed useful, to look back to the rude beginnings of any art brought to a greater degree of elegance and grace.

Aurea nunc, olim sylvestribus horrida dumis.—*Virg.*—WARTON.

If Chaucer was indebted to any of the Italian poets for the idea of his *House of Fame*, it was to Petrarch, who, in his *Trionfo della Fama*, has introduced many of the most eminent characters of ancient times. It must, however, be observed, that the poem of Petrarch is extremely simple and inartificial, and consists only in supposing that the most celebrated men of ancient Greece and Rome pass in review before him; while that of Chaucer is the work of a powerful imagination, abounding with beautiful and lively descriptions, and forming a connected and consistent whole. That the imagination of Chaucer was warmed by his intercourse with the early poets of Italy is indisputable but although it appears that his *Palamon and Arcite* was founded on the *Teseide* of Boccaccio; yet there is reason to conclude that his *House of Fame* was as well as the design of his *Canterbury Tales*, originally his own.

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THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's *House of Fame*. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own; yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of Fame, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their titles; wherever any hint is taken from him, the passage itself is set down in the marginal notes.

IN that soft season,* when descending showers
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers;
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings,)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose.
I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;
The whole creation open to my eyes:

IMITATION.—Ver. 11, &c.] Hinted from the following of Chaucer, Book ii.

Tho' beheld I fields and plains,
Now hills and now mountains,
Now valeis, and now forestes,
And now unneth great bestes,
Now rivers, now citees,
Now towns, now great trees,
Now shippes sayling in the sees.

* The poem is introduced in the manner of the Provençal poets, whose works were for the most part Visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these, Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrowed the idea of their poems. See the *Trionfi* of the former, and the *Dream, Flower and the Leaf*, &c., of the latter. The author of this therefore chose the same sort of Exordium.

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In air self-balanced hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen;
There towery cities, and the forests green:
Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes;
There trees and intermingled temples rise;
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.
O'er the wide prospect as I gazed around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murmuring on the hollow shore:
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;
The wond'rous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdued;

IMITATIONS.—Ver. 27. *High on a rock*, &c.] Chaucer's third book of Fame.

It stood upon so high a rock,
Higher standeth none in Spayne—
What manner stone this rock was,
For it was like a lymed glass,
But that it shone full more clere;
But of what congeled matere
It was, I niste redily;
But at the last espied I,
And found that it was every dele,
A rock of ise, and not of stele.

Ver. 31. *Inscriptions here*, &c.]

Tho' saw I all the hill y-grave
With famous folkes names fele,
That had been in much wele
And her fames wide y-below;
But well unneth might I know,
Any letters for to rede
Their names by, for out of drede

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Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promised they should last.
Some fresh engraved appear'd of Wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place;
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by Envy, than excess of Praise.
Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:

IMITATIONS CONTINUED.

They weren almost off-thawen so,
That of the letters one or two
Were molte away of every name,
So unfamous was woxe her fame;
But men said, what may ever last?

Ver. 41, *Nor was the work impair'd*, &c.]

Tho' gan I in myne harte cast,
That they were molte away for heate,
And not away with stormes beate.

Ver. 45. *Yet part no injuries*, &c.]

For on that other side I sey
Of that hill which northward ley,
How it was written full of names
Of folke, that had afore great fames,
Of old time, and yet they were
As fresh as men had writtee hem there
The self day, or that houre
That I on hem gan to poure;
But well I wiste what it made;
It was conserved with the shade
(All the writing that I sye)
Of the castle that stood on high,
And stood eke in so cold a place,
That heat might it not deface.

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The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
Their names inscribed unnumber'd ages past
From Time's first birth, with Time itself shall last;
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the glowing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky;
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excel'd,
Four faces had the dome, and every face
Of various structure, but of equal grace!
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the different quarters of the sky.
Here fabled chiefs in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities raised, or tamed a monstrous race;
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.
Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield;

Ver. 65. *Four faces had the dome, &c.*] The Temple is described to be square, the four fronts with open gates facing the different quarters o the world, as an intimation that all nations of the earth may be alike received into it. The western front is of Grecian architecture: the Doric order was peculiarly sacred to heroes and worthies. Those whose statues are after mentioned were the first names of old Greece in arms and arts.—*P.*

There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoils:
Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound
Start from their roots, and form a shade around;
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire!
Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you see the lengthening spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing towers like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.
The eastern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name:

Ver. 81. *There great Alcides*, &c.] This figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the position of the famous statue of Farnese.—*P.*

It were to be wished, that our author, whose knowledge and taste of the fine arts were unquestionable, had taken more pains in describing so famous a statue as that of the Farnesian Hercules, to which he plainly refers, for he has omitted the characteristical excellencies of this famous piece of Grecian workmanship; namely, the uncommon breadth of the shoulders, the knottiness and spaciousness of the chest, the firmness and protuberance of the muscles in each limb, particularly the legs, and the majestic vastness of the whole figure, undoubtedly designed by the artist to give a full idea of strength, as the Venus de Medici is of beauty. These were the "*invicti membra Glyconis*," which, it is probable, Horace proverbially alluded to in his first epistle, vi 30. The name of Glycon is to this day preserved on the base of the figure as the maker of it; and as the virtuosi, customarily in speaking of a picture or statue, call it their Raphael or Bernini, why should not Horace, in common speech, use the name of the workman instead of the work? To mention the Hesperian apples, which the artist flung backwards, and almost concealed as an inconsiderable object, and which therefore scarcely appear in the statue, was below the notice of Pope.—WARTON.

Ver. 85. *Amphion there the loud.*] It may be imagined that these expressions are too bold; and a phlegmatic critic might ask, how it was possible to see, in sculpture, arches bending, and towers growing? But the best writers, in speaking of pieces of painting and sculpture, use the present or imperfect tense, and talk of the things as really doing, to give a force to the description.

Ver. 96. *And the great founder of the Persian name.*] Cyrus was the beginning of the Persian, as Ninus was of the Assyrian monarchy. The Magi and Chaldeans (the chief of whom was Zoroaster) employed their studies upon magic and astrology, which was, in a manner, almost all the learning of the ancient Asian people. We have scarce any account of a moral philosopher, except Confucius, the great lawgiver of the Chinese, who lived about five thousand years ago.—*P.*

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There in long robes the royal magi stand,
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand:
The sage Chaldeans, robed in white, appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in desert wood revered.
These stopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbodied shades
To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
Of talismans and sigils knew the power,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science, to be good.
But on the south, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
Who measured earth, described the starry spheres,
And traced the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom sceptred slaves in golden harness drew:
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues obelisks were placed,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics graced.
Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.

Ver. 107. *Confucius stood.*] Congfutzee, for that was his name, flourished about two thousand three hundred years ago, just before Pythagoras. He taught justice, obedience to parents, humility, and universal benevolence: and he practised these virtues when he was a first minister, and when he was reduced to poverty and exile. His family still exists in China, and is highly honoured and respected.—WARTON.

Ver. 110. *Egypt's priests, &c.*] The learning of the old Egyptian priests consisted for the most part in geometry and astronomy: they also preserved the history of their nation. Their greatest hero upon record is Sesostris whose actions and conquests may be seen at large in Diodorus, &c. He is said to have caused the kings he vanquished to draw him in his chariot. The posture of his statue, in these verses, is correspondent to the description which Herodotus gives of one of them, remaining in his own time.—*P.*

Ver. 119. *Of Gothic structure was the northern side.*] The architecture is agreeable to that part of the world. The learning of the northern nations lay more obscure than that of the rest. Zamolxis was the disciple of Pythagoras, who taught the immortality of the soul to the Scythians. Odin, or Woden, was the great legislator and hero of the Goths. They tell us of him, that, being subject to fits, he persuaded his followers, that during those trances

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There huge Colossus rose, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were graved around.
There sate Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood.
Druids and bards (their once loud harps unstrung),
And youths that died to be by poets sung.
These, and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which, o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increases all.
The Temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
Raised on a thousand pillars wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.

IMITATION.—Ver. 132. *The wall in lustre*, &c.]

It shone lighter than a glass
And made well more than it was,
As kind of thing Fame is.

he received inspirations, from whence he dictated his laws: he is said to have been the inventor of the Runic characters.—*P.*

This rude nation had great ideas. When Alaric their king was buried in Calabria, 410, they turned the course of the river Vasento, where it was most rapid; and having dug a very deep grave in this river's bed, there interred their revered prince, with many rich suits of armour, and much gold and precious stones. They then turned the river back into its usual course, and killed on the spot all that had assisted at this work, that the place of his interment might never be discovered.—WARTON.

Ver. 127. *Druids and bards*, &c.] These were the priests and poets of those people, so celebrated for their savage virtue. These heroic barbarians accounted it a dishonour to die in their beds, and rushed on to certain death in the prospect of an after-life, and for the glory of a song from their bards in praise of their actions.—*P.*

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Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage historians in white garments wait;
Graved o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
His scythe reversed, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood heroes, who, through loud alarms
In bloody fields, pursued renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charged, I view'd
The youth that all things but himself subdued;
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head belied the Libyan god.
There Cæsar, graced with both Minervas, shone;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
Unmoved, superior still in every state,
And scarce detested in his country's fate.
But chief were those, who not for empires fought,
But with their toils the people's safety bought:
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind,
With boundless power, unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much-suffering heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
Fair virtue's silent train: supreme of these
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates;

Ver. 152. *The youth that all things but himself subdued.*] Alexander the Great: the Tiara was the crown peculiar to the Asian princes: his desire to be thought the son of Jupiter Ammon, caused him to wear the horns of that god, and to represent the same upon his coins; which was continued by several of his successors.—*P.*

Ver. 161. *Epaminondas stood.*] "In other illustrious men you will observe that each possessed some one shining quality, which was the foundation of his fame: in Epaminondas all the virtues are found united; force of body, eloquence of expression, vigour of mind, contempt of riches, gentleness of disposition, and, what is chiefly to be regarded, courage and conduct in war."—*Diodorus Siculus*, lib. xv.—WARTON.

Ver. 162. *Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood.*] Timoleon had saved the life of his brother Timophanes in the battle between the Argives and Corinthians; but afterwards killed him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood.—*P.*

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He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell.
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato shows the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.
But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first, the mighty Homer shone;
Eternal adamant composed his throne;

IMITATIONS.—Ver. 179. *Six pompous columns*, &c.]

From the dees many a pillere,
Of metal that shone not full clere, &c.
Upon a pillere saw I stonde
That was of lede and iron fine,
Him of the sect Saturnine,
The Ebraicke Josephus the old, &c.
Upon an iron pillere strong,
That painted was all endlong,
With tigers' blood in every place,
The Tholosan that hight Stace,
That bare of Thebes up the name, &c.

Ver. 182, &c.]

Full wonder hye on a pillere
Of iron, he the great Omer,
And with him Darius and Titus, &c.

Ver. 172. *He whom ungrateful Athens*,&c.] Aristides, who, for his great integrity, was distinguished by the appellation of *the Just*. When his countrymen would have banished him by the Ostracism, where it was the custom for every man to sign the name of the person he voted to exile in an oyster-shell; a peasant, who could not write, came to Aristides to do it for him who readily signed his own name.—*P.*

Ver. 173. *Martyr'd Phocion*.] Who, when he was about to drink the hemlock, charged his son to forgive his enemies, and not to avenge his death on those Athenians who had decreed it.—WARTON.

Ver. 178. *But in the centre of the hallow'd choir*, &c.] In the midst of the Temple, nearest the throne of Fame, are placed the greatest names in the learning of antiquity. These are described in such attitudes as express their different characters: the columns on which they are raised are adorned with sculptures, taken from the most striking subjects of their works; which sculpture bears a resemblance, in its manner and character, to the manner and character of their writings.—*P.*

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Fatner of verse! in holy fillets dress'd,
His silver beard waved gently o'er his breast;
Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen;
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
Here Hector, glorious from Patroclus' fall, 196
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wal
Motion and life did every part inspire,
Bold was the work, and proved the master's fire;
A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
And here and there disclosed a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;

IMITATION.—Ver. 196.]

There saw I stand on a pillere
That was of tinned iron cleere,
The Latin poet Virgyle,
That hath bore up of a great while
The fame of pious Æneas:
And next him on a pillere was
Of copper, Venus' clerke Ovide,
That hath sowen wondrous wide
The great God of Love's fame—
Tho saw I on a pillere by
Of iron wrought full sternly,
The great Poet Dan Lucan,
That on his shoulders bore up then
As hye as that I might see,
The fame of Julius and Pompee.
And next him on a pillere stode
Of sculpture, like as he were wode,
Dan Claudiar, sothe for to tell,
That bare up all the fame of hell, &c.

Ver. 188. *The wars of Troy.*] The poems of Homer afford a marvellous variety of subjects proper for history-painting. A very ingenious French nobleman, the Count de Caylus, has lately printed a valuable treatise, entitled, "*Tableaux tirés l'Illiade, et de l'Odysse d'Homère;*" in which he has exhibited the whole series of events contained in these poems, arranged in their proper order; has designed each piece, and disposed each figure, with much

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Finish'd the whole, and labour'd every part,
With patient touches of unwearied art;
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,
Composed his posture, and his look sedate;
On Homer still he fix'd a reverent eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead:
Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre;
Æneas bending with his aged sire;
Troy flamed in burning gold, and o'er the throne
"Arms and the man" in golden cyphers shone.
Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanced, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring god.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figured games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone:
The champions in distorted postures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

taste and judgment. He seems justly to wonder that artists have so seldom had recourse to this great store-house of beautiful and noble images, so proper for the employment of the pencil, and delivered with so much force and distinctness, that the painter has nothing to do but to substitute his colours for the words of Homer. He complains that a Raphael, and a Julio Romano, should copy the crude and unnatural conceptions of *Ovid's Metamorphoses* and *Apuleius's Ass;* and that some of their sacred subjects were ill-chosen. Among the few who borrowed their subjects from Homer, he mentions Bouchardon with the honour he deserves, and relates the following anecdote: "This great artist having lately read Homer in an old and detestable French translation, came one day to me, his eyes sparkling with fire, and said, 'Since I have read this book, men seem to be fifteen feet high, and all nature is enlarged in my sight.'"

Ver. 210. *Four swans sustain*, &c.] Pindar being seated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot-races he celebrated in the Grecian games. The swans are emblems of Poetry, their soaring posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian games.—WARBURTON.

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Here happy Horace tuned the Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire;
Pleased with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse.
The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace;
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling loves and Bacchanals appear;
The Julian star and great Augustus here.
The doves that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hung hovering o'er his head.
Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrite:
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround:
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.
With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne:
Gathering his flowing robe he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.

IMITATIONS.—Ver. 224.

Pleased with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.]

This expresses the mixed character of the odes of Horace: the second of these verses alludes to that line of his,

"Spiritum Graiæ tenuem camœnæ."

As another which follows, to

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius."

The action of the doves hints at a passage in the fourth ode of his third book

"Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque somno,
Fronde nova puerum palumbes
Texêre; mirum quod foret omnibus—
Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem et ursis; ut premerer sacra
Lauroque collataque myrto,
Non sine Dis animosus infans."

Which may be thus Englished:

"While yet a child, I chanced to stray,
And in a desert sleeping lay;
The savage race withdrew, nor dared
To touch the Muses' future bard;
But Cytherea's gentle dove
Myrtles and Bays around me spread,
And crown'd your infant Poet's head,
Sacred to Music and to Love."—P

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Behind, Rome's Genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.
These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies;
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blazed, magnificently great:
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
But swell'd to larger size the more I gazed,
Till to the roof her towering front she raised.
With her, the temple every moment grew,
And ampler vistas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
A thousand opening eyes, a thousand listening ears.
Beneath, in order ranged, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine:

IMITATION.—Ver. 259. *Scarce seem'd her stature, &c.*]

Methought that she was so lite,
That the length of a cubite
Was longer than she seemed to be;
But thus soone in a while she,
Her self tho wonderly straight,
That with her feet she the earth reight,
And with her head she touchyd heaven.

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With eyes on Fame, for ever fix'd, they sing;
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;
With Time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
And last, eternal, through the length of days.
  Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From different quarters fill'd the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard:
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees that with the spring renew,
Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew:
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or, settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the goddess bend:
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were different, their request the same:
For good and bad alike are fond of fame.

IMITATIONS.—Ver. 270. *Beneath in order ranged, &c.*]

I heard about her throne y-sung
That all the palays walls rung,
So sung the mighty Muse, she
That cleped is Calliope,
And her seven sisters eke.

Ver. 276. *Around these wonders, &c.*]

I heard a noise approachen blive,
That fared as bees done in a hive,
Against her time of out-flying,
Right such a manere murmuring,
For all the world it seemed to me,
Tho gan I look about and see
That there came entering into th' hall,
A right great company withal;
And that of sundry regions,
Of all kind of conditions, &c.

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Some she disgraced, and some with honours crown'd;
Unlike successes equal merits found.
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.
First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the goddess thus prefer their prayer:
"Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind;
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:
On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For fame is all we must expect below."
The goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud:
By just degrees they every moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At every breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter, as they wider spread:
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.
Next these, the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane:

IMITATIONS.—Ver. 294. *Some she disgraced,* &c.]

And some of them she granted sone,
And some she warned well and fair,
And some she granted the contrair—
Right as her sister dame Fortune
Is wont to serve in commune.

Ver. 318. *The good and just,* &c.]

Tho came the third companye,
And gan up the dees to hye,
And down on knees they fell anone,
And saiden: We been everichone
Folke that han full truely
Deserved Fame right-fully,

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"Since living virtue is with envy cursed,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth."
"Not with bare justice shall your acts be crown'd,"
Said Fame, "but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise."
This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd:
The constant tenour of whose well-spent days
No less deserved a just return of praise.
But straight the direful trump of slander sounds;
Through he big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through every region flies,
In every ear incessant rumours rung,
And gathering scandals grew on every tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames and clouds of rolling smoke;

IMITATIONS CONTINUED.

And prayen you it might be knowe
Right as it is, and forth blowe.
I grant, quoth she, for now we list
That your good works shall be wist.
And yet ye shall have better loos,
Right in despite of all your foos,
Than worthy is, and that anone.
Let now (quoth she) thy trump gone—
And certes all the breath that went
Out of his trump's mouth smel'd
As men a pot of baume held
Among a basket full of roses.

Ver. 328. 338. *Behold another crowd, &c., From the black trumpet's rusty, &c.*]

Therewithal there came anone
Another huge companye
Of good folke—
What did this Eolus, but he

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The poisonous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.
A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
"For thee," they cried, "amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee, whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire through the purple flood.
Those ills we dared, thy inspiration own;
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone."
"Ambitious fools!" the queen replied, and frown'd,
"Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and you names unknown!"
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.
Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.

IMITATIONS CONTINUED.

Took out his trump of brass,
That fouler than the devil was:
And gan his trump for to blowe,
As all the world should overthrow.
Throughout every regione
Went this foul trumpet's soune,
Swift as a pellet out of a gunne,
When fire is in the powder runne.
And such a smoke gan out wende,
Out of the foul trumpet's ende, &c.

Ver. 356 *Then came the smallest, &c.*]

I saw anone the fifth route,
That to this lady gan loute,
And downe on knees anone to fall,
And to her they besoughten all,
To hiden their good works eke.
And said, they yeve not a leke
For no fame ne such renowne;
For they for contemplacyoune,

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"Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
But, safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
Would die unheard-of, as we lived unseen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
Oh, let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue, ev'n for virtue's sake!"
"And live there men, who slight immortal fame!
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
These must not sleep in darkness and in death."
She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
Ev'n listening angels lean from heaven to hear:
To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.
Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery dress'd

IMITATIONS CONTINUED.

And Goddess love had it wrought,
Ne of fame would they ought.
What, quoth she, and be ye wood?
And ween ye for to do good,
And for to have it of no fame?
Have ye despite to have my name?
Nay ye shall lien everichone:
Blowe thy trump, and that anone
(Quoth she) thou Eolus, I hote,
And ring these folks works by rote,
That all the world may of it heare;
And he gan blow their loos so cleare,
In his golden clarioune,
Through the world went the soune,
All so kindly, and eke so soft,
That ther fame was blown aloft.

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"Hither," they cried, "direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays;
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd every maid;
Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame."
The queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a lady's honour dies.
Pleased with the strange success, vast numbers press'd
Around the shrine, and made the same request:
"What! you," she cried, "unlearned in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigued with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the scorn of all."
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round;
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the crowd.
Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On sovereigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics:
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.

IMITATIONS.—Ver. 406. *Last, those who boast of mighty,* &c.]

Tho came another companye,
That had y-done the treachery, &c.

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The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled Nature trembled with the blast.
This having heard and seen, some power unknown
Straight changed the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne
Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air:
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound:
Not less in number were the spacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open every way.

IMITATION.—Ver. 418. *This having heard and seen,* &c.] The scene here changes from the Temple of Fame to that of Rumour, which is almost entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow:

Tho saw I stond in a valey,
Under the castle fast by
A house, that Domus Dedali
That Labyrinthus cleped is,
Nas made so wonderly, I wis,
Ne half so queintly y-wrought;
And everemo as swift as thought,
This queint house about went,
That never more it still stent—
And eke this house hath of entrees,
As many as leaves are on trees
In summer, when they ben grene;
And in the roof yet men may sene
A thousand holes and well mo
To letten the soune out-go;
And by day in every tide,
Ben all the doors open wide,
And by night each one unshet;
No porter is there one to let,
No manner tydings in to pace:
Ne never rest is in that place.

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As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace, is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus every voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighbouring air a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Through undulating air, the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.
There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,

IMITATION.—Ver. 448. *There various news I heard*, &c.]

Of werres, of peace, of mariages,
Of rest, of labour, of voyages,
Of abode, of dethe, and of life,
Of love and hate, accord and strife,
Of loss, of lore, and of winnings,
Of hele, of sickness, and lessings,
Of divers transmutations,
Of estates and eke of regions,
Of trust, of drede, of jealousy,
Of wit, of winning, and of folly,
Of good, or bad government,
Of fire, and of divers accident.

Ver. 428. *As flames by nature*, &c.] This thought is transferred thither out of the third book of *Fame*, where it takes up no less than one hundred and twenty verses, beginning thus:

"Geffray, thou wottest well this," &c.—P.

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Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of favourites, projects of the great,
Of old mismanagements, taxations new;
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.
  Above, below, without, within, around,
Confused, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, rĕpass, advance, and glide away;
Hosts raised by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers, that future fates foreshow,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And priests, and party zealots, numerous bands,
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands,
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience stared in every face.
They flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;

IMITATION.—Ver. 458. *Above, below, without within, &c.*]

But such a grete congregation
Of folke as I saw roame about,
Some within, and some without,
Was never seen, ne shall be eft—
  And every wight that I saw there
Rowned everich in others ear
A new tyding privily,
Or else he told it openly
Right thus, and said, "Knowst not thou
That is betide to-night now?"
"No," quoth he, "tell me what?"
And then he told him this and that, &c.
——Thus north and south
Went every tyding from mouth to mouth,
And that encreasing evermo,
As fire is wont to quicken and go
From a sparkle sprong amiss,
Till all the citee brent up is.

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And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too;
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travel'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gathering force the quickening flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And towers and temples sink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Through thousand vents, impatient forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below,
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force:
Some to remain, and some to perish soon;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through the sky.
There, at one passage, oft you might survey
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent.
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now the truth and lie;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.
While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:

IMITATION.—Ver. 489. *There, at one passage, &c.*]

And sometime I saw there at once,
A lesing and a sad sooth saw
That gonnen at adventure draw
Out of a window forth to pace—
And no man, be he ever so wrothe,
Shall have one of these two, but bothe, &c.

Ver. 498. *While thus I stood, &c.*] The hint is taken from a passage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the conclusion, with the addition of a moral to the whole. In Chaucer, he only answers

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"What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?"
"Tis true," said I; "not void of hopes I came;
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others' breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envied, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckless with their enemies profess'd,
And all successful, jealous friends at best:
Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd-for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase cost so dear a price,
As soothing folly, or exalting vice,
O! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fallen ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, Heaven! to scorn the guilty bays;
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise:
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none!"

"he came to see the place;" and the book ends abruptly, with his being surprised at the sight of a man of great authority, and awaking in a fright.—*P.*

Ver. 501. *'Tis true, said I,* &c.] This conclusion, in which the poet speaks in his own character, is peculiarly beautiful and appropriate; and the more so, as there is reason to believe it exhibits a faithful picture of his mind at an early period of his life; and while it shows that he was, even then, "a candidate for praise," demonstrates that he had already formed those manly and independent principles, with respect to his literary productions, by which he was invariably actuated, and which obtained for him not only a distinguished niche in the "*Temple of Fame*," but what he still more highly valued, the esteem of the wise and virtuous, and the deserved reputation of a firm, consistent, and honest man.

"CHAUCER'S poem contains great strokes of Gothic imagination, yet bordering often on the most ideal and capricious extravagance. The poet, in a vision, sees a temple of glass:

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"In which were more images
Of gold stonding in sundrie stages,
Sette in more riche tabernacles,
And with perre more pinnacles,
And more curious pourtraiture
And quaint manir of figuris
Of golde work that I sawe evir."

"On the walls of this temple were engraved stories from Virgil's *Æneid* and Ovid's *Epistles*.

"Leaving this temple, he sees an eagle, with golden wings, soaring near the sun:

"—— Faste by the sonne on hie
As kennyng myght I with mine eie,
Methought I sawe an egle sore;
But that it semid mochil more,
Then I had any egle seen.
It was of gold, and shone so bright,
That nevir man sawe suche a sight," &c.

"The eagle descends, seizes the poet in his talons, and mounting again, conveys him to the house of Fame; which is situated, like that of Ovid, between earth and sea. In their passage thither, they fly above the stars; which our author leaves, with clouds, tempests, hail, and snow, far beneath him. This aërial journey is partly copied from Ovid's *Phaeton* in the chariot of the sun. But the poet apologizes for this extravagant fiction, and explains his meaning, by alleging the authority of Boethius; who says that contemplation may soar, on the wings of philosophy, above every element. He likewise recollects, in the midst of his course, the description of the heavens, given by Martianus Capella, in his book *De Nuptiis Philologiæ et Mercurii*, and Alanus in his *Anticlaudian*. At his arrival in the confines of the house of Fame, he is alarmed with confused murmurs issuing from thence, like distant thunders or billows. This circumstance is also borrowed from Ovid's *Temple*. He is left by the eagle near the house, which is built of materials bright as polished glass, and stands on a rock of ice, of excessive height, and almost inaccessible. All the southern side of this rock was covered with engravings of the names of famous men, which were perpetually melting away by the heat of the sun. The northern side of the rock was alike covered with names; but being here shaded from the warmth of the sun, the characters remained unmelted and uneffaced. The structure of the house is thus imagined:

"Methoughtin by Sainct Gile,
That all was of stone of berille,
Both of the castle and the toure,
And eke the hall and everie boure;
Without peels or joyuynges,
And many subtill compassyngs,
As barbicans and pinnacles,
Imageries and tabernacles,
I sawe, and full eke of windowis
As flakis fallin in great snowis."

"In these lines, and in some others which occur, in his *Dreame*, and in his *Palace of Pleasant Regarde*, the poet perhaps alludes to the many new decorations in architecture, which began to prevail about this time, and gave rise to the florid Gothic style. In the interior were found—

"—— All manir of minstrelis,
And jestours that tellyn tales
Both of weping and eke of game."

"That is, those who sung or recited adventures, either tragic or comic, which excited either compassion or laughter. They were accompanied with the most renowned harpers; among which were Orpheus, Arion, Chiron, and

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the Briton Glaskerion. Behind these were placed, "by many a thousand time twelve," players on various instruments of music. Among the trumpeters are named Joab, Virgil's Misenus, and Theodamus. About these pinnacles were also marshalled the most famous magicians, jugglers, witches, prophetesses, sorceresses, and professors of natural magic, which ever existed in ancient or modern times; such as Meden, Circe, Calliope, Hermes, Limotheus, and Simon Magus. At entering the hall, he sees an infinite multitude of heralds; on the surcoats of whom, were richly embroidered the armorial ensigns of the most redoubted champions that ever tournayed in Africa, Europe, or Asia. The floor and roof of the hall were covered with thick plates of gold, studded with the costliest gems. At the upper end, on a lofty shrine, made with carbuncle, sat Fame: her figure is like those of Virgil and Ovid. Above her, as if sustained on her shoulders, sat Hercules and Alexander. From the throne to the gates of the hall ran a range of pillars, with respective inscriptions. On the first pillar, made of lead and iron, stood Josephus, the Jewish historian ("that of the Jewis gestis told") with seven other writers on the same subject. On the second pillar, made of iron, and painted all over with the blood of tigers, stood Statius. On another, higher than the rest, stood Homer, Dares, Phrygius, Livy, Lollius, Guido of Columna, and Geoffry of Monmouth, writers of the Trojan story. On a pillar of "tinnid iron clere," stood Virgil; and next to him, on a pillar of copper, appeared Ovid. The figure of Lucan was placed on a pillar of iron, "wrought full sternly," accompanied with many Roman historians. On a pillar of sulphur, stood Claudian, so symbolized, because he wrote of Pluto and Proserpine:

> "That bare up all the fame of hell;
> Of Pluto and of Proserpine
> That queen is of the darke pine."

"The hall was filled with the writers of ancient tales and romances, whose subjects and names were too numerous to be recounted. In the mean time, crowds from every nation, and of every condition, filled the hall, and each presented his claim to the queen. A messenger is dispatched to summon Eolus from his cave in Thrace, who is ordered to bring his two clarions, called Slander and Praise, and his trumpeter Triton. The praises of each petitioner are then resounded, according to the partial or capricious appointment of Fame; and equal merits obtain very different success. There is much satire and humour in these requests and rewards, and in the disgraces and honours which are indiscriminately distributed by the queen, without discernment and by chance. The poet then enters the house or labyrinth of Rumour. It was built of sallow twigs, like a cage, and therefore admitted every sound. Its doors were also more numerous than leaves on the trees, and always stood open. These are romantic exaggerations of Ovid's inventions on the same subject. It was, moreover, sixty miles in length, and perpetually turning round. From this house (says the poet) issued tidings of every kind, like fountains and rivers from the sea. Its inhabitants, who were eternally employed in hearing or telling news, together with the rise of reports, and the formation of lies, are then humorously described. The company is chiefly composed of sailors, pilgrims, and pardoners. At length, our author is awakened at seeing a venerable personage of great authority; and thus the vision abruptly concludes.

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JANUARY AND MAY;*

OR,

THE MERCHANT'S TALE.

IMITATED FROM CHAUCER.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE story of *January and May* is of the comic kind; and the character of a fond old dotard, betrayed into disgrace by an unsuitable match, is supported in a lively manner. Pope has endeavoured suitably to familiarize the stateliness of our heroic measure, in this ludicrous narrative; but, after all his pains, this measure is not adapted to such subjects so well as the lines of four feet, or the French numbers of Fontaine. Fontaine is, in truth, the capital and unrivalled writer of comic tales. He generally took his subjects from Boccace, Poggius, and Ariosto; but adorned them with so many natural strokes, with such quaintness in his reflections, and such a dryness and archness of humour, as cannot fail to excite laughter.

Of the tale before us, Mr. Tyrwhitt gives the following account: "The scene of the *Merchant's Tale* is laid in Italy; but none of the names, except Damian and Justin, seem to be Italian, but rather made at pleasure; so that I doubt whether the story be really of Italian growth. The adventure of the Pear-tree I find in a small collection of Latin fables, written by Adolphus, in elegiac verses of his fashion, in the year 1315. This fable has never been printed but once, and in a book not commonly to be met with.

"Whatever was the real original of this tale, the machinery of the Fairies, which Chaucer has used so happily, was probably added by himself; and indeed I cannot help thinking that his Pluto and Proserpine were the true progenitors of Oberon and Titania, or rather that they themselves have, once at least, deigned to revisit our poetical system under the latter names."

In conformity to our author's own practice, it has been thought proper to insert a portion of the original of Chaucer, that the reader may form a judgment of Pope's alterations.

* This translation was done at sixteen or seventeen years of age.—P.

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JANUARY AND MAY.

THERE lived in Lombardy, as authors write,
In days of old, a wise and worthy knight,
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
Bless'd with much sense, more riches, and some grace;
Yet, led astray, by Venus' soft delights,
He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
For long ago, let priests say what they could,
Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.
But in due time, when sixty years were o'er
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more:
Whether pure holiness inspired his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find:
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heavenly powers his constant prayer,

IMITATIONS.

WHILOM ther was dwelling in Lumbardie
A worthy knight, that was born in Pavie,
In which he lived in gret prosperitee;
And sixty yere a wifles man was he,
And folwed ay his bodily delit
On women, ther as was his appetit;
As done thise fooles that been seculere.
And whan that he was passed sixty yere,
Were it for holinesse or for dotage,
I cannot sain, but swiche a gret corage
Hadde this knight to ben a wedded man,
That day and night he doth all that he can
To espien, wher that he might wedded be;
Praying our Lord to granten him, that he

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Once ere he died, to taste the blissful life
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.
These thoughts he fortified with reasons still
(For none want reasons to confirm their will).
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him choose a damsel young and fair,
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir:
To soothe his cares, and, free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life.
Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:
Unawed by precepts, human or divine,
Like birds and beasts promiscuously they join:

IMITATIONS.

Mighte onee knowen of that blissful lif,
That is betwix an husban and his wif;
And for to live under that holy bond,
With which God firste man and woman bond.
Non other lif (said he) is worth a bene;
For wedlock is so esy and so clene,
That in this world it is a paradise.
Thus saithe this olde knight, that was so wise.
And certainly, as soth as God is king,
To take a wif, it is a glorious thing,
And namely whan a man is old and hore,
Than is a wif the fruit of his tresore;
Than shuld he take a yong wif and a faire,
On which he might engendren him an heire,
And lede his lif in joye and in solas,
Whereas this bachelors singen alas,
Whan that they finde any adversitee
In love, which n'is but childish vanitee.
And trewely it sit wel to be so,
That bachelors have often peine and wo:
On brotel ground they bilde, and brotelnesse
They finden, whan they weenen sikernesse:

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Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past:
But vainly boast the joys they never tried,
And find divulged the secrets they would hide.
The married man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and Heaven to please;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day:
Though fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked wits have libel'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife,
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
A night invasion, and a mid-day devil.

IMITATIONS.

They live but as a bird or as a beste,
In libertee and under non areste;
Ther as a wedded man in his estat
Liveth a lif blisful and ordinat,
Under the yoke of mariage ybound:
Well may his herte in joy and blisse abound
For who can be so buxom as a wif?
Who is so trewe and eke so ententif
To kepe him, sike and hole, as is his make?
For wele or wo she n'ill him not forsake:
She n'is not wery him to love and serve,
Though that he lie bedrede til that he sterve.
And yet some clerkes sain, it is not so,
Of which he Theophrast is on of tho:
What force though Theophrast list for to lie?
"Ne take no wif," quod he, "for husbondrie,
As for to spare in household they dispence:
A trewe servant doth more diligence
Thy good to kepe, than doth thin owen wif.
For she wol claimen half part al hise lif,
And if that thou be sike, so God me save,
Thy veray friendes or a trewe knave

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Let not the wise these sland'rous words regard,
But curse the bones of every lying bard.
All other goods by fortune's hand are given;
A wife is the peculiar gift of Heaven.
Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows, pass and glide away;
One solid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly supplies us all our life:
This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.
Our grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unbless'd,
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade:
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserved of God.

IMITATIONS.

Wol kepe thee bet than she, that waiteth ay
After thy good, and hath don many a day."
This sentence, and a hundred thinges werse,
Writeth this man ther God his bones curse.
But take no kepe of all swiche vanitee,
Defieth Theophrast, and herkeneth me.
A wif is goddes yefte verailly:
All other manner yeftes hardely,
As londes, rentes, pasture, or commune,
Or mebles, all ben yeftes of fortune,
That passen as a shadow on the wall;
But drede thou not, if plainly speke I shal,
A wif wol last and in thin hous endure,
Wel lenger than thee list paraventure.
Mariage is a ful gret sacrament:
He which that hath no wife I hold him shent;
He liveth helples, all desolat:
(I speke of folk in secular estat:)
And herkneth why, I say not this for nought,
That woman is for mannes helpe ywrought.
The highe God, whan he had Adam maked,
And saw him al alone belly naked,

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A wife! ah, gentle deities, can he
That has a wife, e'er feel adversity?
Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.

IMITATIONS.

Gode of his grete goodnesse saide then,
Let us now make an helpe unto this man
Like to himself, and than he made him Eve.
Here may ye see, and hereby may ye preve,
That a wif is mannes helpe and his comfort,
His paradis terrestre and his disport:
So buxom and so vertuous is she,
They mosten nedes live in unitee:
O flesh thy ben, and O flesh, as I gesse,
Hath but on herte in wele and in distresse.
A wif? a! Seinte Marie, *benedicite!*
How might a man have any adversite
That hath a wif? Certes I cannot seye.
The blisse the which that is betwix him teweye
Ther may no tonge tell or herte thinke.
If he be poure, she helpeth him to swinke;
She keepeth his good, and wasteth never a del;
All that her husband doth, hire liketh wel;
She saith not ones nay, whan he saith ye;
"Do this," saith he; "al redy, sire," saith she.
O blissful odre, O wedlock precious,
Thou art so merry, and eke so vertuous,
And so commended, and approved eke,
That every man that holt him worth a leke,
Upon his bare knees ought all his lif
Thanken his God, that him hath sent a wif,
Or elles pray to God him for to send
A wif, to last unto his lives end,
For than his life is set in sikernesse,
He may not be deceived, as I gesse,
So that he werche after his wives rede;
Than may he boldly beren up his hede,
They ben so trewe, and therewithal so wise.
For which, if thou wilt werchen as the wise,

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Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's blessing from an elder son:
Abusive Nabal owed his forfeit life
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,
Preserved the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe:
At Esther's suit, the persecuting sword
Was sheathed, and Israel lived to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives, January the sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
And, charm'd with virtuous joys and sober life,
Would try that Christian comfort, call'd a wife.
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
To pass their judgment, and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well resolved was he;
(As men that ask advice are wont to be.)

IMITATIONS.

Do alway so, as women wol thee rede.
Lo how that Jacob, as thise clerkes rede,
By good conseil of his mother Rebekke
Bound the kiddes skin about his nekke,
For which his fadres benison he wan.
Lo Judith, as the storie eke tell can,
By good conseil she Goddes peple kept,
And slew him Holofornes while he slept.
Lo Abigal, by good conseil how she
Saved hire husband Nabal, whan that he
Shuld han be slain. And loke, Hester also
By good conseil delivered out of wo
The peple of God, and made him Mardochee
Of Assuere enhaunsed for to be.
There n'is no thing in gree superlatif
(As saith Senek) above an humble wif.
Suffer thy wives tonge, as Caton bit,
She shall command, and thou shalt suffren it,
And yet she wol obey of curtesie
A wif is keper of thin hosbondrie:
Wel may the sike man bewaile and wepe,

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"My friends," he cried, (and cast a mournful look
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke:)
"Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
And worn with cares, and hastening to my end;
How I have lived, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I blush to tell;
But gracious Heaven has ope'd my eyes at last,
With due regret I view my vices past,
And, as the precept of the Church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.
But, since by counsel all things should be done,
And many heads are wiser still than one;
Choose you for me, who best shall be content
When my desire 's approved by your consent.
"One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife must not be old.
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face:
In that cold season Love but treats his guest
With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.
No crafty widows shall approach my bed;
Those are too wise for bachelors to wed;
As subtle clerks, by many schools are made,
Twice-married dames are mistresses o' th' trade;
But young and tender virgins, ruled with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we please.

IMITATIONS.

I warne thee, if wisely thou wilt werche
Love wel thy wif, as Christ loveth his Cherche:
If thou lovest thyself, love thou thy wif.
No man hateth his flesh, but in his lif
He fostreth it, and therfore bid I thee
Cherish thy wif, or thou shalt never the.
Husbond and wif, what so men jasse or play,
Of worldly folk holden the siker way;
They ben so knit, ther may non harm betid
[illegible] upon the wives side.

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"Conceive me, sirs, nor take my sense amiss;
'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss:
Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse,
As flesh is frail, and who (God help me!) knows?
Then should I live in lewd adultery,
And sink downright to Satan when I die.
Or were I cursed with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were lost for which I wed;
To raise up seed to bless the powers above,
And not for pleasure only, or for love.
Think not I dote; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vig'rous blood forbids a chaster life:
Those that are bless'd with store of grace divine
May live like saints, by Heaven's consent and mine.
"And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,
(As, thanks my stars, in modest truth I may,)
My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
And a new vigour springs in every part.
Think not my virtue lost, though time has shed
These reverend honours on my hoary head;
Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
The vital sap then rising from below:
Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear
Like winter-greens, that flourish all the year.
Now, sirs, you know to what I stand inclined,
Let every friend with with freedom speak his mind.'
He said; the rest in different parts divide;
The knotty point was urged on either side:
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some praised with wit, and some with reason blamed:
Till what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Eacn wondrous positive, and wondrous wise,
There fell between his brothers a debate;
Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.
First to the knight, Placebo thus begun
(Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone):
"Such prudence, sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years!

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Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
To work by counsel when affairs are nice:
But, with the wise man's leave, I must protest,
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,
As still I hold your own advice the best.
"Sir, I have lived a courtier all my days,
And studied men, their manners, and their ways;
And have observed this useful maxim still,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my lord affirm that black was white,
My word was this: 'Your honour's in the right.'
Th' assuming wit, who deems himself so wise
As his mistaken patron to advise,
Let him not dare to vent his dangerous thought:
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, sir, affects not you, whose every word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a lord.
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to man.
At least your courage all the world must praise,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
'ndulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let gray fools be indolently good,
Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
With reverend dullness and grave impotence."
Justin, who silent sat, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philosophic frown, began:
"A heathen author of the first degree
(Who, though not faith, had sense as well as we),
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust
To those of generous principles, and just.
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away.
And therefore, sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your lady's qualities at least:
Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil,
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;

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Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find
In all this world, much less in womankind;
But, if her virtues prove the larger share,
Bless the kind Fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the state you thus commend;
And, spite of all his praises, must declare,
All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
Heaven knows, I shed full many a private tear,
And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear!
While all my friends applaud my blissful life,
And swear no mortal's happier in a wife;
Demure and chaste as any vestal nun,
The meekest creature that beholds the sun!
But, by th' immortal powers, I feel the pain,
And he that smarts has reason to complain.
Do what you list, for me; you must be sage,
And cautious sure; for wisdom is in age;
But at these years, to venture on the fair!—
By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,
To please a wife, when her occasions call,
Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.
And trust me, sir, the chastest you can choose
Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
If what I speak my noble lord offend,
My tedious sermon here is at an end."

"'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well," the knight replies,
"Most worthy kinsman; 'faith you've mighty wise!
We, sirs, are fools; and must resign the cause
To heath'nish authors, proverbs, and old saws."
He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way:
"What does my friend, my dear Placebo, say?"

"I say," quoth he, "by Heaven the man's to blame,
To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.

At this, the council rose without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;

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With full consent, that all disputes appeased,
The knight should marry, when and where he pleased.
Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his soul employ;
Each nymph by turns his wavering mind possess'd,
And reign'd the short-lived tyrant of his breast;
While fancy pictured every lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in some public forum fix'd on high,
A mirror shows the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
This lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
But vile suspicions had aspersed her fame:
That was with sense, but not with virtue bless'd;
And one had grace, that wanted all the rest,
Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
But every charm revolved within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her easy motion, her attractive air,
Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving softness, and majestic grace.
Much in his prudence did our knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could dispute his choice;
Once more in haste he summon'd every friend,
And told them all their pains were at an end.
"Heaven, that" (said he) "inspired me first to wed,
Provides a consort worthy of my bed:
Let none oppose th' election, since on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.
"A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;

Ver. 245. *But every charm, &c.*] Chaucer is most particular in his description:

"Her mydle smalle, her armes long and slender,
Her wise governaunce, and her gentylnesse,
Her womanly bearying, and her sadnesse!"

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Chaste, tho' not rich, and tho' not nobly born,
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious Heaven so please,
To pass my age in sanctity and ease;
And thank the powers, I may possess alone
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.
"One only doubt remains; full oft I've heard,
By casuists grave, and deep divines aver'd,
That 'tis too much for human race to know
The bliss of heaven above, and earth below;
Now, should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
To match the blessings of the future state,
Those endless joys were ill exchanged for these.
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease."
This Justin heard, nor could his spleen controul,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul;
"Sir knight," he cried, "if this be all you dread,
Heaven put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent prayers so far consent,
That, ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good Heaven, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves.
Then be not, sir, abandon'd to despair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find, among the fair,
One that may do your bus'ness to a hair:
Not ev'n in wish, your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way;
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow!
Provided still you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,
Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;

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Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear."
So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offered, the proposals made.
The parents, you may think, would soon comply;
The old have int'rest ever in their eye.
Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind;
When fortune favours, still the fair are kind.
I pass each previous settlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent.
Forth came the priest, and bade th' obedient wife,
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life;
Then pray'd the powers the fruitful bed to bless,
And made all sure enough with holiness.
And now the palace gates are open'd wide,
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And placed in state the bridegroom and the bride.
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring,
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling string.
Not thus Amphion tuned the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce Theodamus, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.
Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,
(So poets sing) was present on the place:
And lovely Venus, goddess of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight.
And danced around, and smiled on every knight:
Pleased her best servant would his courage try,
No less in wedlock, than in liberty.
Full many an age old Hymen had not spied
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.

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Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song,
Think not your softest numbers can display
The matchless glories of this blissful day:
The joys are such as far transcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded stooping age.
The beauteous dame sat smiling at the board,
And darted am'rous glances at her lord:
Not Esther's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
E'er look so lovely on her Persian king.
Bright as the rising sun in summer's day,
And fresh and blooming as the month of May!
The joyful knight survey'd her by his side;
Nor envied Paris with his Spartan bride:
Still as his mind revolved with vast delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,
Restless he sate, invoking every power
To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
Meantime, the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round;
With od'rous spices they perfumed the place,
And mirth and pleasure shone in every face.
Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain;
Damian alone, the knight's obsequious squire,
Consumed at heart, and fed a secret fire.
His lovely mistress all his soul possess'd;
He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest:
His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loathed the light of day.
There let him lie, till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.
The weary sun, as learned poets write,
Forsook th' horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,
And night's dark mantle overspread the sky.
Then rose the guests: and, as the time required
Each paid his thanks, and decently retired.

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The foe once gone, our knight prepared t' undress,
So keen he was, and eager to possess:
But first thought fit th' assistance to receive,
Which grave physicians scruple not to give:
Satyrion near, with hot eringos stood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whose use old bards describe in luscious rhymes,
And critics learn'd explain to modern times.
By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.
What next ensued beseems me not to say;
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night;
And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright.
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast:
For every labour must have rest at last.
But anxious cares the pensive 'squire oppress'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast:
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell;
Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
Composed a sonnet to the lovely May;
Which, writ and folded with the nicest art,
He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.
When now the fourth revolving day was run,
('Twas June, and Cancer had received the sun,)
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;
The good old knight moved slowly by her side.
High mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;
The servants round stood ready at their call.
The 'squire alone was absent from the board,
And much his sickness grieved his worthy lord,
Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
To visit Damian, and divert his pain.

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Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent:
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe surround him as he lay,
And close beside him sate the gentle May:
Where, as she tried his pulse, he softly drew
A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view!
Then gave his bill, and bribed the powers divine
With secret vows, to favour his design.
  Who studies now but discontented May?
On her soft couch uneasily she lay;
The lumpish husband snored away the night,
Till coughs awaked him near the morning light.
What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
Nor if she thought herself in heaven or hell;
Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray.
  Were it by forceful destiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's power proceed;
Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
Shed its selectest influence from above;
Whatever was the cause, the tender dame
Felt the first motions of an infant flame;
Received th' impressions of the love-sick 'squire,
And wasted in the soft infectious fire.
  Ye fair, draw near: let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity those who love!
Had some fierce tyrant, in her stead been found,
The poor adorer sure had hang'd or drowned:
But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.
  But to my tale: Some sages have defined,
Pleasure the sovereign bliss of human-kind;
Our knight (who studied much, we may suppose,)
Derived his high philosophy from those!
For, like a prince, he bore the vast expense
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence:
His house was stately, his retinue gay;
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.

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His spacious garden, made to yield to none,
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone;
Priapus could not half describe the grace
(Though god of gardens) of this charming place;
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long descriptions, and exceed romance;
Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs.

Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,
A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd;
About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
The dapper elves their moon-light sports pursue;
Their pigmy king, and little fairy-queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled through the shade.

Hither the noble knight would oft repair,
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care,)
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The silver key that lock'd the garden-door.
To this sweet place, in summer's sultry heat,
He used from noise and bus'ness to retreat;
And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
Solus cum sola, with his sprightly May:
For whate'er work was undischarged a-bed,
The duteous knight in this fair garden sped.

But, ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure?
How short a space our worldly joys endure!
O Fortune! fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind!
Oh, painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat
With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit!
This rich, this am'rous, venerable knight,
Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,

Ver. 461. *Their pigmy king.*] Pope has here shown his judgment in adopting the lighter "fairy race" of Shakspeare and Milton. Chaucer has "Kyng Pluto, and his queene, Proserpina."—Bowles.

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Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.
The rage of jealousy then seized his mind,
For much he fear'd the faith of womankind.
His wife, not suffered from his side to stray,
Was captive kept; he watch'd her night and day,
Abridged her pleasures, and confined her sway.
Full oft in tears did hapless May complain,
And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain:
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye;
For, oh! 'twas fixed, she must possess or die!
Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous 'squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with desire
Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
By secret writing to disclose his pain:
The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conscious what each other meant.
Ah! gentle knight, what could thy eyes avail,
Though they could see as far as ships can sail?
'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceived to be,
Than be deluded when a man can see!
Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.
The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procured the key her knight was wont to bear:
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave th' impression to the trusty 'squire.
By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
Which, in due place and season, you may hear.
Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What slight is that which love will not explore?
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly show
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
Though watch'd and captive, yet, in spite of all,
They found the art of kissing through a wall.

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But now, no longer from our tale to stray:
It happ'd, that once upon a summer's day,
Our reverend knight was urged to am'rous play:
He raised his spouse ere matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung:
"Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes:
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain;
The winter's past; the clouds and tempests fly;
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
Fair without spot, whose every charming part
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;
Come, and in mutual pleasures let 's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age."
This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made,
To haste before; the gentle 'squire obey'd:
Secret and undescried, he took his way,
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.
It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.
"Here let us walk," he said, "observed by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown;
So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife,
Art far the dearest solace of my life;
And rather would I choose, by Heaven above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my passion shown,
When, unendow'd, I took thee for my own,
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.
Old as I am, and now deprived of sight,
While thou art faithful to thy own true knight,
Nor age nor blindness rob me of delight.
Each other loss with patience I can bear:
The loss of thee is what I only fear.

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"Consider then, my lady, and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
As, first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
Next, your own honour undefiled maintain;
And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
My whole estate shall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun
Displays his light, by Heaven, it shall be done.
I seal the contract with a holy kiss,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them my own unequal age,
From thy dear side I have no power to part,
Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
For who, that once possess'd those heavenly charms,
Could live one moment absent from thy arms?"

He ceased, and May with modest grace replied,
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cried),
"Heaven knows,"—with that a tender sigh she drew—
"I have a soul to save as well as you;
And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour will to death defend.
To you in holy church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band:
Yet, after this, if you distrust my care,
Then hear, my lord, and witness what I swear:
"First may the yawning earth her bosom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive descend;
Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
Sew'd in a sack, and plunged into a well,

Ver. 588. *Sew'd in a sack*, &c.] "Infidelity in women is a subject of the severest crimination among the Turks. When any of these miserable girls are apprehended, for the first time they are put to hard labour, &c.; but for the second, they are recommitted, and many at a time *tied up in sacks*, and taken in a boat to the Seraglio-Point, where they are *thrown into the tide*." *Dallaway's Constantinople*.—BOWLES.

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Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race:
For know, sir knight, of gentle blood I came;
I loathe a whore, and startle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from hence their ladies to suspect:
Else why these needless cautions, sir, to me?
These doubts and fears of female constancy?
This chime still rings in every lady's ear,
The only strain a wife must hope to hear."

Thus while she spoke, a sidelong glance she cast,
Where Damian, kneeling, worship'd as she pass'd,
She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charged with fruit that made a goodly show,
And hung with dangling pears was every bough.
Thither th' obsequious 'squire address'd his pace,
And, climbing, in the summit took his place;
The knight and lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.

'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
His heav'nly progress through the Twins had run;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields.
Clear was the day, and Phœbus, rising bright,
Had streaked the azure firmament with light:
He pierced the glitt'ring clouds with golden streams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.

It so befell, in that fair morning-tide,
The fairies sported on the garden-side,
And in the midst their monarch and his bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,
The knights so nimbly o'er the greensward bound,
That scarce they bent the flowers, or touch'd the ground
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies search'd the flow'ry plain;
While, on a bank reclined of rising green,
Thus, with a frown, the king bespoke his queen:

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"Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women use to man:
A thousand authors have this truth made out,
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt.
"Heaven rest thy spirit, noble Solomon!
A wiser monarch never saw the sun;
All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
For sagely hast thou said: 'Of all mankind,
One only just and righteous hope to find:
But should'st thou search the spacious world around
Yet one good woman is not to be found.'
"Thus says the king who knew your wickedness:
The son of Sirach testifies no less.
So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all;
As well you view the lecher in the tree,
And well this honourable knight you see:
But since he's blind and old (a helpless case),
His squire shall cuckold him before your face.
"Now, by my own dread majesty I swear,
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
That in my presence offers such a wrong.
I will this instant undeceive the knight,
And in the very act restore his sight;
And set the strumpet here in open view,
A warning to these ladies and to you,
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true."
"And will you so," replied the queen, "indeed?
Now, by my mother's soul, it is decreed,
She shall not want an answer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the sex in each succeeding age!
Art shall be theirs, to varnish an offence,
And fortify their crime with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;

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All they shall need is to protest and swear,
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;
Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.
"What though this slanderous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one;
The wiser wits of later times declare
How constant, chaste, and virtuous, women are:
Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
And witness next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.
"But, since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have shown,
That sovereign goodness dwells in Him alone
Who only is, and is but only One.
But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd
By every word that Solomon has said?
What though this king (as ancient story boasts)
Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hosts;
He ceased at last his Maker to adore,
And did as much for idol-gods, or more.
Beware what lavish praises you confer
On a rank lecher and idolater;
Whose reign, indulgent God (says Holy Writ)
Did but for David's righteous sake permit;
David, the monarch after Heaven's own mind,
Who loved our sex, and honour'd all our kind.
"Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak;
Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
Know then, I scorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all your learned lies.
By Heaven, those authors are our sex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose."
"Nay," quoth the king, "dear madam, be not wroth;
I yield it up; but since I gave my oath,

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That this much-injured knight again should see.
It must be done—I am a king," said he,
"And one, whose faith has ever sacred been."
"And so has mine," she said—"I am a queen;
Her answer she shall have, I undertake;
And thus an end of all dispute I make.
Try when you list; and you shall find, my lord,
It is not in our sex to break our word."
We leave them here in this heroic strain,
And to the knight our story turns again;
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the cuckoo or the jay:
This was his song; "Oh, kind and constant be,
Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee."
Thus singing as he went, at last he drew,
By easy steps, to where the pear-tree grew:
The longing dame look'd up, and spied her love
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
She stopp'd, and sighing, "Oh, good gods!" she cried,
"What pangs, what sudden shoots, distend my side!
Oh, for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green!
Help, for the love of heaven's immortal queen!
Help, dearest lord, and save at once the life
Of thy poor infant and thy longing wife!"
Sore sigh'd the knight to hear his lady's cry,
But could not climb, and had no servant nigh;
Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,
What could, alas! a helpless husband do?
"And must I languish then," she said, "and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At least, kind sir, for charity's sweet sake,
Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take,
Then from your back I might ascend the tree;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me."
"With all my soul," he thus replied again;
"I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain."
With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
She seized a twig, and up the tree she went.

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Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, though not in phrase refined;
Though blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
What feats the lady in the tree might do
I pass, as gambols never known to you;
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
Than in her life she ever felt before.
In that nice moment, lo! the wondering knight
Look'd out, and stood restored to sudden sight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent:
But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be express'd:
Not frantic mothers, when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky:
He cried, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair:
"Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there
"What ails my lord?" the trembling dame replie
"I thought your patience had been better tried:
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cured the blind?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a man upon a tree?
Did I for this the power of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love!"
"If this be struggling, by this holy light,
'Tis struggling with a vengeance," quoth the knight;
"So Heaven preserve the sight it has restored,
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whored;
Whored by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well!"
"Guard me, good angels!" cried the gentle May,
"Pray Heaven, this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
You ne'er had used these killing words to me:
So help me, Fates, as 'tis no perfect sight,
But some faint glimmering of a doubtful light."

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"What I have said," quoth he, "I must maintain,
For by th' immortal powers it seem'd too plain."
"By all those powers, some phrensy seized your mind,"
Replied the dame; "Are these the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind."
She said: a rising sigh express'd her wo,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And, as they fell, she wiped from either eye
The drops; (for women, when they list, can cry.)
The knight was touch'd, and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer'd:
"Madam, 'tis pass'd, and my short anger o'er;
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:
Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw.
By Heav'n, I swore but what I thought I saw."
"Ah, my loved lord! 'twas much unkind," she cried,
"On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.
But, till your sight's establish'd, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.
Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day.
So, just recovering from the shades of night,
Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before your sight
Then, sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem;
Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they seem!
Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
None judge so wrong as those who think amiss."
With that, she leap'd into her lord's embrace,
With well-dissembled virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:

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Both, pleased and bless'd, renewed their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.
Thus ends our tale; whose moral next to make,
Let all wise husbands hence example take:
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives.

The first dawnings of polite literature in Italy are found in tale-writing and fables. To produce, and carry on with probability and decorum, a series of events, is the most difficult work of invention; and if we were minutely to examine the popular stories of every nation, we should be amazed to find how few circumstances have ever been invented. Facts and events have been indeed varied and modified, but totally new facts have not been created. The writers of the old romances, from whom Ariosto and Spenser have borrowed so largely, are supposed to have had copious imaginations; but may they not be indebted for their invulnerable heroes, their monsters, their enchantments, their gardens of pleasure, their winged steeds, and the like, to the Echidna, to the Circe, to the Medea, to the Achilles, to the Syrens, to the Harpies, to the Phœnix, and the Bellerophon, of the ancients? The cave of Polypheme might furnish out the idea of their giants, and Andromeda might give occasion for stories of distressed damsels on the point of being devoured by dragons, and delivered at such a critical season by their favourite knights. Some faint traditions of the ancients might have been kept glimmering and alive during the whole barbarous ages, as they are called; and it is not impossible but these have been the parents of the Genii in the eastern, and the Fairies in the western world. To say that Amadis and Sir Tristan have a classical foundation, may, at first sight, appear paradoxical; but, if the subject were examined to the bottom, I am inclined to think, that the wildest chimeras in those books of chivalry, with which Don Quixote's library was furnished, would be found to have a close connexion with ancient mythology. —Warton.

In the art of telling a story in verse, Pope is peculiarly happy; we almost forget the grossness of the subject of this tale, while we are struck by the uncommon ease and readiness of the verse, the suitableness of the expressions, and the spirit and happiness of the whole.

Pope has introduced triplets in many places, no doubt for greater effect, which they certainly have. There is generally two together, ended with an Alexandrine; this is common in Dryden's fables, on which Pope evidently formed his style in these narrative pieces.

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THE WIFE OF BATH.

HER PROLOGUE.

IMITATED FROM CHAUCER.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

The *Wife of Bath* is the other piece of Chaucer which Pope selected to imitate. One cannot but wonder at his choice, which perhaps nothing but his youth could excuse. Dryden, who is known not to be nicely scrupulous, informs us that he would not versify it on account of its indelicacy.

From the accidental circumstance of Dryden and Pope's having copied the gay and ludicrous parts of Chaucer, the common notion seems to have arisen, that Chaucer's vein of poetry was chiefly turned to the light and the ridiculous. But they who look into Chaucer, will soon be convinced of this prevailing prejudice, and will find his comic vein, like that of Shakspeare, to be only like one of mercury imperceptibly mingled with a mine of gold.

Behold the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienced wife.
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think for once a woman tells you true.
In all these trials, I have borne a part,
I was myself the scourge that caused the smart;
For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.
Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days:
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan:

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Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd,
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defined.
"Increase and multiply," was Heaven's command;
And that's a text I clearly understand.
This too, "Let men their sires and mothers leave,
And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."
More wives than one by Solomon were tried,
Or else the wisest of mankind's belied.
I've had myself full many a merry fit,
And trust in Heaven, I may have many yet;
For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Christian I can find.
Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
Declared 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in assembling fire and tow;
I grant them that, and what it means you know.
The same apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
No precept for virginity he found:
'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.
I envy not their bliss, if he or she
Think fit to live in perfect chastity.
Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice;
I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.
Heaven calls us different ways, on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those:
Not every man's obliged to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor;
Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny;
But, by your leaves, divines, so am not I.
Full many a saint, since first the world began,
Lived an unspotted maid, in spite of man:
Let such (a-God's name!) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honest wives eat barley bread.
For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by Heaven,
And use the copious talent it has given:

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Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reck'ning every night.
His proper body is not his, but mine;
For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.
Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad:
The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride:
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
The rest, without much loss, I could resign.
Sure to be loved, I took no pains to please,
Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.
Presents flow'd in apace: with showers of gold,
They made their court, like Jupiter of old.
If I but smiled, a sudden youth they found,
And a new palsy seized them when I frown'd.
Ye sovereign wives! give ear and understand,
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.
For never was it given to mortal man,
To lie so boldly as we women can;
Forswear the fact, though seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.
"Hark, old Sir Paul!" ('twas thus I used to say,)
"Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?
Treated, caress'd, where'er she's pleased to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immured at home.
Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
Art thou so am'rous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin, or a friend,
Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken, beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy-chair;
Cry, Wives are false, and every woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.
"If poor, (you say,) she drains her husband's purse;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;
If highly-born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride, by turns, possess her brain;

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Now gayly mad, now sourly splenetic;
Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.
If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attack'd on ev'ry side;
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures;
Or else she dances with becoming grace,
Or shape excuses the defects of face.
There swims no goose so gray, but, soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.
"Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try,
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy;
But wives, a random choice, untried, they take,
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake:
Then, nor till then, the veil's removed away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
"You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes must always languish on my face,
Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,
And tag each sentence with, My life! My dear!
If, by strange chance, a modest blush be raised,
Be sure my fine complexion must be praised.
My garments always must be new and gay,
And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.
Then must my nurse be pleased, and fav'rite maid,
And endless treats, and endless visits paid
To a long train of kindred friends, allies.
All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lies!
"On Jenkin, too, you cast a squinting eye;
What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?
Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.
"Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine?
Sir, I'm no fool! nor shall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourself alone.

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One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.
If you had wit, you'd say, 'Go where you will,
Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell:
Take all the freedoms of a married life;
I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife.'
"Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily soever others fare?
Though all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a just and rational desire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
"There's danger, too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modest that are gay.
The cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,
The chimney keeps, and sits content within;
But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun;
She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,
To show her fur, and to be catterwaw'd."
Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
These three right ancient venerable sires.
I told them, Thus you say, and thus you do;
And told them false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.
I, like a dog, could bite, as well as whine,
And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs scarce dragg'd them out of doors;
And swore the rambles that I took by night,
Were all to spy what damsels they delight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth,
For all this wit is given us from our birth.
Heav'n gave to women the peculiar grace,
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
By murmuring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.

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If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
"What! so familiar with your spouse?" I cried.
I levied first a tax upon his need;
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
But fulsome love for gain we can endure:
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.
Yet, with embraces, curses oft I mix'd,
Then kiss'd again, and chid, and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
Ev'n though the Pope himself had sat at table.
But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke;
"Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look!
Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek,
Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and meek;
Of Job's great patience, since so oft you preach,
Well should you practice, who so well can teach.
'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.
Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
Who puts a period to domestic strife.
One of us two must rule, and one obey,
And since in man right reason bears the sway,
Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
The wives of all my family have ruled
Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd;
Fie, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan:
What! would you have me to yourself alone?
Why, take me, love! take all and every part!
Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.
Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
You little think what custom I could have.

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But, see! I'm all your own—nay, hold—for shame,
What means my dear?—indeed—you are to blame."
Thus with my first three lords I passed my life,
A very woman, and a very wife.
What sums from these old spouses I could raise,
Procured young husbands in my riper days.
Though past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
In country dances still I bore the bell,
And sung as sweet as evening Philomel.
To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,
Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl;
Rich, luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the swelling veins to feats of love:
For, 'tis as sure as cold engenders hail,
A liqu'rish mouth must have a lech'rous tail:
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gamesters by experience know.
But, oh, good gods! whene'er a thought I cast
On all the joys of youth and beauty pass'd,
To find in pleasures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight,
Now, all my conquests, all my charms, good night!
The flour consumed, the best that now I can,
Is ev'n to make my market of the bran.
My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two;
But all that score I paid—as how? you'll say,
Not with my body in a filthy way:
But I so dress'd, and danced, and drank, and dined,
And view'd a friend with eyes so very kind,
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry
With burning rage and frantic jealousy.
His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
He put on careless airs, and sate, and sung.

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How sore I gall'd him, only Heaven could know,
And he that felt, and I that caused the wo,
He died, when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips, from Jerusalem,
And now lies buried underneath a rood,
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood:
A tomb indeed, with fewer sculptures graced
Than that Mausolus' pious widow placed,
Or where enshrined the great Darius lay;
But cost on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we covered o'er;
So bless the good man's soul, I say no more.

Now for my fifth loved lord, the last and best,
(Kind Heaven afford him everlasting rest!)
Full hearty was his love, and I can show
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains:
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes provision cheap.

In pure good will I took this jovial spark,
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A trusty gossip, one dame Alison.
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish priest could do.
To her I told whatever could befall:
Had but my husband piss'd against the wall,
Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what most he would conceal,
To these I made no scruple to reveal.
Oft has he blushed from ear to ear for shame,
That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

It so befell, in holy time of Lent,
That oft a day I to this gossip went.

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(My husband, thank my stars, was out of town;)
From house to house we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
To see, be seen, to tell and gather tales.
Visits to every church we daily paid,
And march'd in every holy masquerade;
The stations duly and the vigils kept;
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
At sermons, too, I shone in scarlet gay;
The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array;
The cause was this, I wore it every day.
'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields,
This clerk and I were walking in the fields;
We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour, and engaged my vow,
If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I still have shifts against a time of need:
The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.
I vow'd I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him;
If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretell, as learned men have shown;
All this I said; but dreams, sirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.
Thus, day by day, and month by month we pass'd,
It pleased the Lord to take my spouse at last.
I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.
The good man's coffin to the church was borne:
Around, the neighbours, and my clerk too, mourn.
But as he march'd, good gods! he show'd a pair
Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!

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Of twenty winters' age he seem'd to be,
I (to say truth) was twenty more than he,
But vig'rous still, a lively, buxom dame,
And had a wondrous gift to quench a flame.
A conj'ror once, that deeply could divine,
Assured me Mars in Taurus was my sign.
As the stars order'd, such my life has been:
Alas! alas! that ever love was sin!
Fair Venus gave me fire, and sprightly grace,
And Mars, assurance, and a dauntless face.
By virtue of this powerful constellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.
But to my tale: A month scarce pass'd away,
With dance and song we kept the nuptial day;
All I possess'd, I gave to his command,
My goods, and chattels, money, house, and land:
But oft repented, and repent it still:
He proved a rebel to my sovereign will:
Nay, once, by Heaven! he struck me on the face;
Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.
Stubborn as any lioness was I,
And knew full well to raise my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be so, in spite of all he swore.
He against this right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes;
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
And close the sermon, as beseem'd his wit,
With some grave sentence out of Holy Writ.
Oft would he say, "Who builds his house on sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's-cap, and long ears at home."
All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:
And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.

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My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred)
A certain treatise oft at evening read,
Where divers authors (whom the dev'l confound
For all their lies!) were in one volume bound.
Valerius, whole; and of St. Jerome, part;
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloïsa's loves;
And many more than sure the Church approves.
More legions were there here of wicked wives,
Than good in all the Bible and saint's lives.
Who drew the lion vanquish'd? 'twas a man.
But could we women write as scholars can,
Men should stand marked with far more wickedness
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.
Those play the scholars, who can't play the men,
And use that weapon which they have, their pen;
When old, and past the relish of delight,
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage vow.
(This by the way; but to my purpose now.)
It chanced my husband on a winter's night,
Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,
How the first female (as the Scriptures show)
Brought her own spouse and all his race to wo.
How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrapp'd in th' envom'd shirt, and set on fire:
How cursed Eriphyle her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid:
But what most pleased him was the Cretan dame,
And husband bull—oh, monstrous! fie, for shame!
He had by heart the whole detail of wo
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft she scolded in a day, he knew,
How many piss-pots on the sage she threw,
Who took it patiently, and wiped his head:
"Rain follows thunder:"—that was all he said.

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He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twined
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
"Where grows this plant?" replied the friend, "oh! where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear:
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted shall it be."
Then how two wives their lords' destruction prove,
Through hatred one, and one through too much love,
That for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
And this for lust an amorous philtre bought:
The nimble juice soon seized his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.
How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,
And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and frown'd:
But when no end to these vile tales I found,
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus consumed in vain;
Provoked to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And, with one buffet, fell'd him on the floor.
With that, my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me with hearty blows.
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side:
"Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth," I cried;
"Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—"
He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face:
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
Then sigh'd, and cried, "Adieu, my dear, adieu!"
But after many a hearty struggle pass'd,
I condescended to be pleased at last.
Soon as he said, "My mistress and my wife,
Do what you list, the term of all your life;"
I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws;

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Received the reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.
As for the volume that reviled the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.
Now, Heaven, on all my husbands gone, bestow
Pleasures above for tortures felt below;
That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save!

"The want of a few lines," says Mr. Tyrwhitt, "to introduce *The Wife of Bath's Prologue*, is perhaps one of those defects which Chaucer would have supplied, if he had lived to finish his work. The extraordinary length of it, as well as the vein of pleasantry that runs through it, is very suitable to the character of the speaker. The greatest part must have been of Chaucer's own invention, though one may plainly see that he had been reading the popular invectives against marriage, and women in general; such as the *Roman de la Rose*, *Valerius ad Rufinum de non ducendâ uxore*, and particularly *Hyeronymus contra Joviniauum*. The holy father, by way of recommending celibacy, has exerted all his learning and eloquence (and he certainly was not deficient in either) to collect together and aggravate whatever he could find to the prejudice of the female sex."

The lines of Pope, in the piece before us, are spirited and easy, and have, properly enough, a free colloquial air. One passage I cannot forbear quoting, as it acquaints us with the writers who were popular in the time of Chaucer. The jocose old woman says, that her husband frequently read to her out of a volume that contained:

> "Valerius whole; and of St. Jerome, part;
> Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
> Solomon's Proverbs, Eloïsa's loves;
> With many more than sure the Church approves."—*Ver.* 350

Pope has omitted a stroke of humour; for, in the original, she naturally mistakes the rank and age of St Jerome; the lines must be transcribed:

> "Yclepid Valerie and Theophrast,
> At which boke he lough alway full fast;
> And eke there was a clerk sometime in Rome,
> A cardinal, that hightin St. Jerome,
> That made a boke agenst Jovinian,
> In which boke there was eke Tertullian,
> Chrysippus, Trotula and Helowis,
> That was an abbess not ferr fro Paris,
> And eke the Parables of Solomon,
> Ovid'is Art, and bokis many a one."

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In the library which Charles V. founded in France about the year 1376 among many books of devotion, astrology, chemistry, and romance, there was not one copy of Tully to be found, and no Latin poet but Ovid, Lucan, and Boetnius; some French translations of Livy, Valerius Maximus, and St. Austin's *City of God.* He placed these in one of the towers, called the Tower of the Library. This was the foundation of the present magnificent royal library at Paris.

These pieces of Chaucer were not the only ones that were versified by Pope. Mr. Harte assured me, that he was convinced by some circumstances which Fenton, his friend, communicated to him, that Pope wrote the characters that make the introduction to the *Canterbury Tales,* published under the name of Betterton.—WARTON.

In addition to what is so learnedly set forth by Warton, Bowles furnishes some interesting notices of Chaucer, the substance of which is embodied from a curious old work, entitled, "*A Commentary upon the Two Tales of our ancient, renowned, and ever-living Poet, Sir Jeffrey Chaucer, Knight;* who, for his *rich fancy, pregnant invention,* and *present composure,* deserved the countenance of a Prince, and of his laureat honours: *The Miller's Tale,* and *The Wife of Bath.* Printed by William Godbid, and to be sold by Peter Dring at the Sun, in the Poultry, near the Rose tavern. 1665."

The author in the dedication signs himself R. B.; and in the advertisement says: "This comment was an essay whereto the author was importuned by *persons of quality,* to compleat with *brief, pithy,* and *proper illustrations,* suitable to the subject!"

It appears from it, that the character of Chaucer was not well understood by the age in which this book was written; as it appears the comment was undertaken to point out the humorous and truly comic talent of our ancient bard, which was not at the time appreciated. A short specimen will suffice:

"Of five husbands scolynge am I.
Welcome the sixth whenever he shall dy.

"The thought is taken: all flesh is mortal; but of all flesh she would have none *more mortal* than her husband's. She would have her aged husbands look like Death's head; meantime her sage admonitions are never wanting to bid him *remember his end.* Life is a trouble, but of all others she is most troubled with *his* life. Thus dictates she of her husband's pilgrimage; which by how much the shorter, it is for her all to the better," &c.

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IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS

DONE BY THE AUTHOR IN HIS YOUTH.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

These imitations of the English Poets, most of which were the productions of a very early age, are valuable and curious, as they serve to show how soon the author perceived, and how deeply he felt, the impressions communicated by poetical composition. Had this not been the case, it would have been impossible for him to have reflected back, as it were, not only the form of expression, but the turn of thought, of the authors he has imitated; some of whom he has at least equalled in their own style, if not excelled. Under this point of view, it is impossible to approve of the remarks of some of his commentators, who affected to be disgusted at the indecency of these pieces, which were published by Warburton; while they have not scrupled to bring before their readers productions attributed to Pope, of a much more indecorous nature, which Warburton had properly rejected. That there are passages in Chaucer as objectionable, and in Spenser as indelicate, as those that have been so fastidiously reprobated, will not be denied; and why these sportive and characteristic sketches should be brought to so severe an ordeal, and pointed out to the reprehension of the reader, as gross and disagreeable, dull and disgusting, it is not easy to perceive.

CHAUCER.

Women ben full of ragerie,
Yet swinken nat sans secresie.
Thilke moral shall ye understond,
From schoole-boy's tale of fayre Irelond
Which to the fennes hath him betake,
To filche the gray ducke fro the lake,
Right then, there passen by the way
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway.
Ducke in his trowses hath he hent,
Not to be spied of ladies gent.

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"But ho! our nephew," (crieth one,)
"Ho!" quoth another, "cozen John;"
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This sylly clerke full low doth lout:
They asken that, and talken this,
"Lo! here is coz, and here is miss."
But as he glozeth with speeches soote,
The ducke sore tickleth his erse roote;
Fore-piece and buttons all to-brest,
Forth thrust a white neck and red crest.
"Te-he," cried ladies; clerke nought spake;
Miss stared, and gray ducke cryethe "Quaake."
"O moder, moder," (quoth the daughter,)
"Be thilke same thing maid longen a'ter
Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,
Then trust on mon, whose yerde can talke."

SPENSER.

In replying to some strictures of Warton, in which the writer intimates that a proper estimate of Spenser cannot be formed from the imitations which follow, Roscoe thus expresses our own ideas on this subject:—"Pope was as well aware, as any one, of the superlative beauties and merits of Spenser, whose works he assiduously studied, both in his early and riper years; but it was not his intention, in these few lines, to give a *serious* imitation of him. All that he attempted was to show how exactly he could apply the language and manner of Spenser to low and burlesque subjects; and in this he has completely succeeded."

THE ALLEY.

In every town where Thamis rolls his tyde,
A narrow pass there is with houses low;
Where, ever and anon, the stream is eyed,
And many a boat, soft sliding to and fro.
There oft are heard the notes of infant woe,
The short thick sob, loud scream, and shriller squall;
How can ye, mothers, vex your children so?
Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

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And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At every door are sun-burnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry,
Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between; [ween.
Scolds answer foul mouth'd scolds; bad neighbourhood, I

The snappish cur (the passenger's annoy)
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimpering girl, and hoarser screaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, shrilling cries;
The scolding quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round; [drown'd.
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base are

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice:
There learn'd speech from tongues that never cease.
Slander beside her, like a magpie, chatters,
With Envy (spitting cat), dread foe to peace;
Like a cursed cur, Malice before her clatters,
And, vexing every wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

Ver. 36.] The above personages of Obloquy, Slander, Envy, and Malice, are not marked with any distinct attributes. They are not those living figures, whose attitudes and behaviour Spenser has minutely drawn, with so much clearness and truth, that we behold them with our eyes, as plainly as we do on the ceiling of the banqueting-house. For, in truth, the pencil of Spenser, is as powerful as that of Rubens, his brother-allegorist; which two artists resembled each other, in many respects; but Spenser had more grace, and was as warm a colourist.—WARTON.

It is scarcely candid to say that Pope's allegorical personages are not marked by distinctive attributes and behaviour: Obloquy was a Billingsgate fishwoman, surrounded by the articles in which she had dealt; Slander chatters like a magpie; Envy spits like a cat; Malice clatters like a cur; and Envy tears her neighbours' clothes in tatters. A more characteristic, candid, and, at the same time, poetical passage, will not frequently be met with, even in Spenser himself.

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Her dugs were mark'd by every collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull dog's at the stall;
She scratch'd, bit, and spared ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her answer was to all:
Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call;
Yea, when she passes by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modest virgin look.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch:
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's dog and bitch;
Ne village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are eyed, [pride
Vales, spires, meand'ring streams, and Windsor's tow'r

WALLER.

Pope has imitated Waller with elegance, especially in the verses on a fan of his own design; for he designed with dexterity and taste.

The application of the story of *Cephalus and Procris* is as ingenious as Waller's *Phœbus and Daphne*. Waller abounds, perhaps to excess, in allusions to mythology and the ancient classics.—Warton.

ON A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE.

Fair charmer, cease! nor make your voice's prize
A heart resign'd, the conquest of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threaten'd vessel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
We were too blest with these enchanting lays,
Which must be heavenly when an angel plays;
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Lest heavenly music should be heard, alive.

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Orpheus could charm the trees; but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he:
A poet made the silent wood pursue,
This vocal wood had drawn the poet too.

ON A FAN OF THE AUTHOR'S DESIGN,

In which was painted the Story of Cephalus and Procris, with the Motto "AURA, VENI."

Come, gentle air! th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade;
Come, gentle air! the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

COWLEY.

In the imitation of Cowley, in two pieces, on a Garden and on Weeping, Pope has properly enough, in conformity to his original, extorted some moral or darted forth some witticism on every object he mentions.

THE GARDEN.

Fain would my Muse the flowery treasures sing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
Where opening roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft carnations shower their balmy dews;
Where lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
The thin undress of superficial light,

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And varied tulips show so dazzling gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.
Each painted flow'ret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow:
And pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain
Transform'd, gazes on himself again.
Here aged trees cathedral walks compose,
And mount the hill in venerable rows:
There the green Infants in their beds are laid,
The garden's hope, and its expected shade.
Here orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join,
Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store,
Yet in the rising blossom promise more.
There in bright drops the crystal fountains play,
By laurels shielded from the piercing day:
Where Daphne, now a tree, as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,
Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor seeks in vain for succour to the stream.
The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
Where Summer's beauty midst of Winter stays,
And Winter's Coolness spite of Summer's rays.

WEEPING.

While Celia's tears make sorrow bright,
Proud Grief sits swelling in her eyes;
The sun, next those the fairest light,
Thus from the ocean first did rise:
And thus through mists we see the sun,
Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the fervour of the day:
So from one cloud soft showers we view,
And blasting lightnings burst away.

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The stars that fall from Celia's eye,
Declare our doom in drawing nigh.

The baby, in that sunny sphere,
So like a phaëton appears,
That Heaven, the threaten'd world to spare,
Thought fit to drown him in her tears:
Else might th' ambitious nymph aspire
To set like him, heaven too on fire.

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Pope, in this imitation, has discovered a fund of solid sense and just observation upon vice and folly, that are very remarkable in a person so extremely young as he was at the time of composing it. I believe, on a fair comparison with Rochester's lines, it will be found, that although the turn of the *Satire* be copied, yet it is excelled. That Rochester should write a *Satire on Man*, I am not surprised; it is the business of the libertine to degrade his species and debase the dignity of human nature, and thereby destroy the most efficacious incitements to lovely and laudable actions. But that a writer of Boileau's purity of manners should represent his kind in the dark and disagreeable colours he has done, with all the malignity of a discontented Hobbist, is a lamentable perversion of fine talents, and is a real injury to society. It is a fact worthy of the attention of those who study the history of learning, that the gross licentiousness and applauded debauchery of Charles the Second's court, proved almost as pernicious to the progress of polite literature and the fine arts, that began to revive after the grand rebellion, as the gloomy superstition, the absurd cant, and formal hypocrisy, that disgraced England during the usurpation of Cromwell.—Warton.

ON SILENCE.

Silence! cŏeval with eternity,
Thou wert ere Nature's self began to be:
'Twas one vast nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee.

Thine was the sway, ere heaven was form'd, or earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceived creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

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Then various elements against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combined,
And framed the clamorous busy race of human-kind.

The tongue moved gently first, and speech was low,
Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,
And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft in vain;
Lost in the maze of words, he turns again,
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

With thee in private modest Dullness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise;
Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise!

Yet thy indulgence is by both confess'd;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that wisdom seeks for rest.

Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wishing dame;
The very want of tongue makes thee a kind of fame.

But couldst thou seize some tongues that now are free,
How church and state should be obliged to thee;
At senate and at bar, how welcome would'st thou be!

Yet speech, ev'n there, submissively withdraws
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:
Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy laws.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What favourites gain, and what the nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

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The country wit, religion o' the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are best by thee express'd; and shine in thee alone.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jest, all end in thee,
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

EARL OF DORSET.

If one turns to the authors of the last age for the character of this lord, one meets with nothing but encomiums on his wit and good-nature. He was the finest gentleman in the voluptious court of Charles the Second, and in the gloomy one of King William. He had as much wit as his first master, or his contemporaries, Buckingham and Rochester; without the royal want of feeling, the duke's want of principles, or the earl's want of thought. The latter said, with astonishment; "That he did not know how it was, but Lord Dorset might do any thing, and yet was never to blame!" It was not that he was free from the failings of humanity, but he had the tenderness of it too, which made every body excuse whom every body loved; for even the asperity of his verses seems to have been forgiven to

"The best-good man, with the worst-natured muse."

This line is not more familiar than Lord Dorset's own poems to all who have a taste for the beauties of natural and easy verse, or than his lordship's own bon-mots, of which the following is a specimen, of singular humour: Lord Craven was a proverb for officious whispers to men in power. On Lord Dorset's promotion, King Charles having seen Lord Craven pay his usual tribute to him, asked the former what the latter had been saying. The earl replied, gravely: "Sir, my Lord Craven did me the honour to whisper, but I did not think it good manners to listen." When he was dying, Congreve, who had been to visit him, being asked how he had left him, replied: "Faith, he slabbers more wit than other people have in their best health."

ARTEMISIA.

Though Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;
Yet in some things methinks she fails;
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.

Ver. 1. *Though Artemisia.*] By Artemisia, Pope has been thought to have meant Queen Caroline. It certainly bears in many points a resemblance

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Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such nastiness, and so much pride,
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beside:
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpie hight,
Majestically stalk;
A stately, worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

PHRYNE.

Phryne had talents for mankind,
Open she was, and unconfined,
Like some free port of trade;
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign state,
Here first their entry made.

but coloured by spleen. She became corpulent; and Mr. Coxe observes: "Her levees were a strange picture of the motley character and manners of a queen and learned woman. She received company while at her toilette—learned men and divines were intermixed with courtiers and ladies of the household. The conversation turned upon metaphysical subjects, blended with the tittle-tattle of the drawing-room."—*Coxe's Memoirs.*

It ought not to be omitted, that notwithstanding Pope's general sarcasms she was a most exemplary, sensible, prudent, and amiable woman, as is clearly proved by Mr. Coxe.—Bowles.

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Her learning and good-breeding such,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French, came to her;
To all obliging she'd appear:
'Twas "*Si Signor*," 'twas "*Yaw Mynheer*,"
'Twas "*S'il vous plait, Monsieur.*"

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
At length she turns a bride:
In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She shines the first of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those insects fair
(Which curious Germans hold so rare)
Still vary shapes and dyes;
Still gain new titles with new forms;
First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

DR. SWIFT.

THE point of the likeness in this imitation consist in describing the objects as they really exist in life, like Hogarth's paintings, without heightening or enlarging them by any imaginary circumstances. In this way of writing, Swift excelled; witness his description of a *Morning in a City Shower*, of the *House of Baucis and Philemon*, and the verses on his own death. In this also consists the beauty of Gay's *Trivia;* a subject Swift desired him to write upon, and for which he furnished him with many hints.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing,
Are better than the bishop's blessing:
A wife that makes conserves; a steed
That carries double when there's need;
October store, and best Virginia,
Tithe pig, and mortuary guinea:

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Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weakly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long since;
Sermons to Charles the First, when prince;
A Chronicle of ancient standing:
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in:
The Polyglot—three parts—my text,
Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next:
Lo, here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To sum the whole,—the close of all.

He that has these may pass his life,
Drink with the 'squire, and kiss his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on Fridays——if he will;
Toast church and queen, explain the news,
Talk with church-wardens about pews;
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at Dr. Sw**t.

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WINDSOR-FOREST.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

The poem of *Windsor-Forest*, although properly ranked as descriptive, contains in itself strong indications that the powers of the author were calculated for more elevated subjects, and loftier flights. No sooner has he announced the scene of his poem, than he breaks through the narrow bounds by which he is apparently confined, and engages in an historical deduction of the effects produced by the tyranny of the early English kings; terminating in the establishment of liberty, and the diffusion of national happiness. To this subject he recurs towards the close of his poem, where he brings down his historical notices to the reign of Queen Anne, and celebrates the peace of Utrecht, then just concluded. Many other passages indicate the attention he had paid to graver and more important subjects, which soon superseded his lighter performances, and showed,

> That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
> But stoop'd to truth, and moralized his song.

Dr. Johnson considers that "the parts of *Windsor-Forest* which deserve least praise, are those which are added to enliven the stillness of the scene,—the appearance of Father Thames, and the transformation of Lodona." To admit that there was any force or truth in these observations, would be to deprive poetry of one of her greatest auxiliaries. That such representations are unnatural, must, in a strict sense, be allowed: but poetry employs for her purpose not only what exists in nature, but what may, in possibility, be supposed to exist; and to deprive her of this power, is to prohibit her flights altogether. Neither Caliban nor Ariel exist in nature; and, in Johnson's phraseology, may therefore be said to be unnatural: but, although not in nature, they are not contradictory to our conceptions of what might exist; and it is in effecting this verisimilitude that the art of the poet consists. To restrain poetry to what is strictly natural, is to reduce it essentially to prose.

It has been said, that the conclusion of this poem gave great pain to Addison, both as a poet and a politician; on which, Johnson (in his *Life of Pope*) asks, "why Addison should receive any particular disturbance from the last lines of *Windsor-Forest*?" To which it may be answered, that Addison could scarcely fail to be mortified on finding such splendid talents engaged in the cause of a party in direct opposition to his own, and employed to celebrate a peace, which, in his opinion, was not only inconsistent with the honour and interests of his country, but injurious to the liberty and safety of Europe in general.

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WINDSOR-FOREST.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

Thy forest, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muses' seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands; your aid, O Muses, bring!
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?
The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song;
These, were my breast inspired with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused;
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address,
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There, interspersed in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend;
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.

Variations.—Ver. 8, &c. Originally thus [and indeed much better]:

Chaste goddess of the woods,
Nymphs of the vales, and naiads of the floods,
Lead me thro' arching bow'rs and glimm'ring glades,
Unlock your springs.

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Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber, or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Though gods assembled grace his towering height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
See Pan, with flocks, with fruits, Pomona crown'd,
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And, nodding, tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell a Stuart reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste;
To savage beasts, and savage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and severe than they;
Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves.)
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd?

VARIATIONS.—Ver. 25. Originally thus:

Why should I sing our better suns or air,
Whose vital draughts prevent the leach's care,
While through fresh fields th' enliv'ning odours breathe,
Or spread with vernal blooms the purple heath?

Ver. 49. Originally thus in the MS.:

From towns laid waste, to dens and caves they ran,
(For who first stoop'd to be a slave was man.)

Ver. 45. *Savage laws.*] The Forest Laws. See the account of them in Blackstone's excellent *Lectures*; the killing a deer, boar, or hare, was punished with the loss of the delinquent's eyes.—WARTON.

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In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain;
Soft showers distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;
The swain, with tears, his frustrate labour yields,
And, famish'd, dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
What wonder, then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
Both, doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled,
But, while the subject starved, the beast was fed.
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man.
Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes:
The level'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar;
Round broken columns, clasping ivy twined;
O'er heaps of ruins stalk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
Awed by his nobles, by his commons curst,
Th' oppressor ruled tyrannic where he durst,
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And served alike his vassals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon spared, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see, the man who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself denied a grave:
Stretch'd on the lawn, his second hope survey,
At once the chaser, and at once the prey:

VARIATIONS.—Ver. 57, &c.:

No wonder savages or subjects slain—
But subjects starved, while savages were fed.

It was originally thus, but the word "savages" is not properly applied to beasts, but to men; which occasioned the alteration.

Ver. 72. *And wolves with howling fill*, &c.] The author thought this an error, wolves not being common in England at the time of the Conqueror.

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Lo, Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest, like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries,
Nor saw displeased the peaceful cottage rise.
Then gathering flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er sandy wilds where yellow harvests spread,
The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
And secret transports touch'd the conscious swain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.
Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds;
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But, when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:
Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
Till, hovering o'er them, sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare),
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty bless'd,
Near and more near, the closing lines invest;

VARIATIONS.—Ver. 91:

Oh, may no more a foreign master's rage,
With wrongs yet legal, curse a future age!
Still spread, fair Liberty! thy heav'nly wings,
Breathe plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the springs.

Ver. 97:

When yellow autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And into wine the purple harvest bleeds,*
The partridge, feeding in the new-shorn fields,
Both morning sports and ev'ning pleasures yields.

* Perhaps the author thought it not allowable to describe the season by a circumstance not proper to the English climate, the vintage.

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Sudden they seize th' amazed, defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies.
See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy, he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avails his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?
Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains, with well-breathed beagles, we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beasts, urged by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo:)
With slaughtering guns th' unwearied fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye:
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death;
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

VARIATIONS.—Ver. 107. It stood thus in the first editions:

Pleased in the gen'ral's sight, the hosts lie down
Sudden before some unsuspecting town;
The young, the old, one instant makes our prize,
And o'er their captive heads Britannia's standard flies.

Ver. 126:

O'er rustling leaves around the sacred groves.

This is a better line.—WARTON.

Ver. 129:

The fowler lifts his level'd tube on high.

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In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain;
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And, ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threatening steep,
Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin train,
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a goddess, and as chaste a queen;
Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here, too, 'tis sung, of old, Diana stray'd,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
Here, arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd virgins traced the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was famed,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona named:

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(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent, and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanced, as eager of the chase, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and loved, and burning with desire
Pursued her flight; her flight increased his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the god she flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urged the chase.
Now fainting, sinking, pale the nymph appears;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reached her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injured maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain:
"Ah, Cynthia! ah—though banish'd from thy train,
Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
My native shades! there weep, and murmur there!"
She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream dissolved away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she ranged before.

V. 07. *Still bears the name.*] The river Lodon.

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In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
The watery landscape of the pendant woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green;
Through the fair scene roll slow the lingering streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.
Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;
Where towering oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.
Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's famed abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods;
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below:
Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.
Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His sovereign favours, and his country loves:

VARIATIONS.—Ver. 233. It stood thus in the MS.:

And force great Jove, if Jove a lover still,
To change Olympus, &c.

Ver. 235.

Happy the man, who to these shades retires,
But doubly happy, if the Muse inspires!
Blest whom the sweets of home-felt quiet please;
But far more blest, who study joins with ease.

Ver. 211. *Oft in her glass*, &c.] These six lines were added after the first writing of this poem.—*P.*

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Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires;
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields;
With chemic art exalts the mineral powers,
And draws the aromatic souls of flowers:
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figured worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
Or wandering thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good,
T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow Nature, and regard his end,
Or looks on heaven with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admired,
Thus Atticus, and Trumbull thus retired.
  Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
Bear me, O bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bowery mazes, and surrounding greens;
To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye, Muses, sport on Cooper's Hill;
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow:)
I seem through consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove:

VARIATION.—Ver. 267. It stood thus in the MS.:

Methinks around your holy scenes I rove,
And hear your music echoing through the grove;
With transport visit each inspiring shade,
By god-like poets venerable made.

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Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By godlike poets venerable made:
Here his first lays majestic Denham sung:
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.
Oh, early lost! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led!
His drooping swans on every note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.
Since fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
But, hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
Are these revived? or is it Granville sings?
'Tis yours, my lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
To paint anew the flowery silver scenes,
To crown the forest with immortal greens,
Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star.

VARIATIONS.—Ver. 275.

What sighs, what murmurs, fill'd the vocal shore!
His tuneful swans were heard to sing no more.

Ver. 290. *Her silver star.*] All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the year 1710. What immediately followed this, and made the conclusion, were these:

My humble Muse in unambitious strains
Paints the green forests, and the flow'ry plains;
Where I obscurely pass my careless days,
Pleased in the silent shade with empty praise,
Enough for me that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

Ver. 272. *There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.*] Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey, on the borders of the Forest, and was from thence conveyed to Westminister.—*P.*

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Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance;
In the same shades the Cupids tuned his lyre,
To the same notes of love and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.
Oh, wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breathed upon her winding shore!
Or raise old warriors, whose adored remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through every age;
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressy's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield!
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.
Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn:
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps:
Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites; where ev'n the great find rest,
And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress'd!
Make sacred Charles' tomb for ever known
(Obscure the place, and uninscribed the stone):

VARIATION.—Ver. 307. Originally thus in the MS.:

When brass decays, when trophies lie o'erthrown,
And mould'ring into dust *drops the proud stone.*

Ver. 291. *Here noble Surrey.*] Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English poetry; who flourished in the time of Henry VIII.—*P.*

Ver. 303. *Edward's acts.*] Edward III. born here.—*P.*

Ver. 311. *Henry mourn.*] Henry IV.—*P.*

Ver. 314. *Once-fear'd Edward sleeps.*] Edward IV.—*P.*

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Oh, fact accursed! what tears has Albion shed?
Heavens, what new wounds! and how her old have bled
She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involved in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
At length great Anna said, "Let discord cease!"
She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace.
In that bless'd moment from his oozy bed,
Old father Thames advanced his rev'rend head; 330
His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffused a golden gleam:
Graved on his urn, appear'd, the moon, that guides
His swelling waters and alternate tides;
The figured streams in wavys of silver roll'd,
And on her banks Augusta rose in gold:
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood.
First, the famed authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame: 340

VARIATIONS.—Ver. 321. Originally thus in the MS.:

Oh, fact accurst! oh, sacrilegious brood,
Sworn to rebellion, principled in blood!
Since that dire morn what tears has Albion shed,
Gods! what new wounds, &c.

Ver. 327. Thus in the MS.:

Till Anna rose and bade the furies cease;
Let there be peace—she said, and all was *peace*.

Between verse 330 and 331, originally stood these lines:

From shore to shore exulting shouts he heard,
O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,
With sparkling flames heav'ns glowing concave shone,
Fictitious stars, and glories not her own.
He saw, and gently rose above the stream;
His shining horns diffuse a golden gleam:
With pearl and gold his tow'ry front was drest,
The tributes of the distant East and West.

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The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd:
Cole, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;
The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.
High in the midst, upon his urn reclined,
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind,)
The god appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise;
Then bow'd, and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore:
"Hail, sacred peace! hail, long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
Though Tiber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From heaven itself, though sevenfold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
These now no more shall be the Muses' themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;
Let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train,
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall dye with British blood
Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain:
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war, or blood, but in the sylvan chase:

VARIATIONS.—Ver. 363. Originally thus in the MS.:

Let Venice boast her tow'rs amidst the main,
Where the rough Adrian swells and roars in vain;
Here not a town, but spacious realm shall have,
A sure foundation on the rolling wave.

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The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! the ascending villas on my side,
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
Behold! Augusta's glittering spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British queen.
Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods,
And half thy forests rush into the floods;
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole,
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow;
The pearly shell its lucid globe unfold,
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;

VARIATION.—Ver. 385, &c., were originally thus:

Now shall our fleets the bloody cross display
To the rich regions of the rising day.
Or those green isles, where headlong Titan steeps
His hissing axle in th' Atlantic deeps:
Tempt icy seas, &c.

Ver. 378. *And temples rise.*] The fifty new churches.—*P.*

Ver. 398. *Unbound'd Thames*, &c.] A wish that London may be made a FREE PORT.—*P.*

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Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,
And naked youths, and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
Oh, stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
Till conquest cease, and slavery be no more;
Till the freed Indians, in their native groves,
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves;
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold.
Exiled by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds shall barbarous Discord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition shall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance, bathed in gore, retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping furies thirst for blood in vain."

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days;
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of opening fate to light;
My humble muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests, and the flowery plains,
Where Peace, descending, bids her olive spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleased in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

Ver. 434. It is observable that Pope finishes this poem with the first line of his *Pastorals*, as Virgil closed his *Georgics* with the first line of his *Eclogues*.

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LINES TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS

POEM OF 'WINDSOR-FOREST.'

THE following lines were addressed to Mr. Pope, from Killala, in the county of Mayo, in Ireland, (a circumstance which serves to explain the allusion at the commencement of them,) and were dated *June* 7th, 1715. They were printed in the first edition of the works of Pope, where some lines appear which have been judiciously omitted in the subsequent editions.

HAIL, sacred Bard! a Muse unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.
To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The eastern pomp had just bespoke our care,
And India pour'd her gaudy treasures here:
A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
The Pride of Persia glitter'd on our strand,
And China's earth was cast on common sand:
Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay,
And dress'd the rocky shelves, and paved the painted bay.
  Thy treasures next arrived: and now we boast
A nobler cargo on our barren coast:
From thy luxuriant forest we receive
More lasting glories than the East can give.
  Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!
The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.
Nor half so true the fair Lodona shows
The sylvan state that on her border grows,

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While she the wond'ring shepherd entertains
With a new Windsor in her watery plains:
Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpass,
The living scene is in the Muse's glass.
Nor sweeter notes the echoing forests cheer,
When Philomela sits and warbles there,
Than when you sing the greens and opening glades,
And give us harmony as well as shades:
A Titian's hand might draw the grove; but you
Can paint the grove, and add the music too.

With vast variety thy pages shine;
A new creation starts in every line.
How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
And make a doubtful scene of shade and light,
And give at once the day, at once the night!
And here again what sweet confusion reigns,
In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains!
And, see! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,
And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom:
While fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
And bearded groves display their annual pride.

Happy the man who strings his tuneful lyre
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields inspire!
Thrice happy thou! and worthy best to dwell
Amidst the rural joys, you sing so well.
I in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
Here on the Western beach attempt to chime.
Oh, joyless flood! oh, rough, tempestuous main!
Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene!

Snatch me, ye gods! from these Atlantic shores,
And shelter me in Windsor's fragrant bowers;
Or to my much-loved Isis' walks convey,
And on her flowery banks for ever lay.
Thence let me view the venerable scene,
The awful dome, the groves eternal green:
Where sacred Hough long found his famed retreat,
And brought the Muses to the sylvan seat,

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Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the classic store,
And made that Music which was noise before.
There with illustrious bards I spent my days,
Not free from censure, nor unknown to praise,
Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
Nor envied Windsor in the soft abode.
The golden minutes smoothly danced away,
And tuneful bards beguiled the tedious day:
They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fired
That Maro taught, or Addison inspired.
Ev'n I essay'd to touch the trembling string:
Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing?
  Roused from these dreams by thy commanding strain,
I rise, and wander through the field or plain;
Led by thy Muse, from sport to sport I run,
Mark the stretch'd line, or hear the thundering gun.
Ah! how I melt with pity, when I spy
On the cold earth the fluttering pheasant lie!
His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
And every feather shines and varies there.
  Nor can I pass the generous courser by:
But while the prancing steed allures my eye.
He starts—he's gone!—and now I see him fly
O'er hills and dales, and now I lose the course,
Nor can the rapid sight pursue the flying horse.
Oh, could thy Virgil from his orb look down,
He'd view a courser that might match his own!
Fired with the sport, and eager for the chase,
Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.
Who can refuse Lodona's melting tale?
The soft complaint shall over Time prevail;
The tale be told, when shades forsake her shore,
The nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.
  Nor shall thy song, old Thames! forbear to shine,
At once the subject and the song divine.
Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n Britons more
Than all their shouts for victory before.

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Oh! could Britannia imitate thy stream,
The world should tremble at her awful name:
From various springs divided waters glide,
In different colours roll a different tide,
Murmur along their crooked banks a while,
At once they murmur, and enrich the isle;
A while distinct through many channels run,
But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one;
There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names,
And make one glorious and immortal Thames.

FR. KNAPP.

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ODES FOR MUSIC.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

If we cast a transient view over the most celebrated of the modern lyrics we may observe, that the stanza of Petrarch, which has been adopted by all his successors, displeases the ear, by its tedious uniformity, and by the number of indentical cadences. And, indeed, to speak truth, there appears to be little valuable in Petrarch, except the purity of his diction. His sentiments, even of love, are metaphysical and far-fetched. Neither is there much variety in his subjects, or fancy in his method of treating them. Fulvio Testi, Chiabrera, and Metastasio, are much better lyric poets. When Boileau attempted an ode, he exhibited a glaring proof of what will frequently be hinted in the course of these notes, that the writer, whose grand characteristical talent is satiric or moral poetry, will never succeed, with equal merit, in the higher branches of his art.—Warton.

The foregoing observations on the character of Petrarch, as a lyric poet, will scarcely obtain the assent of the admirers of Italian poetry; who will be shocked by the assertions, that his stanza *displeases the ear*, and that there *is not much variety* in his subjects, or *fancy* in his manner of treating them. Such observations are sufficiently answered by the celebrity which still attends his writings, and by the avidity and pleasure with which they continue to be read.

Dr. Warton has also attempted to enforce an opinion, that "the writer whose grand characteristical talent is satiric or moral poetry, will never succeed, with equal merit, in the *higher branches* of his art." If, by higher branches of his art, he meant lyric poetry, it is difficult to say upon what principle such preference is founded, or why the dignity and importance of many other departments of poetry should not entitle them to an equal rank. But, dismissing this point, on which enough has before been said, the assertion of Dr. Warton is not founded on experience. Horace was a moral and satiric, and at the same time a lyric poet; and although it has not perhaps been decided in which of these departments he excelled, yet it never was supposed that his excellence in one, defeated his claims in the other. The works of Ariosto—epic, lyric, and satiric,—are read with equal pleasure. Benedetto Menzini wrote satires and odes, both of which rank in the highest class. Dryden cultivated various departments with equal success. Gray excelled both in elegiac and lyric poetry. In fact, there are but few persons who have greatly distinguished themselves in any one department, without having also displayed their talents in another. If Pope has not succeeded in lyric poetry as well as in some other respects, it is because he can scarcely be said to have attempted it. Even the very few pieces he has left were written at the solicitation of his friends; the *Ode for Music*, and the *Dying Christian*, at the request of Steele; and the two *Choruses*, at that of the Duke of Buckingham.

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ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY,*

MDCCVIII.

Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing:
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While, in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling, the wild music floats,
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.

* Our author, as Mr. Harte told me, frequently and earnestly declared that if Dryden had finished a translation of the *Iliad*, he would not have attempted one, after so great a master: he might have said, with even more propriety, I will not write a music ode after *Alexander's Feast;* which the variety and harmony of its numbers, and the beauty, force, and energy of its images, have contained to place at the head of modern lyric compositions. The subject of Dryden's ode is superior to this of Pope's, because the former is historical, and the latter merely mythological. Dryden's is also more perfect in the unity of the action; for Pope's is not the recital of one great action, but a description of many of the adventures of Orpheus.—Warton.

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If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms, and wakes,
Listening Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflamed with glory's charms:
Each chief his seven-fold shield display'd
And half unsheathed the shining blade:
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

Ver. 35.] Dr. Greene set this Ode to music in 1730, as an exercise for his Doctor's Degree at Cambridge, on which occasion Pope made considerable alterations in it, and added the following stanza in this place:

Amphion thus bade wild dissensions cease,
And soften'd mortals learn'd the arts of peace;
Amphion taught contending kings,
From various discords to create
The music of a well-tuned state;
Nor slack, nor strain the tender strings,
Those useful touches to impart,
That strike the subject's answering heart,
And the soft, silent harmony, that springs
From sacred union and consent of things.

And he made another alteration, at the same time, in stanza iv. v. 51, and wrote it thus:

Sad Orpheus sought his consort lost;
Th' adamantine gates were barr'd,
And nought was seen and nought was heard
Around the dreary coast;
But dreadful gleams, &c.—WARTON

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But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires, that glow,
Shrieks of wo,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortured ghosts:
But, hark! he strikes the golden lyre:
And, see! the tortured ghosts respire;
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus! stands still;
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their heads.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls, who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers!

Ver. 40. *While Argo.*] Few images in any poet, ancient or modern, are more striking than that in *Apollonius*, where he says, that when the Argo was sailing near the coast where the Centaur Chiron dwelt, he came down to the very margin of the sea, bringing his wife, with the young Achilles in her arms, that he might show the child to his father Peleus, who was on his voyage with the other Argonauts.—*Apollonius Rhodius*, lib. i. v. 558. —WARTON.

Ver. 49. *But when.*] See *Divine Legation*, book ii. sect. 1, where Orpheus is considered as a philosopher, a legislator, and a mystagogue. In vol. v. of the *Memoirs of Inscriptions*, &c. p. 117, is a very curious dissertation upon the *Orphic Life*, by the Abbé Fraguier. He was the first critic who rightly interpreted the words of Horace, *Cædibus et fœdo victu*, as meaning an abolition of eating human flesh.

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By the heroes' armed shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh, take the husband, or return the wife!
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer;
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell;
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

But soon, too soon the lover turns his eyes
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,

Ver. 77. These images are picturesque and appropriate, and are such notes as might

Draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And make hell grant what love did seek.

Pope, being insensible of the effects of music, inquired of Dr. Arbuthnot whether Handel really deserved the applause he met with. The Duchess of Queensbury told me, that Gay could play the flute, and that this enabled him to adapt so happily some airs in the *Beggar's Opera*.—WARTON.

Ver. 87.] These numbers are of so burlesque, so low, and ridiculous a kind, and have so much the air of a vulgar drinking song, that one is amazed and concerned to find them in a serious ode. Addison thought this measure exactly suited to the comic character of Sir Trusty in his *Rosamond;* by the introduction of which he has so strangely debased that very elegant opera. It is observable, that this ludicrous measure is used by Dryden, in a song of evil spirits, in the fourth act of the *State of Innocence*.—WARTON.

Ver. 97.] The scenes in which Orpheus is introduced as making his lamentations, are not so wild, so savage, and dismal, as those mentioned by Virgil; and convey not such images of desolation and deep despair, as the caverns on the banks of Strymon and Tanais, the Hyperboreal deserts, and the Riphæan solitudes. And to say of Hebrus, only, that it rolls in meanders, is flat and feeble, and does not heighten the melancholy of the place. He that would have a complete idea of Orpheus' anguish and situation, must

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Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan,
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever, lost!
Now with furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:
See! wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanal's cries—
Ah, see, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung:
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue:
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confined the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal powers incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heaven to hear.

look at the exquisite figure of him painted by Mr. Dance, a work that does honour to the true genius of the artist, and to the age in which it was produced.—WARTON.

Ver. 112.] The death is expressed with a brevity and abruptness suitable to the nature of the ode. Instead of *he sung*, Virgil says, *vocabat*, which is more natural and tender, and adds a moving epithet, that he called *miseram* Eurydicen. The repetition of Eurydice in two very short lines hurts the ear,

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Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell:
To bright Cecilia greater power is given:
His numbers raised a shade from hell,
Her's lift the soul to heaven.

which Virgil escaped by interposing several other words; and the name itself happens not to be harmonious enough to suffer such repetition.—WARTON.

Ver. 131.] It is observable that this ode, as well as that of Dryden, concludes with an epigram of four lines; a species of witty writing as flagrantly unsuitable to the dignity, and as foreign to the nature of the lyric, as it is of the epic muse.

Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, happening to pay a morning visit to Dryden, whom he always respected, found him in an unusual agitation of spirits, even to a trembling. On inquiring the cause, "I have been up all night," replied the old bard: "my musical friends made me promise to write them an ode for their feast of Cecilia; I have been so struck with the subject which occurred to me, that I could not leave it till I had completed it: here it is, finished at one sitting." And immediately he showed him this ode; which places the British lyric poetry above that of any other nation. This anecdote, as true as it is curious, was imparted by Lord Bolingbroke to Pope, by Pope to Mr. Gilbert West, by him to my ingenious friend Mr. Berenger, who communicated it to me. The rapidity, and yet the perspicuity of the thoughts, the glow and the expressiveness of the images, those certain marks of the first sketch of a master, conspire to corroborate the fact. It is not to be understood, that this piece was not afterwards reconsidered, retouched, and corrected.—WARTON.

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TWO CHORUSES

TO THE TRAGEDY OF BRUTUS.*

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE 1.

Ye shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal sages taught;
Where heav'nly visions Plato fired,
And Epicurus lay inspired!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

ANTISTROPHE 1.

Oh, heaven-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart,
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral truth, and mystic song!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE 2.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild barbarians spurn her dust!
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore:

* Altered from Shakspeare by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two choruses were composed, to supply as many wanting in his play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house.—*P.*

Ver. 3, 4. *Where heav'nly visions Plato fired—And Epicurus lay inspired.*] The propriety of these lines arises from hence, that Brutus, one of the heroes of this play, was of the old Academy; and Cassius, the other, was Epicurean.—Warburton.

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See Arts her savage sons control,
And Athens rising near the pole!
Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE 2.

Ye gods! what justice rules the ball?
Freedom and arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er ambition craves,
And men once ignorant are slaves.
Oh, cursed effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state!
Still, when the lust of tyrant power succeeds,
Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Oh, tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?
Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
Love, soft intruder, enters here,
But, entering, learns to be sincere.
Marcus, with blushes, owns he loves.
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire
Which nature has impress'd?
Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and gen'rous breast?

CHORUS

Love's purer flames the gods approve:
The gods and Brutus bend to love;
Brutus for absent Portia sighs,
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is loose love? a transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust;

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A vapour, fed from wild desire;
A wandering, self-consuming fire.
But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the sun.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Oh, source of every social tie,
United wish, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend,
Whether his hoary sire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye;
Or views his smiling progeny;
What tender passions take their turns;
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence, guilty joys, distastes, surmises;
Hence, false tears, deceits, disguises,
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises,
Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine:
Purest Love's unwasting treasure,
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure;
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure,
Sacred Hymen! these are thine.*

* These two choruses are enough to show us his great talents for this species of poetry, and to make us lament that he did not prosecute his purpose in executing some plans he had chalked out; but the character of the managers of play-houses at that time was what (he said) soon determined him to lay aside all thoughts of that nature.—WARBURTON.

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ODE ON SOLITUDE.

THESE lines were written soon after Pope left school to reside with his father at Binfield, and appear to be the joint result of his classical reading and of the tranquillity and leisure afforded him by a country life. His prototype is the "*Beatus ille*" of Horace; but his feelings soon lead him to quit his guide, and to select his images from those around him. In a letter to Mr. Cromwell, some years afterwards, he says: "Having a vacant space here, I will fill it with a short ode on Solitude, which I found yesterday by great accident, and which I find, by the date, was written when I was not twelve years old, that you may perceive how long I have continued in my passion for a rural life, and in the same employment of it."

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Bless'd who can unconcernedly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus, unlamented, let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

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THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.*

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend; lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
Oh, Grave! where is thy victory?
Oh, Death! where is thy sting?

* This Ode was written in imitation of the famous Sonnet of Hadrian to his departing soul; but is as much superior in sense and sublimity to its original, as the Christian religion is to the Pagan.—WARBURTON.

This Ode was written, we find, at the desire of Steele; and our Poet, in a letter to him on that occasion, says: "You have it, as Cowley calls it, just warm from the brain; it came to me the first moment I waked this morning; yet you'll see it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Hadrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho."

It is possible, however, that our author might have had another composition in his head besides those he here refers to; for there is a close and surprising resemblance between this ode of Pope, and one of an obscure and forgotten rhymer of the age of Charles the Second, namely, Thomas Flatman, from whose crudities Pope has very judiciously collected some good ideas. The following stanza is, perhaps, the only valuable one Flatman has produced:

When on my sick bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying;
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
Be not fearful, come away!

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ELOISA TO ABELARD.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

In point of poetical excellence, the *Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard* has been more applauded than any of the works of Pope. Dr. Warton "conceives it to be the most highly finished, and certainly the most interesting, of the pieces of our author;" and Mr. Bowles declares his conviction that "it is infinitely superior to every thing of the kind, ancient or modern." Even Dr. Johnson, instead of charging the subject of this poem with either indecency or immorality, has expressly declared it to be his opinion that "it is so judiciously chosen, that it would be difficult, in turning over the annals of the world, to find another, which so many circumstances concur to recommend." It has been very common, however, with the over-fastidious portion of critics, to be lavish of their censures upon its questionable *moral effect;* but it may be safely assumed, that those whose morals are likely to be corrupted by this poem, will have little chance of escaping the much more pernicious productions (as well in prose as in verse) which are daily poured out before the public.

"The fact is," says Mr. Roscoe, "that the story of Eloisa exhibits some of the most striking circumstances, and most important lessons that are to be found in the records of mankind. With every endowment of nature, and every accomplishment of education—with a superior understanding, and a deeply sensible and affectionate heart—Eloisa fell a sacrifice to the scholastic pedantry of the age in which she lived, and became the victim of the noblest of feelings—the admiration and love of talents and of virtue. The philosophy of the times was employed to exalt the powers of the intellect only, and the object of her adoration had the abilities of a sage with the feelings of a barbarian. By such an instructer she was seduced, but not degraded. In the conflict that ensued, the virtues of Eloisa overcame the depravity of Abelard. Instead of sinking to his level, she raised him to her own. By her unexampled magnanimity and unalterable affection, she created in him a new heart, and he hastened to obliterate, by every compensation in his power, the injury he had done to her. Their passion was ennobled by every thing that could throw lustre on their domestic life—by a coincidence of temper and disposition, a belief in the same religious tenets, and a union of occupations, studies, and pursuits. The tragical events that afterwards occurred, and which have given celebrity to their mournful story, add to its interest without changing its character. Disciplined by circumstances, and exalted by sufferings, their affections united in the pursuit of higher objects. The pious exertions of Abelard in raising the Paraclete, were seconded by the devotion of Eloisa, its first Abbess, and after a course of conduct which redeems their errors, they rest together within its walls."

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ELOISA TO ABELARD.

ARGUMENT.—Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.
Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips, in holy silence seal'd.
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his loved idea lies:
Oh, write it not, my hand!—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays;
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn;
Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep;
And pitying saints whose statues learn to weep

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Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part:
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears, for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes;
Oh, name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breathed in sighs, still ushered with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of wo:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame;
There died the best of passions, love and fame.
Yet write—oh! write me all—that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare;
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then share my pain, allow that sad relief:
Ah! more than share it—give me all thy grief.
Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,

Ver. 41. *Yet write.*] This is taken from the Latin letters that passed between Eloisa and Abelard, which had been a few years before published in London by Rawlinson, and which our poet has copied and translated in many other passages. From the same, also, the use of letters (ver. 51) is taken and amplified; and it is a little remarkable that this use of letters is in the fourth book of Diodorus Siculus.

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Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole!
Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When love approach'd me under friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' All-beauteous Mind;
Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gazed: Heaven listen'd while you sung,
And truths divine came mended from that tongue,
From lips like those, what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I loved a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,
Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.
How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!

Ver. 63. *Those smiling eyes.*] Abelard was reputed the most handsome, as well as the most learned man of his time, according to the kind of learning then in vogue. An old chronicle, quoted by Andrew du Chesne, informs us, that scholars flocked to his lectures from all quarters of the Latin world; and his contemporary, St. Bernard, relates, that he numbered many principal ecclesiastics and cardinals of the court of Rome.—Abelard himself boasts, that when he retired into the country, he was followed by such immense crowds of scholars, that they could get neither lodgings nor provisions sufficient for them: "*Ut nec locus hospitiis, nec terra sufficeret alimentis.*" (Abelardi Opera, p. 19.) He met with the fate of many learned men, to be embroiled in controversy and accused of heresy; for St. Bernard, whose influence and authority were very great, got his opinion of the Trinity condemned, at a council held at Sens, 1140. But the talents of Abelard were not confined to theology, jurisprudence, philosophy, and the thorny paths of scholasticism; he gave proofs of a lively genius by many poetical performances, insomuch that he was reputed to be the author of the famous *Romance of the Rose;* which, however, was indisputably written by John of Meun, a little city on the banks of the Loire, about four leagues from Orleans. It is to be regretted that we have no exact picture of the person and beauty of Eloisa. Abelard himself says that she was "*Facie non infima.*" Her extraordinary learning, many circumstances concur to confirm; particularly one, which is, that the Nuns of the Paraclete are wont to have the office of Whitsunday read to them in Greek, to perpetuate the memory of her understanding that language. The curious may not be displeased to be informed, that the Paraclete was built in the parish of Quincey, upon the little river of Arduzon, near Nogent, upon the Seine. A lady, learned as was Eloisa in that age, who indisputably understood the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew tongues, was a kind of prodigy.

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Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No! make me mistress to the man I love.
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law;
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how changed! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloise? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had opposed the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain:
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale;

Heav'n scarce believed the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you;
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call;
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come, with thy looks, thy words, relieve my wo·
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes;
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.
Ah! think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You raised these hallow'd walls; the desert smiled,
And Paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribe the rage of ill-requited Heaven;
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their days' eternal bound)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffused a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears;
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' prayers I try,
(Oh, pious fraud of am'rous charity!)

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But why should I on others' prayers depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclined,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind.
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain:
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah, wretch! believed the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, Heaven!—But whence arose that prayer?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought:
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turn'd to Heaven, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.

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Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierced, so lost as mine!
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget!
But let Heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fired:
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspired!
Oh, come! oh, teach me nature to subdue!
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
"Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep:"
Desires composed, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heaven.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams;
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;
For her white virgins hymeneals sing;

Ver. 215. *Grace shines around her.*] Dr. Warton, in a note on this passage, has given a long extract on Divine Grace, from the works of Fenelon; a writer of the purest mind and warmest devotional feelings, but surely not to be confounded with such persons as talk of "whispering angels," and "wings of seraphs, that shed divine perfumes;" and consequently not much honoured by being placed in such company.

Ver. 219. *For her.*] Copied exactly from the opinions and ideas of the Mystics and Quietists. There were but six vestal virgins at Rome; and it

To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.
Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When, at the close of each sad sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and, leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
Oh, curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me every source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more, I close my willing eyes:
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's we,
Where round some mould'ring tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
For thee the Fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promised heaven.

was with great difficulty the number was kept up, from the dread of the punishment for violating the vow; which was to be interred alive.—Warton.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïsa loves.
Ah, hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.
What scenes appear, where'er I turn my view!
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me;
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.
While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all-charming as thou art;
Oppose thyself to Heaven; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears:
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode,
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No! fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole!
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.

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Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I view!)
Long-loved, adored ideas, all adieu!
Oh, grace serene! Oh, virtue heavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted Care!
Fresh-blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest:
Receive and wrap me in eternal rest!
See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Propp'd on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound:
"Come, sister, come!" it said, or seem'd to say,
"Thy place is here; sad sister, come away!
Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:
But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep:
Ev'n superstition loses every fear;
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."
I come, I come! Prepare your roseate bowers,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers:
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refined in breasts seraphic glow;
Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah, no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the Cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah, then thy once-loved Eloïsa see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!

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Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be loved no more.
Oh, Death all-eloquent! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.
Then too, when Fate shall thy fair fame destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,)
In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round;
From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.
May one kind grave unite each hapless name!
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more,
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity moved,
"Oh, may we never love as these have loved!"
From the full choir, when loud hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene, if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
And sure if Fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemned whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such, if there be, who loves so long, so well,
Let him our sad, our tender story tell!
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
He best can paint them who shall feel them most!

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ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY

The illiberal and unfeeling style in which Johnson has so frequently indulged, in his *Life of Pope*, is strikingly exemplified in the manner in which he has treated the subject of these verses. Without affording us any information as to the real facts, he supposes that the lady was "impatient, violent, and ungovernable;" that "her desires were too hot for delay, and that she liked self-murder better than suspense;" to which he adds, that "poetry has not often been worse employed, than in dignifying the amorous fury of a raving girl!"

Such are the criticisms to which this poem has given rise—a piece which, although produced at an early age, is not exceeded in pathos and true poetry by any production of its author. But, while we admit the extraordinary powers displayed by the poet, we cannot but perceive that they are apparently employed to give a sanction to an act of criminality, and to inculcate principles which cannot be too cautiously guarded against. It must, however, be observed, that this piece is not to be judged of by the common rules of criticism. It is, in fact, a spontaneous burst of indignation against the authors of the calamity which it records. Throughout the whole poem, the author speaks as if he were under a delusion, and utters sentiments which would be wholly unpardonable at other times. It is only in this light that we can excuse the violence of many of the expressions, which border on the very verge of impiety. The first line of the poem demonstrates that he is no longer under the control of reason; he sees the ghost of the person whom he so highly admired and loved; the "visionary sword" gleams before his eyes; and, in the excess of his grief, he perceives nothing but what is great and noble in the act that terminated her life. This impassioned strain is continued, till his anger is turned against the author of her sufferings, when it is poured out in one of the most terrific passages which poetry, either ancient or modern, can exhibit: a passage in which indignation and revenge seem to absorb every other feeling, and to involve not only the offender, but all who are connected with him, in indiscriminate destruction. Nor is this sufficient; their destruction must be the cause of exultation to others, and they are to become the objects of insult and abhorrence—

"There passengers shall stand, and, pointing, say," &c.

Compassion, at length, succeeds to resentment, and pity to terror. The poet in some degree assumes his own character, and his feelings are expressed in language of the deepest affection and tenderness, which impresses itself indelibly on the memory of the reader.

The concluding lines, while they display the ardour of real passion, demonstrate how greatly the author was attached to the art he professed; *that*, and his affection for the object of his grief, could only expire together:

"The *Muse* forgot, and thou beloved no more."

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ELEGY

TO THE

MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.*

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart?
To act a lover's, or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Ver. 1. *What beck'ning ghost.*]

> "What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
> Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?
> And, beck'ning, wooes me?"—BEN JOHNSON.

The cruelties of her relations, the desolation of the family, the being deprived of the rites of sepulture, the circumstance of dying in a country remote from her relations, are all touched with great tenderness and pathos, particularly the four lines from the 51st:

> By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed;

Which lines may remind one of that exquisite stroke in the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, who, among other afflicting circumstances, had not near him any σύντροφος ὄμμα, ver. 171. The true cause of the excellence of this Elegy is, that the occasion of it was real; so true is the maxim that nature is more powerful than fancy; and that we can always feel more than we can imagine; and that the most artful fiction must give way to truth, for this lady was beloved by Pope. After many and wide inquiries, I have been informed that her name was Wainsbury; and that (which is a singular circumstance) she was as ill-shaped and deformed as our author. Her death was not by a sword, but, what would less bear to be told poetically, *she hanged herself.* Johnson has too severely censured this Elegy, when he says, "that it has drawn much attention by the illaudable singularity of treating suicide with respect;" and that "poetry has not often been worse employed than in dignifying the amorous fury of a raving girl." She seems to have been driven to this desperate act by the violence and cruelty of her uncle and guardian who forced her to a convent abroad; and to which circumstance Pope alludes in one of his letters.—WARTON.

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* See the Duke of Buckingham's *Verses to a Lady designing to retire into a Monastery*, compared with Mr. Pope's *Letters to several Ladies*, p. 206, quarto edition. She seems to be the same person whose unfortunate death is the subject of this poem.—*P.*

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Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your bless'd abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull, sullen pris'ners in the body's cage;
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like Eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.
From these, perhaps, (ere nature bade her die,)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below:
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death!
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates:
There passengers shall stand, and, pointing, say,
(While the long funerals blacken all the way,)
"Lo! these were they, whose souls the furies steel'd,
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield."
Thus, unlamented, pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' wo.
What can atone (oh, ever-injured shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?

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No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd and by strangers mourn'd!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of wo
To midnight dances, and the public show?
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.
So, peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
  Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more!

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PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE

TO MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

THE Prologue to Addison's tragedy of *Cato* is superior to any prologue of Dryden's; who, notwithstanding, is so justly celebrated for this species of writing. The Prologues of Dryden are satirical and facetious; this of Pope is solemn and sublime, as the subject required. Those of Dryden contain general topics of criticism and wit, and may precede any play whatsoever, even tragedy or comedy. This of Pope is particular, and appropriated to the tragedy alone which it was designed to introduce.—WARTON.

To the above just tribute to the merit of the following Prologue, we shall add the opinion of an excellent critic, the late Dr. Aikin, who has observed that "scarcely any thing grave or dignified had been offered to the public in this form, till Pope, inspired by the noble subject of Addison's tragedy, composed this piece; which not only stands at the head of all prologues, but is scarcely surpassed in vigor of expression and elevation of sentiment by any passage in his own works."

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold;
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage;
Commanding tears to stream through every age:
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its wo.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws;

Ver. 7. *Tyrants no more.*] Louis XIV. wished to have pardoned the Cardinal de Rohan, after hearing the Cinna of Corneille.—WARTON.

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He bids your breast with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead father's reverend image pass'd,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceased, tears gush'd from every eye;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by:
Her last good man dejected Rome adored,
And honoured Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approved,
And show, you have the virtue to be moved.
With honest scorn the first famed Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued.
Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation and Italian song:
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage;
Such plays alone should win a British ear
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

Ver. 42. *On French translation.*] He glances obliquely at the *Distressed Mother* of his old antagonist, Philips, taken, evidently, from Racine. Cato's last soliloquy is translated with purity and elegance by Bland. It is a little remarkable that the last line of *Cato* is Pope's; and the last of *Eloisa* is Addison's.—WARTON.

Ver. 45. *Such plays alone.*] Addison, having finished and laid by, for several years, the first four acts of *Cato*, applied to Hughes for a fifth, and Dr. Johnson, from entertaining too mean an opinion of Hughes, does not think

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PROLOGUE TO SOPHONISBA.

BY POPE AND MALLET.

SAVAGE told Johnson that of the Prologue to *Sophonisba*, the first part was written by Pope, who could not be persuaded to finish it, and that the concluding lines were written by Mallet.

WHEN learning, after the long Gothic night,
Fair, o'er the western world renew'd its light,
When arts arising, Sophonisba rose:
The tragic muse, returning, wept her woes.
With her th' Italian scene first learn'd to glow;
And the first tears for her were taught to flow.
Her charms the Gallic muses next inspired:
Corneille himself saw, wonder'd, and was fired.
What foreign theatres with pride have shown,
Britain, by juster title, makes her own.
When freedom is the cause, 'tis hers to fight;
And hers, when freedom is the theme, to write:
For this a British author bids again
The heroine to rise, to grace the British scene.
Here, as in life, she breathes her genuine flame;
She asks what bosom has not felt the same?
Asks of the British youth—Is silence there?
She dares to ask it of the British fair.
To-night our home-spun author would be true,
At once to Nature, History, and you.
Well-pleased to give our neighbours due applause,
He owns their learning, but disdains their laws.
Not to his patient touch, or happy flame,
'Tis to his British heart he trusts for fame.
If France excel him in one free-born thought,
The man, as well as poet, is in fault.

the application serious. When Hughes brought his supplement, he found the author himself had finished his play. Hughes was very capable of writing this fifth act. The *Siege of Damascus* is a better tragedy than *Cato;* though Pope has affected to speak slightingly of its author. An audience was packed by Steele on the first night of *Cato;* and Addison suffered inexpressible uneasiness and solicitude during the representation.—WARTON.

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Nature! informer of the poet's art,
Whose force alone can raise or melt the heart,
Thou art his guide! each passion, every line,
Whate'er he draws to please, must all be thine.
Be thou his judge: in every candid breast,
Thy silent whisper is the sacred test.

PROLOGUE.

This Prologue was written by Pope to a Play for Mr. Dennis' Benefit in 1733, when he was old, blind, and in great distress, a little before his death.

As when the hero, who in each campaign
Hath braved the Goth, and many a Vandal slain,
Lay fortune-struck, a spectacle of wo!
Wept by each friend, forgiven by every foe;
Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind,
But pitied Belisarius, old and blind?
Was there a chief but melted at the sight?
A common soldier, but who clubb'd his mite?
Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
When press'd by want and weakness Dennis lies;
Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
Their quibbles routed, and defied their puns;
A desperate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce,
Against the Gothic sons of frozen verse;
How changed from him who made the boxes groan,
And shook the stage with thunders all his own!
Stood up to dash each vain pretender's hope,
Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the pope!
If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
Who holds dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn;
If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage;
If there's a senior, who contemns this age;
Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
And be the critic's, Briton's, old man's friend.

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PROLOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR MR. D'URFEY'S LAST PLAY

Sir W. Scott informs us that poor Tom D'Urfey, who stood the force of so much wit, was a play-wright and song-writer. He appears to have been an inoffensive, good-humoured, thoughtless character, and was endured and laughed at by Dryden and by Steele, who recommended his benefit nights to the attention of the public, through the medium of the *Tatler* and *Guardian*, and at length by Pope, who, in a spirit between contempt and charity, wrote a prologue for his last play.

Grown old in rhyme, 'twere barbarous to discard
Your persevering, unexhausted bard;
Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd poet lives and writes again.
The adventurous lover is successful still,
Who strives to please the fair against her will:
Be kind, and make him in his wishes easy,
Who in your own despite has strove to please ye.
He scorn'd to borrow from the wits of yore,
But ever writ, as none e'er writ before.
You modern wits, should each man bring his claim,
Have desperate debentures on your fame:
And little would be left you, I'm afraid,
If all your debts to Greece and Rome were paid.
From this deep fund our author largely draws,
Nor sinks his credit lower than it was.
Though plays for honour in old time he made,
'Tis now for better reasons—to be paid.
Believe him, he has known the world too long,
And seen the death of much immortal song.
He says, poor poets lost, while players won,
As pimps grow rich while gallants are undone.
Though Tom the poet writ with ease and pleasure
The comic Tom abounds in other treasure.
Fame is at best an unperforming cheat;
But 'tis substantial happiness, to eat.
Let ease, his last request, be of your giving,
Nor force him to be damn'd to get his living.

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PROLOGUE

TO THE "THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE."

THIS was the celebrated farce tripartite, in which Pope, Gay, and Arbuth not engaged, in order to ridicule Dr. Woodward, and which was most meritoriously damned at the first representation.

AUTHORS are judged by strange capricious rules;
The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools:
Yet sure the best are most severely fated;
For fools are only laugh'd at, wits are hated.
Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor;
But fool 'gainst fool is barbarous civil war.
Why on all authors then should critics fall?
Since some have writ, and shown no wit at all.
Condemn a play of theirs, and they evade it;
Cry, "Damn not us, but damn the French, who made it."
By running goods these graceless owlers gain;
Theirs are the rules of France, the plots of Spain:
But wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
Dash'd by these rogues, turns English common draught.
They pall Moliere's and Lopez' sprightly strain,
And teach dull Harlequins to grin in vain.
How shall our author hope a gentler fate,
Who dares most impudently not translate?
It had been civil, in these ticklish times,
To fetch his fools and knaves from foreign climes.
Spaniards and French abuse to the world's end,
But spare old England, lest you hurt a friend.
If any fool is by our satire bit,
Let him hiss loud, to show you all he's hit.
Poets make characters, as salesmen clothes;
We take no measure of your fops and beaux;
But here all sizes and all shapes you meet,
And fit yourselves like chaps in Monmouth street.
Gallants, look here! this fool's cap has an air,
Goodly and smart, with ears of Issachar.

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Let no one fool engross it, or confine
A common blessing! now 'tis yours, now mine.
But poets in all ages had the care
To keep this cap for such as will, to wear.
Our author has it now (for every wit
Of course resign'd it to the next that writ),
And thus upon the stage 'tis fairly thrown;
Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.

EPILOGUE

TO MR. ROWE'S TRAGEDY OF JANE SHORE.

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

The Epilogue to *Jane Shore* is written with that air of gallantry and raillery which, by a strange perversion of taste, the audience expects in all Epilogues to the most serious and pathetic pieces.

Prodigious this! the frail one of our play
From her own sex should mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cried,
"The play may pass—but that strange creature, Shore—
I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore!"—
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
"How strangely you expose yourself, my dear!"
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart:
And did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best, good-natured things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In some close corner of the soul, they sin;
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice.

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The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams:
Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.
  Well, if our author in the wife offends,
He has a husband that will make amends:
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows;
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse.
Plu—Plutarch—what's his name, that writes his life?—
Tells us that Cato dearly loved his wife:
Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would scruple make;
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
Though with the stoic chief our stage may ring,
The stoic husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And loved his country—but what's that to you?
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye.
But the kind cuckold might instruct the city.
There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.
  If, after all, you think it a disgrace,
That Edward's miss thus perks it in your face;
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
In all the rest so impudently good;
Faith, let the modest matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down

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THE

BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE,

BY MR. ARCHDEACON PARNELLE.

CORRECTED BY MR. POPE.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

It is said that Pope not merely furnished the hints upon which Parnelle wrote the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, but that he so far corrected it, as to justly entitle him to claim the greatest share in its composition. As it has frequently been incorporated among the works of Pope by his editors, we have concluded to insert it in the present edition.

NAMES OF THE MICE.

Psycarpax, one who plunders granaries.
Tyroxartes, a bread-eater.
Lychomyle, a licker of meal.
Piernotroctas, a bacon-eater.
Lychopinax, a licker of dishes.
Emphasichytros, a creeper into pots.
Lychenor, a name from licking.
Troglodytes, one who runs into holes.
Artophagus, who feeds on bread.
Tyroglyphus, a cheese-scooper.
Piernoglyphus, a bacon-scooper.
Piernophagus, a bacon-eater.
Cnissodioctes, one who follows the steam of kitchens.
Sitophagus, an eater of wheat.
Meridarpax, one who plunders his share.

NAMES OF THE FROGS.

Physignathus, one who swells his cheeks.
Peleus, a name from mud.
Hydromeduse, a ruler in the water.
Hypsiboas, a loud bawler.
Pelion, from mud.
Seutlæus, called from the beets.
Polyphonus, a great babler.
Limnocharis, one who loves the lake.
Crambophagus, a cabbage-eater.
Lymnisius, called from the lake.
Calaminthius, from the herb.
Hydrocharis, who loves the water.
Borbocætes, who lies in the mud.
Prassophagus, an eater of garlic.
Pelusius, from mud.
Polobates, who walks in the mire.
Prasseus, called from garlic.
Craugasides, from croaking.

BOOK I.

To fill my rising song with sacred fire,
Ye tuneful Nine, ye sweet celestial choir!
From Helicon's embowering height repair
Attend my labours, and reward my prayer.
The dreadful toils of raging Mars I write,
The springs of contest, and the fields of fight;

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How threatening mice advanced with warlike grace,
And waged dire combats with the croaking race.
Not louder tumults shook Olympus' towers,
When earth-born giants dared immortal powers.
These equal acts an equal glory claim,
And thus the Muse records the tale of fame.
  Once on a time, fatigued and out of breath,
And just escaped the stretching claws of death,
A gentle mouse, whom cats pursued in vain,
Flies swift of foot across the neighbouring plain,
Hangs o'er a brink, his eager thirst to cool,
And dips his whiskers in the standing pool;
When near a courteous frog advanced his head,
And, from the waters, hoarse resounding, said:
  "What art thou, stranger? what the line you boast?
What chance hath cast thee panting on our coast?
With strictest truth let all thy words agree,
Nor let me find a faithless mouse in thee.
If worthy friendship, proffer'd friendship take,
And, entering, view the pleasurable lake:
Range o'er my palace, in my bounty share,
And glad return from hospitable fare.
This silver realm extends beneath my sway,
And me, their monarch, all its frogs obey.
Great Physignathus I, from Peleus' race,
Begot in fair Hydromeduse' embrace,
Where by the nuptiul bank that paints his side
The swift Eridanus delights to glide.
Thee too, thy form, thy strength and port proclaim,
A sceptred king—a son of martial fame;
Then trace thy line, and aid my guessing eyes."
Thus ceased the frog, and thus the mouse replies:
  "Known to the gods, the men, the birds that fly
Through wild expanses of the midway sky,
My name resounds; and, if unknown to thee,
The soul of great Psycarpax lives in me.
Of brave Troxartes' line, whose sleeky down
In love compress'd Lychomyle the brown.

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My mother she, and princess of the plains
Where'er her father Pternotroctas reigns:
Born where a cabin lifts its airy shed,
With figs, with nuts, with varied dainties fed.
But, since our natures nought in common know,
From what foundation can a friendship grow?
These curling waters o'er thy palace roll;
But man's high food supports my princely soul.
In vain the circled loaves attempt to lie
Conceal'd in flaskets from my curious eye;
In vain the tripe that boasts the whitest hue,
In vain the gilded bacon shuns my view,
In vain the cheeses, offspring of the pail,
Or honey'd cakes, which gods themselves regale.
And as in arts I shine, in arms I fight,
Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to flight.
Though large to mine the human form appear,
Not man himself can smite my soul with fear;
Sly to the bed with silent steps I go,
Attempt his finger, or attack his toe,
And fix indented wounds with dext'rous skill;
Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel.
Yet have we foes, which direful dangers cause,
Grim owls with talons arm'd, and cats with claws!
And that false trap, the den of silent fate,
Where death his ambush plants around the bait;
All dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest
The potent warriors of the tabby vest:
If to the dark we fly, the dark they trace,
And rend our heroes of the nibbling race.
But me, nor stalks, nor waterish herbs delight,
Nor can the crimson radish charm my sight,
The lake-resounding frogs' selected fare,
Which not a mouse of any taste can bear."
  As thus the downy prince his mind express'd,
His answer thus the croaking king address'd:
  "Thy words luxuriant on thy dainties rove;
And, stranger, we can boast of bounteous Jove:

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We sport in water, or we dance on land,
And, born amphibious, food from both command.
But trust thyself where wonders ask thy view,
And safely tempt those seas; I'll bear thee through:
Ascend my shoulders, firmly keep thy seat,
And reach my marshy court, and feast in state."
He said, and lent his back; with nimble bound
Leaps the light mouse, and clasps his arms around,
Then wondering floats, and sees with glad survey
The winding banks resemble ports at sea.
But when aloft the curling water rides,
And wets, with azure wave, his downy sides,
His thoughts grow conscious of approaching wo,
His idle tears with vain repentance flow;
His locks he rends, his trembling feet he rears,
Thick beats his heart with unaccustom'd fears;
He sighs, and, chill'd with danger, longs for shore:
His tail extended forms a fruitless oar.
Half drench'd in liquid death, his prayers he spake,
And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful lake:
"So pass'd Europa through the rapid sea,
Trembling and fainting all the venturous way;
With oary feet the bull triumphant rode,
And safe in Crete deposed his lovely load.
Ah, safe at last! may thus the frog support
My trembling limbs to reach his ample court."
As thus he sorrows, death ambiguous grows:
Lo! from the deep a water-hydra rose;
He rolls his sanguined eyes, his bosom heaves;
And darts with active rage along the waves.
Confused, the monarch sees his hissing foe,
And dives, to shun the sable fates, below.
Forgetful frog! the friend thy shoulders bore,
Unskill'd in swimming, floats remote from shore.
He grasps with fruitless hands to find relief,
Supinely falls, and grinds his teeth with grief;
Plunging he sings, and struggling mounts again.
And sinks and strives, but strives with fate in vain:

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The weighty moisture clogs his airy vest,
And thus the prince his dying rage express'd:
"Nor thou that fling'st me flound'ring from thy back,
As from hard rocks rebounds the shattering wreck,
Nor thou shalt 'scape thy due, perfidious king!
Pursued by vengeance on the swiftest wing:
At land thy strength could never equal mine,
At sea to conquer, and by craft was thine.
But heaven has gods, and gods have searching eyes:
Ye mice, ye mice, my great avengers, rise!"
This said, he sighing gasp'd, and gasping died.
His death the young Lychopinax espied,
As on the flowery brink he pass'd the day,
Bask'd in the beam, and loiter'd life away:
Loud shrieks the mouse, his shrieks the shores repeat;
The nibbling nation learn their hero's fate;
Grief, dismal grief ensues; deep murmurs sound,
And shriller fury fills the deafen'd ground;
From lodge to lodge the sacred heralds run,
To fix their counsel with the rising sun;
Where great Troxartes crown'd in glory reigns,
And winds his lengthening court beneath the plains:
Psycarpax' father, father now no more!
For poor Psycarpax lies remote from shore:
Supine he lies! the silent waters stand,
And no kind billows waft the dead to land!

BOOK II.

When rosy-finger'd morn had tinged the clouds,
Around their monarch-mouse the nation crowds;
Slow rose the monarch, heaved his anxious breast,
And thus the council, fill'd with rage, address'd:
"For lost Psycarpax, much my soul endures;
'Tis mine the private grief, the public yours:
Three warlike sons adorn'd my nuptial bed,
Three sons, alas! before their father dead.

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Our eldest perish'd by the ravening cat,
As near my court the prince unheedful sat.
Our next, an engine fraught with danger drew,
The portal gaped, the bait was hung in view:
Dire arts assist the trap, the fates decoy,
And men, unpitying, kill my gallant boy.
The last, his country's hope, his parents' pride,
Plunged in the lake by Physignathus, died.
Rouse all the war, my friends! avenge the deed,
And bleed that monarch, and his nation bleed."
His words in every breast inspired alarms,
And careful Mars supplied their host with arms.
In verdant hulls, despoil'd of all their beans,
The buskin'd warriors stalk'd along the plains;
Quills, aptly bound, their bracing corselet made,
Faced with the plunder of a cat they flay'd;
The lamp's round boss affords an ample shield,
Large shells of nuts their covering helmet yield.
And o'er the region, with reflected rays,
Tall groves of needles for their lances blaze.
Dreadful in arms the marching mice appear:
The wondering frogs perceive the tumult near,
Forsake the waters, thickening form a ring,
And ask, and hearken whence the noises spring:
When near the crowd, disclosed to public view,
The valiant chief Embasichytros drew:
The sacred herald's sceptre graced his hand,
And thus his words express'd his king's command:
"Ye frogs! the mice, with vengeance fired, advance,
And, deck'd in armour, shake the shining lance;
Their hapless prince, by Physignathus slain,
Extends incumbent on the watery plain.
Then arm your host, the doubtful battle try;
Lead forth those frogs that have the soul to die."
The chief retires; the crowd the challenge hear,
And proudly swelling, yet perplex'd appear;
Much they resent, yet much their monarch blame,
Who, rising, spoke to clear his tainted fame:

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"Oh, friends! I never forced the mouse to death,
Nor saw the gaspings of his latest breath.
He, vain of youth, our art of swimming tried,
And, venturous in the lake, the wanton died;
To vengeance now, by false appearance led,
They point their anger at my guiltless head:
But wage the rising war by deep device,
And turn its fury on the crafty mice:
Your king directs the way: my thoughts, elate
With hopes of conquest, form designs of fate.
Where high the banks their verdant surface heave,
And the steep sides confine the sleeping wave,
There, near the margin, and in armour bright,
Sustain the first impetuous shocks of fight:
Then where the dancing feather joins the crest,
Let each brave frog his obvious mouse arrest:
Each, strongly grasping, headlong plunge a foe,
Till countless circles whirl the lake below;
Down sink the mice in yielding waters drown'd;
Loud flash the waters, echoing shores resound:
The frogs triumphant tread the conquer'd plain,
And raise their glorious trophies of the slain."
He spake no more; his prudent scheme imparts
Redoubling ardour to the boldest hearts.
Green was the suit his arming heroes chose,
Around their legs the greaves of mallows close;
Green were the beets about their shoulders laid,
And green the colewort which the target made;
Form'd of the varied shells the waters yield,
Their glossy helmets glisten'd o'er the field;
And tapering sea-reeds for the polish'd spear,
With upright order pierce the ambient air;
Thus dress'd for war, they take th' appointed height,
Poise the long arms, and urge the promised fight.
But now, where Jove's irradiate spires arise,
With stars surrounded in ethereal skies,
(A solemn council call'd), the brazen gates
Unbar; the gods assume their golden seats:

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The sire superior leans, and points to show
What wondrous combats mortals wage below:
How strong, how large, the numerous heroes stride:
What length of lance they shake with warlike pride;
What eager fire their rapid march reveals!
So the fierce Centaurs ravaged o'er the dales;
And so confirm'd the daring Titans rose,
Heap'd hills on hills, and bade the gods be foes.
This seen, the power his sacred visage rears,
He casts a pitying smile on worldly cares,
And asks what heavenly guardians take the list,
Or who the mice, or who the frogs assist?
Then thus to Pallas: "If my daughter's mind
Have join'd the mice, why stays she still behind?
Drawn forth by savoury steams, they wind their way,
And sure attendance round thine altar pay,
Where, while the victims gratify their taste,
They sport to please the goddess of the feast."
Thus spake the ruler of the spacious skies;
When thus, resolved, the blue-eyed maid replies:
"In vain, my father! all their dangers plead;
To such, thy Pallas never grants her aid.
My flowery wreaths they petulantly spoil,
And rob my crystal lamps of feeding oil:
(Ills following ills;) but what afflicts me more,
My veil that idle race profanely tore.
The web was curious, wrought with art divine;
Relentless wretches! all the work was mine:
Along the loom the purple warp I spread,
Cast the light shoot, and cross'd the silver thread.
In this their teeth a thousand breaches tear:
The thousand breaches skilful hands repair;
For which, vile earthly duns thy daughter grieve:
But gods, that use no coin, have none to give;
And learning's goddess never less can owe;
Neglected learning gets no wealth below.
Nor let the frogs to gain my succour sue,
Those clam'rous fools have lost my favour too.

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For late, when all the conflict ceased at night,
When my stretch'd sinews ached with eager fight,
When, spent with glorious toil, I left the field,
And sunk for slumber on my swelling shield;
Lo! from the deep, repelling sweet repose,
With noisy croakings, half the nation rose:
Devoid of rest, with aching brows I lay,
Till cocks proclaim'd the crimson dawn of day.
Let all, like me, from either host forbear,
Nor tempt the flying furies of the spear.
Let heav'nly blood (or what for blood may flow,)
Adorn the conquest of a nobler foe,
Who, wildly rushing, meet the wondrous odds,
Though gods oppose, and brave the wounded gods.
O'er gilded clouds reclined, the danger view,
And be the wars of mortals scenes for you."
So moved the blue-eyed queen; her words persuade;
Great Jove assented, and the rest obey'd.

BOOK III.

Now, front to front, the marching armies shine,
Halt ere they meet, and form the length'ning line;
The chiefs, conspicuous seen, and heard afar,
Give the loud sign to loose the rushing war;
Their dreadful trumpets deep-mouth'd hornets sound,
The sounded charge remurmurs o'er the ground;
Ev'n Jove proclaims a field of horror nigh,
And rolls low thunder through the troubled sky.
First to the fight the large Hypsiboas flew
And brave Lychenor with a jav'lin slew;
The luckless warrior, fill'd with gen'rous flame,
Stood foremost, glitt'ring in the post of fame,
When, in his liver struck, the jav'lin hung;
The mouse fell, thund'ring, and the target rung:
Prone to the ground he sinks his closing eye,
And, soil'd in dust, his lovely tresses lie.

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A spear at Pelion, Troglodytes cast,
The missive spear within the bosom past;
Death's sable shades the fainting frog surround,
And life's red tide runs ebbing from the wound.
Embasichytros felt Seutlæus' dart
Transfix and quiver in his panting heart!
But great Artophagus avenged the slain,
And big Seutlæus, tumbling, loads the plain.
And Polyphonus dies, a frog renown'd
For boastful speech, and turbulence of sound;
Deep through the belly pierced, supine he lay,
And breathed his soul against the face of day.
The strong Lymnocharis, who view'd with ire
A victor triumph, and a friend expire,
With heaving arms a rocky fragment caught,
And fiercely flung where Troglodytes fought,
A warrior versed in arts of sure retreat,
Yet arts in vain elude impending fate;
Full on his sinewy neck the fragment fell,
And o'er his eye-lids clouds eternal dwell.
Lychenor (second of the glorious name),
Striding advanced, and took no wandering aim;
Through all the frog the shining jav'lin flies,
And near the vanquish'd mouse the victor dies.
The dreadful stroke Crambophagus affrights,
Long bred to banquets, less inured to fights;
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the steep,
And, wildly floundering, flashes up the deep:
Lychenor, following, with a downward blow,
Reach'd in the lake his unrecover'd foe;
Gasping he rolls, a purple stream of blood
Distains the surface of the silver flood;
Through the wide wound the rushing entrails throng,
And slow the breathless carcass floats along.
Lymnisius good Tyroglyphus assails,
Prince of the mice that haunt the flow'ry vales;
Lost to the milky fares and rural seat,
He came to perish on the bank of fate.

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The dread Pternoglyphus demands the fight,
Which tender Calaminthius shuns by flight;
Drops the green target, springing, quits the foe,
Glides through the lake, and safely dives below.
The dire Pternophagus divides his way
Through breaking ranks, and leads the dreadful day;
No nibbling prince excel'd in fierceness more;
His parents fed him on the savage boar:
But where his lance the field with blood imbrued,
Swift as he moved, Hydrocharis pursued,
Till, fallen in death, he lies; a shattering stone
Sounds on his neck, and crushes all the bone;
His blood pollutes the verdure of the plain,
And from his nostrils bursts the gushing brain.
Lychopinax with Borbocætes fights,
A blameless frog, whom humbler life delights;
The fatal jav'lin, unrelenting, flies,
And darkness seals the gentle croaker's eyes.
Incensed Prassophagus, with sprightly bound,
Bears Cnissodioetes off the rising ground;
Then drags him o'er the lake, deprived of breath,
And, downward plunging, sinks his soul to death.
But now the great Psycarpax shines afar,
(Scarce he so great, whose loss provoked the war,)
Swift to revenge, his fatal jav'lin fled,
And through the liver struck Pelusius dead;
His freckled corse before the victor fell,
His soul indignant sought the shades of hell.
This saw Pelobates, and, from the flood,
Lifts with both hands a monstrous mass of mud;
The cloud obscene o'er all the warrior flies,
Dishonours his brown face, and blots his eyes.
Enraged, and wildly sputtering from the shore,
A stone immense of size the warrior bore;
A load for labouring earth, whose bulk to raise,
Asks ten degenerate mice of modern days:
Full to the leg arrives the crushing wound;
The frog, supportless, writhes upon the ground.

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Thus flush'd, the victor wars with matchless force,
Till loud Craugasides arrests his course.
Hoarse croaking threats precede: with fatal speed,
Deep through the belly runs the pointed reed;
Then, strongly tugg'd, return'd imbrued with gore,
And on the pile his reeking entrails bore.
The lame Sitophagus, oppress'd with pain,
Creeps from the desp'rate dangers of the plain:
And, where the ditches rising weeds supply,
To spread their lowly shades beneath the sky,
There lurks the silent mouse, relieved of heat,
And, safe imbower'd, avoids the chance of fate.
But here Troxartes, Physignathus there,
Whirl the dire furies of the pointed spear:
Then, where the foot around its ankle plies,
Troxartes wounds, and Physignathus flies,
Halts to the pool, a safe retreat to find,
And trails a dangling length of leg behind.
The mouse still urges, still the frog retires,
And, half in anguish of the flight, expires.
Then pious ardour young Prassæus brings
Betwixt the fortunes of contending kings:
Lank, harmless frog! with forces hardly grown,
He darts the reed in combats not his own,
Which, faintly tinkling on Troxartes' shield,
Hangs at the point, and drops upon the field.
  Now, nobly towering o'er the rest, appears
A gallant prince that far transcends his years,
Pride of his sire, and glory of his house,
And more a Mars in combat than a mouse:
His action bold, robust his ample frame,
And Meridarpax his resounding name.
The warrior, singled from the fighting crowd,
Boasts the dire honours of his arms aloud;
Then, strutting near the lake, with looks elate
Threats all its nations with approaching fate.
And such his strength, the silver lakes around
Might roll their waters o'er unpeopled ground

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But pow'rful Jove, who shows no less his grace
To frogs that perish, than to human race,
Felt soft compassion rising in his soul,
And shook his sacred head, that shook the pole.
Then thus, to all the gazing powers, began
The sire of gods, and frogs, and mouse, and man:
"What seas of blood I view, what worlds of slain!
An Iliad rising from a day's campaign!
How fierce his jav'lin, o'er the trembling lakes,
The black-furr'd hero, Meridarpax, shakes!
Unless some fav'ring deity descend,
Soon will the frogs' loquacious empire end.
Let dreadful Pallas, wing'd with pity, fly,
And make her ægis blaze before his eye;
While Mars, refulgent on his rattling car,
Arrests his raging rival of the war."
He ceased, reclining with attentive head,
When thus the glorious god of combats said:
"Nor Pallas, Jove! though Pallas take the field,
With all the terrors of her hissing shield;
Nor Mars himself, though Mars in armour bright
Ascend his car, and wheel amid the fight;
Not these can drive the desp'rate mouse afar,
And change the fortunes of the bleeding war.
Let all go forth, all heaven in arms arise,
Or launch thy own red thunder from the skies;
Such ardent bolts as flew that wondrous day,
When heaps of Titans mix'd with mountains lay;
When all the giant race enormous fell,
And huge Enceladus was hurl'd to hell."
'Twas thus th' armipotent advised the gods,
When from his throne the cloud-compeller nods;
Deep-length'ning thunders run from pole to pole,
Olympus trembles as the thunders roll.
Then swift he whirls the brandish'd bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the distant ground;
The bolt discharged, enwrap'd with lightning, flies,
And rends its flaming passage through the skies:

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Then earth's inhabitants, the nibblers, shake;
And frogs, the dwellers in the waters, quake.
Yet still the mice advance their dread design,
And the last danger threats the croaking line;
Till Jove, that inly mourn'd the loss they bore,
With strange assistance fill'd the frighted shore.
Pour'd from the neighb'ring strand, deform'd to view,
They march, a sudden, unexpected crew.
Strong suits of armour round their bodies close,
Which, like thick anvils, blunt the force of blows:
In wheeling marches turn'd, oblique they go;
With harpy claws their limbs divide below:
Fell shears the passage to the mouth command;
From out the flesh the bones by nature stand.
Broad spread their backs, their shining shoulders rise;
Unnumber'd joints distort their lengthen'd thighs;
With nervous cords their hands are firmly braced;
Their round black eye-balls in their bosom placed;
On eight long feet the wondrous warriors tread,
And either end alike supplies a head,
These, to call crabs, mere mortal wits agree;
But gods have other names for things than we.
Now, where the jointures from their loins depend,
The heroes' tails, with sev'ring grasp, they rend.
Here, short of feet, deprived the power to fly;
There, without hands, upon the field they lie.
Wrench'd from their holds, and scatter'd all around,
The blended lances heap the cumber'd ground.
Helpless amazement, fear pursuing fear,
And mad confusion through their host appear:
O'er the wild waste, with headlong flight, they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted holes below.
But down Olympus to the western seas,
Far-shooting Phœbus drove with fainter rays;
And a whole war (so Jove ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceased, in one revolving sun.

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1740, A POEM.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

I SHALL here present the reader with a valuable literary curiosity, a fragm of an unpublished Satire of Pope, entitled, *One Thousand Seven Hundr and Forty;* communicated to me by the kindness of the learned and worthy Dr. Wilson, formerly fellow and librarian of Trinity College, Dublin; who speaks of the fragment in the following terms:

"This poem I transcribed from a rough draft in Pope's own hand. He left many blanks, for fear of the Argus eye of those who, if they cannot find, can fabricate treason; yet, spite of his precaution, it fell into the hands of his enemies. To the hieroglyphics, there are direct allusions, I think, in some of the notes on the *Dunciad*. It was lent me by a grandson of Lord Chetwynd, an intimate friend of the famous Lord Bolingbroke, who gratified his curiosity by a boxful of the rubbish and sweepings of Pope's study, whose executor he was, in conjunction with Lord Marchmont."—WARTON.

The high authority under which the following fragment has been given to the public, has induced the editor to reprint it here; not, however, without feeling a strong conviction that the external evidence of its being the work of Pope, is greatly overbalanced by the nature of its contents, which are entirely contrary to any idea that we could reasonably form of the sentiments of Pope at this period. That the celebrity of Pope occasioned many pieces to be unjustly attributed to him by Curll and others, is certain; and it was not without reason that he complained of

"The imputed trash and dulness not his own."

That this is the piece to which Warburton alludes in his note on the poem to Lady Frances Shirley (vide *Miscellanies*, p. 389), where he says that Pope began a *third* Dialogue, more *severe* and *sublime* than the first and second, can scarcely be admitted; because this is not a *dialogue*, nor is there a single passage in it that can be called *sublime*, or even that exceeds mediocrity.

To those who take the trouble to compare the sentiments in this piece with those expressed by Pope elsewhere on several occasions, it must be very questionable whether he could have undergone such a change as to have written these lines. Mr. Bowles, in his notes, has evidently assumed grounds more untenable than the conclusions he deduces.

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1740, A POEM.

[*The Notes by Mr. Bowles.*]

Oh, wretched [1]B---, jealous now of all,
What God, what mortal, shall prevent thy fall?
Turn, turn thy eyes from wicked men in place,
And see what succour from the patriot race.
[2]C---, his own proud dupe, thinks monarchs things
Made just for him, as other fools for kings;
Controls, decides, insults thee ev'ry hour,
And antedates the hatred due to power.
Through clouds of passion P--'s views are clear;
He foams a patriot, to subside a peer;
Impatient sees his country bought and sold,
And damns the market where he takes no gold.
Grave, righteous [3]S- jogs on till, past belief,
He finds himself companion with a thief.
To purge and let thee blood, with fire and sword,
Is all the help stern [4]S-- would afford.
That those who bind and rob thee, would not kill,
Good [5]C-- hopes, and candidly sits still.

Ver. 1. *Oh, wretched B---.*] There is no doubt but that this interesting fragment was the beginning of the very Satire to which Warburton alludes in the last poem.

Pope was afraid to go on in his career of personal acrimony. Paul Whitehead, having thrown out an indecent sarcasm against Dr. Sherlock, was threatened with a prosecution. This was meant as a *hint* to Pope; and it is very plain his satiric progress was interrupted, for his alarm evidently appears. In this poem, (which certainly was part of his plan, as a continuation of the *Epilogue*,) he seems

"Willing to wound, and *yet afraid to strike.*"

I have added some explanatory names.

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[1] Britain.
[2] Cobham.
[3] Sandys.
[4] Shippen.
[5] Perhaps the Earl of Carlisle.

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Of [1]Ch-s W-- who speaks at all,
No more than of [2]Sir Har-y or Sir P--.
Whose names once up, they thought it was not wrong
To lie in bed, but sure they lay too long.
[3]G--r, C-m, B-t, pay thee due regards,
Unless the ladies bid them mind their cards.
And [4]C---d, who speaks with wit that must
Whom (saving W.) every S. harper bites,
Whose wit and must needs equally provoke one,
Finds thee, at best, the butt to crack his joke on.
As for the rest, each winter up they run,
And all are clear that something must be done.
Then urged by [5]C--t, or by C--t stopp'd,
Inflamed by [6]P--, and by P-- dropp'd;
They follow reverently each wondrous wight,
Amazed that one can read, that one can write:
So geese to gander prone, obedience keep,
Hiss if he hiss, and if he slumber, sleep.
Till, having done whate'er was fit or fine,
Utter'd a speech, and ask'd their friends to dine,
Each hurries back to his paternal ground,
Content but for five shillings in the pound;
Yearly defeated, yearly hopes they give,
And all agree Sir Robert cannot live.
Rise, rise, great [7]W--, fated to appear,
Spite of thyself, a glorious minister!
Speak the loud language princes . . . .
And treat with half the . . . . . .
At length to B-- kind, as to thy . . . . .
Espouse the nation, you . . . . . .

---

[1] Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.
[2] Sir Henry Oxenden, and Sir Paul Methuen,
[3] Lords Gower, Cobham, and Bathurst.
[4] Lord Chesterfield. [5] Lord Carteret.
[6] William Pulteney, created in 1742 Earl of Bath.
[7] Walpole.

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What can thy [1]H . . . . . .
Dress in Dutch . . . . . .
Though still he travels on no bad pretence,
To show . . . . . .
Or those foul copies of thy face and tongue,
Veracious [2]W--- and frontless [3]Young;
Sagacious [4]Bub, so late a friend, and there
So late a foe, yet more sagacious [5]H---?
Hervey and Hervey's school, [6]F-, H--y, [7]H--n,
Yea, moral [8]Ebor, or religious Winton.
How! what can [9]O--w, what can D---
The wisdom of the one and other chair,
[10]N--- laugh, or [11]D--s sager,
Or thy dread truncheon [12]M.'s mighty peer?
What help from [13]J---'s opiates canst thou draw,
Or [14]H--k's quibbles voted into law?
[15]C. that Roman in his nose alone,
Who hears all causes, [16]B--, but thy own,
Or those proud fools whom nature, rank, and fate
Made fit companions for the sword of state.
Can the light pack-horse, or the heavy steer,
The sousing prelate, or the sweating peer,
Drag out, with all its dirt, and all its weight,
The lumb'ring carriage of thy broken state?
Alas! the people curse, the carman swears,
The drivers quarrel, and the master stares.
The plague is on thee, Britain, and who tries
To save thee, in the infectious office *dies*.

---

[1] Either Sir Robert's brother Horace, who had just quitted his embassy at the Hague, or his son Horace, who was then on his travels.
[2] W. Winnington.
[3] Sir William Young.
[4] Dodington.
[5] Probably Hare, Bishop of Chichester.
[6] Fox and Henley.
[7] Hinton.
[8] Blackburn, Archbishop of York, and Hoadley, Bishop of Winchester.
[9] Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons, and the Earl of Delawar Chairman of the Committees of the House of Lords.
[10] Newcastle.
[11] Dorset; perhaps the last word should be *sneer*.
[12] Duke of Marlborough.
[13] Jekyll.
[14] Hardwick.
[15] Probably Sir John Cummins, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.
[16] Britain.

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The first firm P--y soon resign'd his breath,
Brave [1]S--w loved thee, and was lied to death.
Good [2]M-m-t's fate tore [3]P--th from thy side,
And thy last sigh was heard when [4]W--m died
Thy nobles [5]sl-s, thy [6]se--s bought with gold,
Thy clergy perjured, thy whole people sold
An atheist ⏑ a ⊕'''s [7]ad . . . . . .
Blotch thee all o'er, and sink . . . .

Ver. 80. *W--m died.*] Sir William Wyndham died this year; his death was a severe blow to the party, and none felt it, perhaps, more than Bolingbroke, whose friendship for him appears to have been ardent and sincere. The following extract of a letter from Bolingbroke to Sir Charles Wyndham, on this occasion, will be read with interest, as it particularly shows the sentiments of the party at this time:

Lord Bolingbroke to Sir Charles Wyndham.

"ARGEVILLE, August 8th, 1740.

"DEAR SIR:—I feel, as I ought to do, the kindness you show me in sending a servant on purpose, with a letter that gives me as much comfort as I am capable of receiving, since the loss we have sustained by the death of your father and my friend. You are in the right, and I love you the better for the sentiment: it is reputation to be descended from so great and so good a man; and surely it is some to have lived thirty years with him in the warmest and most active friendship. Far from any need of making excuses that you did not write the cruel news to me when you sent to my Lady Denbigh, I have thanks to return you for sparing me, as you spared yourself. The news came to me with less surprise, but not with less effect. My unhappiness, for such it will be as long as I am able to feel pleasure and pain, began, however, a little later. It is a plain truth, free from all affectation or compliment, that, as your father was dearer to me than all the rest of the world, so must every thing be that remains of him: you, sir, especially, who are as dear to my heart as you could be, if, being the same worthy man you are, you was my own son. The resolutions you have taken, both as to public and private life, are such as become the son and successor of Sir William Wyndham. To be a friend to your country, is to be what he was eminently; it is to be what he would have recommended you to be, even with his dying breath, if the nature of his distemper had permitted such an effort. He thought this country on the brink of ruin, and that monarchical, but free constitution of government, wherein the glory and the happiness of our nation consisted, at the point of being dissolved, and sacrificed to the support of a weak and wicked administration; but he thought that the greater the distress was, the more incumbent and the more pressing the duty of struggling to prevent, or to alleviate it, became. One of the last things he said to me the day before he left this

[1] Earl of Scarborough. In another place, Pope spells his name with a *w*. See *Ep. to the Sat.*, Dial. ii., l. 65.
[2] Marchmont.
[3] Polwarth, son to Lord Marchmont.
[4] Wyndham.
[5] Slaves.
[6] Senates.
[7] Administration.

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Alas! on one alone our all relies,
Let him be honest, and he must be wise,
Let him no trifler from his school,
Nor like his . . . . . still a . . . .
Be but a man! unminister'd, alone,
And free at once the senate and the throne;
Esteem the public love his best supply,
A[1] 's true glory his integrity;
Rich *with* his . . . . *in* his . . . strong,
Affect no conquest, but endure no wrong.
Whatever his religion, or his blood,
His public virtue makes his title good.
Europe's just balance and our own may stand,
And one man's honesty redeem the land.

place was, that he did not expect to live to see Britain restored to a flourishing and secure state, but that he would die in labouring to procure that happiness to those he should leave behind him——." *MS. from the Egremont Papers, communicated by Mr. Coxe.*

Ver. 95. *Whatever his religion.*] He probably means Frederick, Prince of Wales, who took a decided part with the malecontents against Sir R. Walpole's administration. This was written the year before the general election, which decided the fate of Walpole. It is singular that Pope in this Satire turns his weapons against his own party, and attacks many of those whom he had lately panegyrized with the most extravagant praise, particularly Pulteney and Chesterfield, of whom he said in 1738:

"How can I, Pulteney, Chesterfield forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit."—Bowles.

On this passage, Mr. Bowles appears afterwards to have changed his opinion. In his *Life of Pope*, p. cxiv., he says, in reference to these lines: "Although they might be construed to apply to the Prince of Wales, they were more probably addressed to the Chevalier St. George, commonly called the Pretender, who came to England four years afterwards to claim the crown. He was now in his twentieth year; and the satirist seems to think there could be no hope left to the country, but by again resorting to the exiled heir of the Stuarts."—"It appears, therefore, that, notwithstanding his joining any party against the court, Pope continued in the same principles which he inherited from his father." Conceiving that Pope could never have degraded himself by this piece of vulgar declamation, I willingly resign it to *any interpretation* that Mr. Bowles, or any one else, may be pleased to put upon it.—Roscoe.

[1] King's.

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POEMS

ON READING

THE TRAVELS OF CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER.

On the publication of *Gulliver's Travels*, Pope wrote several pieces of humour, intended to accompany the work, which he sent to Swift; and in a letter some time afterwards, dated 8th March, 1726–7, he says: "You received, I hope, some commendatory verses from a Horse and a Lilliputian to Gulliver, and an heroic Epistle of Mrs. Gulliver. The bookseller would fain have printed them before the second edition of the book; but I would not permit it *without your approbation;* nor do I much like them."—It is probable, however, that Swift sent them to the press, as they were printed in the same year (1727) at Dublin, by and for John Hyde, bookseller in Dame-street, in a small duodecimo of sixteen pages, under the title of *Poems occasioned by reading the Travels of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, explanatory and commendatory:* from which edition they are here given.

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN, THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

An Ode by Titty Tit, Poet Laureate to his Majesty of Lilliput.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH.

In amaze
Lost I gaze!
Can our eyes
Reach thy size!
May my lays
Swell with praise,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse, inspire
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas' head
Propp'd the skies:
See! and believe your eyes!

See him stride
Valleys wide,
Over woods,
Over floods!
When he treads,
Mountains' heads
Groan and shake·
Armies quake,
Lest his spurn
Overturn
Man and steed:
Troops, take heed!
Left and right,
Speed your flight!
Lest an host
Beneath his foot be lost!

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Turn'd aside
From his hide,
Safe from wound,
Darts rebound.
From his nose
Clouds he blows:
When he speaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand
Let me stand;
So shall I,
Lofty poet! touch the sky.

The Lamentation of Glumdalclitch for the Loss of Grildrig.

A PASTORAL.

Soon as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair;
No British miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow:
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears:
Her locks dishevell'd and her flood of tears
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a shower of rain.
In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink, impervious to a mouse.

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"Was it for this," she cried, "with daily care
Within thy reach I set the vinegar,
And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
While pepper-water worms thy bait supplied;
Where twined the silver eel around thy hook,
And all the little monsters of the brook!
Sure in that lake he dropp'd; my Grilly's drown'd!"
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.

"Vain is thy courage, Grilly! vain thy boast!
But little creatures enterprise the most.
Trembling I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw;
Nay, mix with children, as they play'd at taw,
Nor fear the marbles, as they bounding flew;
Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you!

"Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth?
Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
Versed in court-tricks, that money-loving boy
To some lord's daughter sold the living toy;
Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,
As children tear the wings of flies away.
From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
And never will return, or bring thee home.
But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
How then thy fairy footsteps can I find?
Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone
In the green thicket of a mossy stone;
Or, tumbled from the toadstool's slippery round,
Perhaps, all maim'd, lie groveling on the ground?
Dost thou, embosom'd in the lovely rose,
Or, sunk within the peach's down, repose?
Within the kingcup if thy limbs are spread,
Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head,
Oh, show me, Flora, 'mid those sweets the flower
Where sleeps my Grildrig in the fragrant bower!

"But, ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
On little females and on little loves;
Thy pigmy children and thy tiny spouse,
The baby playthings that adorn thy house,

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Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious rooms,
Equal in size to cells of honeycombs:
Hast thou for these now ventured from the shore,
Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar?
Or in thy box now bounding on the main,
Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again?
And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
My spacious palm; of stature scarce a span,
Mimic the actions of a real man?
No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
As seamen at a capstan anchors weigh?
How wert thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
A dish of tea, like milkpail, on thy head!
How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
And keep the rolling maggot at a bay!"
She spoke; but broken accents stopp'd her voice,
Soft as the speaking-trumpet's mellow noise:
She sobb'd a storm, and wiped her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies.
Oh, squander not thy grief! those tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

TO MR. LEMUEL GULLIVER.

The Grateful Address of the Unhappy Houyhnhnms, now in slavery and bondage in England.

These pieces of Pope are given by Sir Walter Scott in his *Life of Swift*, with the exception of the present verses, from a Horse; which, he observes, "do not appear."

To thee, we wretches of the Houyhnhnm band,
Condemn'd to labour in a barbarous land,
Return our thanks. Accept our humble lays,
And let each grateful Houyhnhnm neigh thy praise.

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Oh, happy Yahoo, purged from human crimes,
By thy sweet sojourn in those virtuous climes,
Where reign our sires; there, to thy country's shame,
Reason, you found, and virtue were the same.
Their precepts razed the prejudice of youth,
And ev'n a Yahoo learn'd the love of truth.

Art thou the first who did the coast explore?
Did never Yahoo tread that ground before?
Yes, thousands! But in pity to their kind,
Or sway'd by envy, or, through pride of mind,
They hid their knowledge of a nobler race,
Which own'd, would all their sires and sons disgrace.

You, like the Samian, visit lands unknown,
And, by their wiser morals, mend your own.
Thus Orpheus travel'd to reform his kind,
Came back, and tamed the brutes he left behind.

You went, you saw, you heard: with virtue fought,
Then spread those morals which the Houyhnhnms taught.
Our labours here must touch thy gen'rous heart,
To see us strain before the coach and cart;
Compel'd to run each knavish jockey's heat!
Subservient to Newmarket's annual cheat!
With what reluctance do we lawyers bear,
To fleece their country clients twice a-year?
Or, managed in your schools, for fops to ride,
How foam, how fret, beneath a load of pride!
Yes, we are slaves—but yet, by reason's force,
Have learn'd to bear misfortune, like a horse.

Oh, would the stars, to ease my bonds, ordain
That gentle Gulliver might guide my rein!
Safe would I bear him to his journey's end,
For 'tis a pleasure to support a friend.
But if my life be doom'd to serve the bad,
Oh! may'st thou never want an easy pad!

HOUYHNHNM.

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MARY GULLIVER TO CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER.

AN EPISTLE.

Welcome, thrice welcome to thy native place!
—What, touch me not? what, shun a wife's embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
And waked, and wish'd whole nights for thy return?
In five long years I took no second spouse;
What Redriff wife so long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;
Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.
'Tis said, that thou should'st "cleave unto thy wife;"
Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life.
Hear, and relent! hark, how thy children moan!
Be kind at least to these; they are thy own:
Behold, and count them all; secure to find
The honest number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty paws:
Why start you? are they snakes? or have they claws?
Thy Christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone:
Be kind at least to these; they are thy own.
Biddel, like thee, might farthest India rove;
He changed his country, but retain'd his love.
There's Captain Pannel, absent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife;
Yet Pannel's wife is brown, compared to me,
And Mrs. Biddel sure is fifty-three.
Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me slut:
Was Flimnap's dame more sweet in Lilliput?
I've no red hair, to breathe an odious fume;
At least, thy consort's cleaner than thy groom.
Why, then, that dirty stable-boy thy care?
What mean those visits to the sorrel mare?
Say, by what witchcraft, or what demon led,
Preferr'st thou litter to the marriage bed?
Some say, the dev'l himself is in that mare·
If so, our dean shall drive him forth by prayer.

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Some think you mad, some think you are possess'd,
That bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.
Vain means, alas! this phrensy to appease!
That straw, that straw, would heighten the disease.
My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys)
Alone I press: in dreams I call my dear,
I stretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I rise, and, shiv'ring with the frost,
Search all the house; my Gulliver is lost!
Forth in the street I rush with frantic cries;
The windows open, all the neighbours rise:
"Where sleeps my Gulliver? oh, tell me where!"
The neighbours answer, "With the sorrel mare."
At early morn I to the market haste,
(Studious in every thing to please thy taste;)
A curious fowl and 'sparagus I chose,
(For I remember'd you were fond of those;)
Three shillings cost the first, the last sev'n groats;
Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.
Others bring goods and treasure to their houses,
Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses:
My only token was a cup like horn,
That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'Tis not for that I grieve; oh, 'tis to see
The groom and sorrel mare preferr'd to me!
These, for some moments when you deign to quit,
And at due distance, sweet discourse admit;
'Tis all my pleasure thy past toil to know,
For pleased remembrance builds delight on wo.
At every danger pants thy consort's breast,
And gaping infants squall to hear the rest.
How did I tremble, when, by thousands bound,
I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian ground!
When scaling armies climb'd up ev'ry part,
Each step they trod I felt upon my heart.
But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, queen, and nation staring with amaze,

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Full in my view how all my husband came!
And what extinguish'd theirs increased my flame.
Those spectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to save,
Were once my present; love that armour gave
How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
For, when he sign'd thy death, he sentenced me.
When folks might see thee all the country round
For sixpence, I'd have given a thousand pound.
Lord! when the giant babe that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the marrow-bone I see thee ramm'd,
Or on the house-top by the monkey cramm'd,
The piteous images renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
Pray Heav'n, 't was all a wanton maiden did!
Glumdalclitch, too!—with thee I mourn her case:
Heav'n guard the gentle girl from all disgrace!
Oh, may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to set him free?
My life, alas! I fear proved death to thee.
Oh, teach me, dear, new words to speak my flame!
Teach me to woo thee by thy best-loved name!
Whether the style of Grildrig please thee most,
So call'd on Brobdingnag's stupendous coast,
When on the monarch's ample hand you sate,
And halloo'd in his ear intrigues of state;
Or Quinbus Flestrin more endearment brings,
When, like a mountain, you look'd down on kings:
If ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumglum's humbler title soothe thy ear:
Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose,
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm through the nose,
I'd call thee Houyhnhnm, that high-sounding name,
Thy children's noses all should twang the same;
So might I find my loving spouse of course
Endued with all the virtues of a horse.

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MISCELLANIES.

TO THE AUTHOR

OF

A POEM ENTITLED SUCCESSIO.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

The following lines to the author of a poem entitled *Successio* are undoubtedly an early production of Pope, and were published in a volume of Lintot's *Miscellanies*, of which there were several editions. The author of *Successio* was Elkanah Settle, who from being at one time the rival of Dryden, wrote himself into such discredit, as deservedly to have occupied a distinguished place in the *Dunciad*. Some account of him may be found in Mr. Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. i. p. 41, and in Mr. D'Israeli's *Quarrels of Authors*, vol. i. p. 298, &c.

Besides the internal evidence which these lines exhibit, that they were written by Pope, Mr. D'Israeli has shown, from an old account book of Bernard Lintot's, (see *Memoir*, page 49,) which he had the good fortune to meet with, and which contains a list of copies of works purchased by him, that these verses, with those *to a Lady on presenting Voiture*, and on *Silence*, were sold to Lintot for three pounds sixteen shillings. That they were omitted by Pope in the first general collection of his poems in 1717, may perhaps be accounted for from their political tendency, as evincing a disposition hostile to the settlement of the crown on the House of Hanover, which the poem of *Successio* was intended to celebrate.

Mr. D'Israeli says, that "when Pope wrote these lines, he had scarcely attained his fourteenth year;" he also justly observes, that "this juvenile composition bears the marks of his future excellence; it has the tune of his verse, and the images of his wit. Thirty years afterwards, when occupied by the *Dunciad*, he transplanted and pruned some of the original images."

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TO THE AUTHOR OF A POEM ENTITLED SUCCESSIO.

Begone, ye critics, and restrain your spite,
Codrus writes on, and will for ever write.
The heaviest Muse the swiftest course has gone,
As clocks run fastest when most lead is on.*
What though no bees around your cradle flew,
Nor on your lips distill'd their golden dew;
Yet have we oft discovered in their stead
A swarm of drones that buzz'd about your head.
When you, like Orpheus, strike the warbling lyre,
Attentive blocks stand round you and admire.
Wit pass'd through thee no longer is the same,
As meat digested takes a different name;
But sense must sure thy safest plunder be,
Since no reprisals can be made on thee.
Thus thou may'st rise, and in thy daring flight
(Though ne'er so weighty) reach a wond'rous height:
So forced from engines, lead itself can fly,
And pon'drous slugs move nimbly thro, the sky.†
Sure Bavius copied Mævius to the full,
And Chœrilus ‡ taught Codrus to be dull;
Therefore, dear friend, at my advice give o'er
This needless labour; and contend no more
To prove a *dull succession* to be true,
Since 'tis enough we find it so in you.

* Thus altered in the *Dunciad*, Book i. v. 183:

As clocks to wheels their nimble motion owe,
The wheel above urged by the load below.

† Thus altered in the *Dunciad*, Book i. v. 181:

As, forced from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pon'drous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky.

‡ Perhaps by *Chœrilus*, the juvenile satirist designed *Fleeknoe* or *Shadwell*, who had received their immortality of Dullness from his master Catholic in poetry and opinions, Dryden.—D'Israeli.

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THE BASSET-TABLE.

AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE basset-table spread, the tallier come;
Why stays Smilinda in the dressing-room?
Rise, pensive nymph; the tallier waits for you

SMILINDA.

Ah, madam, since my Sharper is untrue,
I joyless make my once adored alphiew.
I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's chair,
And whisper, with that soft, deluding air,
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the list'ning fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains.
As you by love, so I by fortune cross'd;
One, one bad deal, three septlevas have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief which you compare with mine?
With ease the smiles of fortune I resign:
Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone,
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover lost, is but a common care;
And prudent nymphs against that change prepare:
The knave of clubs thrice lost; oh! who could guess
This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress?

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SMILINDA.

See Betty Lovet! very *àpropos*,
She all the cares of love and play does know:
Dear Betty shall th' important point decide;
Betty, who oft the pain of each has tried:
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
By cards, ill-usage, or by lovers lost.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
Though time is precious, and I want some tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great penn'worth) bought,
See, on the tooth-pick Mars and Cupid strive;
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the queen's bright face:
A myrtle foliage round the thimble-case.
Jove, Jove himself does on the scissors shine;
The metal, and the workmanship, divine!

SMILINDA.

This snuff-box; once the pledge of Sharper's love,
When rival beauties for the present strove,
At Corticelli's he the raffle won;
Then first his passion was in public shown:
Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This snuff-box—on the hinge see brilliants shine!
This snuff-box will I stake; the prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear,
Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
And, oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
In complaisance I took the queen he gave,
Though my own secret wish was for the knave.

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The knave won sonica, which I had chose,
And the next pull my septleva I lose.

SMILINDA.

But, ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart;
This cursed Ombrelia, this undoing fair,
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.
An awkward thing when first she came to town;
Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown:
She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
Upon her sallow cheeks enliv'ning red:
I introduced her to the park and plays;
And, by my interest, Cozens made her stays.
Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to steal my fav'rite lover's heart!

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was! how often have I swore,
When Winnall tallied, I would punt no more!
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run;
And see the folly which I cannot shun.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have Sharper's vows deceived!
How many cursed the moment they believed!
Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove;
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
To gaze on Basset, and remain unwarm'd?
When kings, queens, knaves, are set in decent rank;
Exposed in glorious heaps the tempting bank;
Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train;
The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain:

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In bright confusion open rouleaus lie,
They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye.
Fired by the sight, all reason I disdain;
My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon Basset, you who reason boast,
And see if reason must not there be lost.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose,
Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows?
Then, when he trembles! when his blushes rise!
When awful love seems melting in his eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves:
He loves, I whisper to myself, he loves!
Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
I lose all mem'ry of my former fears;
My panting heart confesses all his charms,
I yield at once, and sink into his arms.
Think of that moment, you who prudence boast;
For such a moment, prudence well were lost.

CARDELIA.

At the Groom-porter's, batter'd bullies play;
Some dukes at Marybone bowl time away.
But who the bowl, or rattling dice, compares
To Basset's heavenly joys, and pleasing cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft Simplicetta dotes upon a beau;
Prudina likes a man, and laughs at show.
Their sev'ral graces in my Sharper meet,
Strong as the footman, as the master, sweet.

LOVET.

Cease your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide:
The equipage shall grace Smilinda's side;
The snuff-box to Cardelia I decree;
Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

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ON RECEIVING FROM

THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY*

A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian queen
Descend in all her sober charms;
"And take"—she said, and smiled serene—
"Take at this hand celestial arms:

"Secure the radiant weapons wield;
This golden lance shall guard desert,
And if a vice dares keep the field,
This steel shall stab it to the heart."

Awed, on my bended knees I fell,
Received the weapons of the sky;
And dipp'd them in the sable well,
The fount of fame or infamy.

Ver. 1. *Yes, I beheld, &c.*] To enter into the spirit of this address, it is necessary to premise, that the poet was threatened with a prosecution in the House of Lords, for the *Epilogue to the Satires*. On which, with great resentment against his enemies, for not being willing to distinguish between

Grave epistles bringing vice to light,

and licentious libels, he began a *third Dialogue*, more severe and sublime than the first and second; which being no secret, matters were soon compromised. His enemies agreed to drop the prosecution, and he promised to leave the third *Dialogue* unfinished and suppressed. This affair occasioned this little beautiful poem, to which it alluded throughout, but more especially in the four last stanzas.—WARBURTON.

* This beautiful lady was fourth daughter of Earl Ferrers, who had, at that time, a house at Twickenham. Notwithstanding her numerous admirers, she died at Bath, *unmarried*, in the year 1762. At Clarendon Park, near Salisbury, the seat of her *sister's son*, Henry Bathurst, Esq., there is a full length painting, by Sir Godfrey Kneller; and if she was as handsome as she is there represented, Lord Chesterfield's passionate address might be easily accounted for. The writer of this note had looked at it for some time with admiration, without knowing whose portrait it was, when the hospitable owner of the mansion said, "That is the celebrated Fanny, blooming fair."—BOWLES.

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"What *well?* what *weapon?*" Flavia cries;
"A standish, steel and golden pen!
It came from Bernard's, not the skies;
I gave it you to write again.

"But, friend, take heed whom you attack;
You'll bring a house (I mean of peers),
Red, blue, and green—nay, white and black,
L——— and all—about your ears.

"You'd write as smooth again on glass,
And run on ivory, so glib,
As not to stick at fool or ass,
Nor stop at flattery or fib.

"*Athenian queen!* and *sober charms!*
I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't:
'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;
In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

"Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,
That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
I'll list you in the harmless roll
Of those that sing of these poor eyes."

Ver. 32. *Of those that sing of these poor eyes.*] Among the many swains who sung of "these poor eyes," was Lord Chesterfield, in his well-known ballad:

"When *Fanny*, blooming fair,
First met my ravish'd sight,
Struck with her face and air,
I gazed with strange delight."

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A FAREWELL TO LONDON.

IN THE YEAR MDCCXV.*

Dear, damn'd distracting town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll tease:
This year in peace, ye critics, dwell;
Ye harlots, sleep at ease.

Soft B*** and rough C*****, adieu!
Earl Warwick, make your moan;
The lively H*****k and you
May knock up whores alone.

To drink and droll, be Rowe allow'd,
Till the third watchman toll;
Let Jervas gratis paint, and Frowde
Save three-pence and his soul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned sot;
And Garth, the best good Christian he,
Although he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell; thy bard must go!
Farewell, unhappy Tonson!
Heav'n gives thee, for thy loss of Rowe,
Lean Philips, and fat Johnson.

* In visiting the metropolis about this period, Pope had the misfortune to fall into the company of the Earl of Warwick, the son-in-law of Addison, a young man of dissipated character, and of Colley Cibber; who, availing themselves of his vivacity, laid a premeditated plan for engaging him in an affair, which served as the foundation of a story raised upon it by Cibber many years afterwards, and which rendered Pope sufficiently ridiculous, although he always averred that the story, as to the main point, was "an absolute lie."—Vide *Spence's Anec.*

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Why should I stay? Both parties rage;
My vixen mistress squalls;
The wits in envious feuds engage;
And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Halifax's urn;
And not one Muse, of all he fed,
Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betray'd:
Poor Y***r's sold for fifty pound,
And B******ll is a jade.

Why make I friendships with the great
When I no favour seek?
Or follow girls seven hours in eight,
I need but once a week.

Still idle, with a busy air,
Deep whimsies to contrive;
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive.

Solicitous for other ends,
Though fond of dear repose;
Careless or drowsy with my friends,
And frolic with my foes.

Luxurious lobster-nights, farewell,
For sober, studious days!
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For salads, tarts, and pease!

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whose soul, sincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none
And so may starve with me.

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MACER:

A CHARACTER.

When simple Macer, now of high renown,
First sought a poet's fortune in the town,
'Twas all th' ambition his high soul could feel,
To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele.
Some ends of verse his betters might afford,
And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
Set up with these, he ventured on the town,
And with a borrow'd play, out-did poor Crown.
There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the most of little:
Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.
So some coarse country wench, almost decay'd,
Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid;
Awkward and supple, each devoir to pay;
She flatters her good lady twice a day:
Though wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
And strangely liked for her simplicity:
In a translated suit, then tries the town,
With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own;
But just endured the winter she began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan,
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
To bawd for others, and go shares with Punk.

Ver. 1. *When simple Macer.*] Said to be the character of James Moore Smith, author of the *Rival Modes*, a comedy, in 1726. He pilfered verses from Pope. He joined in a political paper with the Duke of Wharton, called *The Inquisitor*, written with such violence against government, that he was soon obliged to drop it. This character was first printed in the *Miscellanies* of Swift and Pope, 1727.—Warton.

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OCCASIONED BY SOME VERSES

OF

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, Earl of Mulgrave, descended from a noble family of great antiquity, distinguished himself in a military capacity, both by sea and and. After the Revolution, he was created Marquis of Normanby, and on he accession of Queen Anne, Duke of Buckingham; under which different itles he is celebrated by his contemporaries, and in particular by Dryden, Roscommon, Lansdown, Garth, and Pope. His *Essay on Poetry* may be considered as one of the earliest attempts to restore a just taste in English literature, and as having led the way to the great improvement which soon afterwards followed. Of the splendid mansion which he erected in St. James's Park, called Buckingham House, and of his manner of living there, he has left a very curious account in a letter to the Duke of Chandos. He married Catharine Darnley, a natural daughter of James II. by the Countess of Dorchester. He died in February, 1720.

MUSE, 'tis enough; at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail;
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves; consenting Phœbus bends;
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

The verses alluded to in the foregoing lines, are the following, which were written soon after the first publication of the *Iliad*.

ON MR. POPE AND HIS POEMS.

WITH age decay'd, with courts and bus'ness tired,
Caring for nothing but what ease required;
Too dully serious for the Muses' sport,
And from the critics safe arrived in port;

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I little thought of launching forth agen
Amidst adventurous rovers of the pen:
And, after so much undeserved success,
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
Itself a subject for satiric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defamed,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blamed!
But to this genius, join'd with so much art,
Such various learning mix'd in every part,
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing
As the great *Iliad*, scarce could make me sing;
Except I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natured deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed.

'Tis great delight to laugh at some men's ways,
But a much greater to give merit praise.

A DIALOGUE.

POPE.

Since my old friend has grown so great,
As to be minister of state,
I'm told—but 'tis not true, I hope—
That Craggs will be ashamed of Pope.

CRAGGS.

Alas! if I am such a creature,
To grow the worse for growing greater,
Why, faith! in spite of all my brags,
'Tis Pope must be ashamed of Craggs.

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ON HIS GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM,

COMPOSED OF

MARBLES, SPARS, GEMS, ORES, AND MINERALS

Thou who shalt stop, where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave;
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow:
Approach. Great Nature studiously behold!
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
Approach: but, awful! lo! the Ægerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sate and thought;
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

VARIATIONS.—After ver. 6, in the MS.:

You see that Island's wealth, where, only free,
Earth to her entrails feels not Tyranny.

i. e. Britain is the only place in the globe which feels not tyranny even to its very entrails.—WARBURTON.

Ver. 11. *Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole.*] In his MS. it was thus:

To Wyndham's breast the patriot passions stole,

which made the whole allude to a certain anecdote, of not much consequence to any but the parties concerned.—WARBURTON.

Ver. 10. *Where, nobly pensive, St. John.*] Lord Bolingbroke's account of the conversations, and manner of Pope's friends passing their time in his garden, is not uninteresting:

"All I dare promise you is, that my thoughts, in what order soever they flow, shall be communicated to you, just as they pass through my mind, just as they used to be when we conversed together on these or any other subjects, when we sauntered alone, or, as we often have done, with good Arbuthnot and the jocose Dean of St. Patrick, among the multiplied scenes of your little garden."—*Letter to Sir William Wyndham.*

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VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

UN JOUR, DIT UN AUTEUR, ETC.

"Once," says an author, where, I need not say,
"Two travellers found an oyster in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry; the dispute grew strong,
While scale in hand dame Justice pass'd along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it before their sight.
The cause of strife removed so rarely well,
'There, take,' says Justice, 'take ye each a shell.
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:
'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace—adieu.'"

It will be no unuseful or unpleasing amusement to compare this translation with the original:

"Un jour, dit un auteur, n'importe en quel chapitre,
Deux voyageurs, à jeun recontrèrent une huître;
Tous deux la contestoient, lorsque dans leur chemin,
La Justice passa, la balance à la main.
Devant elle à grand bruit ils expliquent la chose;
Tous deux avec dépens veulent gagner leur cause.
La Justice pesant ce droit litigieux,
Demande l'huître, l'ouvre, et l'avale à leurs yeux,
Et par ce bel arrest terminant la bataille:
Tenez voilà, dit-elle, à chacun une écaille.
Des sottises d'autrui, nous vivons au palais;
Messieurs, l'huître étoit bonne. Adieu, vivez en paix."

In the fifth, sixth, seventh, ninth, and twelfth verses, Pope is inferior to the original.—WARTON.

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ANSWER

TO THE

FOLLOWING QUESTION OF MRS. HOWE.

WHAT is Prudery?
'Tis a beldam,
Seen with Wit and Beauty seldom;
'Tis a fear that starts at shadows;
'Tis (no, 'tisn't,) like Miss Meadows;
'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature;
Lean and fretful, would seem wise;
Yet plays the fool before she dies.
'Tis an ugly envious shrew,
That rails at dear Lepell and you.

Ver. 11. *That rails at dear Lepell.*] Miss Lepell was one of the maids of honour to Queen Caroline, and she afterwards was married to Lord Hervey. She and Miss Mary Bellenden, mentioned in Gay's ballad and in Pope's letters, were the ornaments of the court, for beauty, engaging manners, and amiable character. I have a MS. letter from her, written at Paris, to Lord Melcomb, which sufficiently evinces her superior understanding, and might be classed with letters of Lady M. W. Montagu.

In Gay's ballad she is designated as—

"Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell."—BOWLES.

In Gay's poem it is Miss Mary Lepell who is designated as "Youth's youngest daughter." Lady Hervey is alluded to in the preceding line:

"Now Hervey, fair of face, I mark full well.
With her Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell."

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SYLVIA, A FRAGMENT.

Sylvia my heart in wondrous wise alarm'd,
Awed without sense, and without beauty charm'd:
But some odd graces and some flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad:
Her tongue still ran on credit from her eyes,
More pert than witty, more a wit than wise:
Good-nature, she declared it, was her scorn,
Though 'twas by that alone she could be borne:
Affronting all, yet fond of a good name;
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now coy, and studious in no point to fall,
Now all agog for D——y at a ball:
Now deep in Taylor, and the *Book of Martyrs*,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres.
Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman's in her soul a rake.
Frail, feverish sex! their fit now chills, now burns:
Atheism and superstition rule by turns;
And a mere heathen in the carnal part,
Is still a sad good Christian at her heart.*

* I have been informed, on good authority, that this character was designed for the then Duchess of Hamilton.—Warton.
Swift describes this lady as handsome, airy, and violent tempered, with abundance of wit and spirit.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PAINTING FOR ME THE

STATUES OF APOLLO, VENUS, AND HERCULES.

What god, what genius, did the pencil move
When Kneller painted these?
'Twas Friendship—warm as Phœbus, kind as Love,
And strong as Hercules.

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ON THE COUNTESS OF BURLINGTON

CUTTING PAPER.

Pallas grew vapourish once and odd;
  She would not do the least right thing,
Either for goddess or for god,
  Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.

Jove frown'd, and "Use," he cried "those eyes
  So skilful, and those hands so taper;
Do something exquisite and wise—"
  She bow'd, obey'd him, and—cut paper.

This vexing him who gave her birth,
  Thought by all heaven a burning shame;
What does she next, but bids on earth
  Her Burlington do just the same!

Pallas, you give yourself strange airs;
  But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
The sense and taste of one that bears
  The name of Saville and of Boyle.

Alas! one bad example shown,
  How quickly all the sex pursue!
See, madam, see the arts o'erthrown
  Between John Overton and you!

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FUGITIVE PIECES.

SONG,

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXIII.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple pinions
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming,
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth!
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gored with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Discretion, string the lyre;
Soothe my ever-waking slumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir!

Gloomy Pluto, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Watering soft Elysian plains.

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Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows!

Melancholy, smooth Meander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela, drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
Melody resigns to Fate.

It is remarkable that this song imposed upon one of Pope's professed commentators, the late learned Gilbert Wakefield, who took it for a serious composition: "It appears," he says, "disjointed and obscure," and asks, in reference to the fourth verse, "what is the propriety of this observation! and what its application to the present subject?" On this occasion, Mr. Toulmin, a friend of Mr. Wakefield's, addressed to him a copy of verses, which Mr. Wakefield, with a good-humoured confession of his mistake, has printed in the subsequent volume of his *Observations on Pope*, conceiving that they "will form an agreeable termination of his Preface."

"Watchful Wakefield, late and early,
Slumbering o'er the page of Pope,
Wit has caught her critic fairly,
Twisting sand into a rope," &c.

But perhaps the most solemn and successful imposition that ever was practised on an inconsiderate reader, is the *Ode on Science*; printed (as is also the *Song* by a person of quality) in Pope and Swift's *Miscellanies;* and which, like that, to judge from the style, is not unlikely to have been the work of Pope.

ODE ON SCIENCE.

Oh, heavenly born! in deepest dells
If fairest Science ever dwells
Beneath the mossy cave;
Indulge the verdure of the woods,
With azure beauty gild the floods,
And flow'ry carpets lave.

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For melancholy ever reigns
Delighted in the sylvan scenes
With scientific light;
While Dian, huntress of the vales,
Seeks lulling sounds and fanning gales,
Though wrapt from mortal sight.

Yet, goddess, yet the way explore
With magic rites and heathen lore
Obstructed and depress'd;
Till Wisdom give the sacred Nine,
Untaught, not uninspired, to shine
By reason's power redress'd.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught
To moralize the human thought
Of mad opinion's maze,
To erring zeal they gave new laws,
Thy charms, O Liberty! the cause
That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright Astrea gild the morn,
Or bid a hundred sons be born,
To hecatomb the year;
Without thy aid, in vain the poles,
In vain the zodiac system rolls,
In vain the lunar sphere.

Come, fairest princess of the throng,
Bring sweet philosophy along
In metaphysic dreams;
While raptured bards no more behold
A vernal age of purer gold,
In Heliconian streams.

Drive Thraldom with malignant hand
To curse some other destined land,
By Folly led astray;

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Iërne bear on azure wing,
Energic let her soar, and sing
Thy universal sway.

So when Amphion bade the lyre
To more majestic sound aspire,
Behold the madding throng,
In wonder and oblivion drown'd,
To soulpture turn'd by magic sound
And petrifying song!

VERSES

Left by Mr. Pope, on his lying in the same Bed which Wilmot, the celebrated Earl of Rochester, slept in at Adderbury, then belonging to the Duke of Argyle, July 9th, 1739.

With no poetic ardour fired
I press the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he loved, or here expired,
Begets no numbers, grave or gay.

Beneath thy roof, Argyle, are bred
Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
Stretch'd out in honour's nobler bed,
Beneath a nobler roof—the sky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn,
Yet stoop to bless a child or wife;
And such as wicked kings may mourn,
When freedom is more dear than life

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THE CHALLENGE,

A COURT BALLAD.

To the Tune of "To all you Ladies now at Land," &c.

To one fair lady out of court,
And two fair ladies in,
Who think the Turk* and Pope† a sport,
And wit and love no sin;
Come these soft lines, with nothing stiff in,
To Bellenden, Lepell, and Griffin.‡
With a fa, la, la.

What passes in the dark third row,
And what behind the scene,
Couches and crippled chairs I know,
And garrets hung with green;
I know the swing of sinful hack,
Where many damsels cry alack.
With a fa, la, la.

Then why to courts should I repair,
Where's such ado with Townshend?
To hear each mortal stamp and swear,
And ev'ry speech with zounds end;
To hear 'em rail at honest Sunderland,
And rashly blame the realm of Blunderland §
With a fa, la, la.

Alas! like Schutz I cannot pun,
Like Grafton court the Germans;
Tell Pickenbourg how slim she's grown,
Like Meadows‖ run to sermons;
To court ambitious men may roam,
But I and Marlbro' stay at home.
With a fa, la, la.

* Viide, the little Turk.
† The Author.
‡ Ladies of the court of Princess Caroline.
§ Ireland.
‖ Mentioned before in the verses to Mrs. Howe.

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In truth, by what I can discern,
Of courtiers 'twixt you three,
Some wit you have, and more may learn
From court, than Gay or me:
Perhaps, in time, you'll leave high diet,
To sup with us on milk and quiet.
With a fa, la, la.

At Leicester-Fields, a house full high,
With door all painted green,
Where ribbons wave upon the tye
(A milliner I mean);
There may you meet us three to three,
For Gay can well make two of me.
With a fa, la, la.

But should you catch the prudish itch,
And each become a coward,
Bring sometimes with you Lady Rich,
And sometimes Mistress Howard;
For virgins to keep chaste must go
Abroad with such as are not so.
With a fa, la, la.

And thus, fair maids, my ballad ends;
God send the king safe landing;*
And make all honest ladies friends
To armies that are standing;
Preserve the limits of those nations,
And take off ladies' limitations.
With a fa, la, la.

* This ballad was written anno 1717.

NOTWITHSTANDING Pope's affected contempt of the court, he was proud of the acquaintance of some of the beautiful young women belonging to it.

The ladies mentioned in this ballad, Pope speaks of in a letter: "I met the prince, with all his ladies on horseback, coming from hunting.

"Mrs. B— (Bellenden) and Mrs. L— (Lepell) took me into protection (contrary to the law against harbouring Papists), and gave me a dinner."—BOWLES.

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SANDYS' GHOST;

OR,

A Proper New Ballad on the New Ovid's Metamorphoses:

AS IT WAS INTENDED TO BE TRANSLATED BY PERSONS OF QUALITY.

SIR SAMUEL GARTH, who published the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, translated by "Dryden, Addison, Garth, Mainwaring, Congreve, Rowe, Pope, Gay, Eusden, Croxal, and other eminent hands," had himself no other share in the undertaking, than engaging the various translators in their task, and putting their labours into some order. The work was intended to supersede the ancient translation.

George Sandys, the old translator, (whose ghost is introduced in the verses,) was a man of great accomplishment, and pronounced by Dryden to be the best versifier of his age. The curious reader will find many particulars respecting him, and his translation of Ovid, in the *Censura Literaria*, volumes 4th, 5th, and 6th. He died in 1643.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

YE Lords and Commons, men of wit
And pleasure about town,
Read this, ere you translate one bit
Of books of high renown.

Beware of Latin authors all,
Nor think your verses sterling,
Though with a golden pen you scrawl,
And scribble in a Berlin:

For not the desk with silver nails,
Nor bureau of expense,
Nor standish well japann'd, avails
To writing of good sense.

Hear how a ghost in dead of night,
With saucer eyes of fire,
In woful wise did sore affright
A wit and courtly 'squire.

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Rare imp of Phœbus, hopeful youth!
Like puppy tame, that uses
To fetch and carry in his mouth
The works of all the Muses.

Ah! why did he write poetry,
That hereto was so civil;
And sell his soul for vanity
To rhyming and the devil?

A desk he had of curious work,
With glittering studs about;
Within the same did Sandys lurk,
Though Ovid lay without.

Now, as he scratch'd to fetch up thought,
Forth popp'd the sprite so thin,
And from the keyhole bolted out,
All upright as a pin.

With whiskers, band, and pantaloon,
And ruff composed most duly,
This 'squire he dropp'd his pen full soon,
While as the light burned bluely.

"Ho! Master Sam," quoth Sandys' sprite,
"Write on, nor let me scare ye;
Forsooth, if rhymes fall not in right,
To Budgell seek or Carey.

"I hear the beat of Jacob's* drums,
Poor Ovid finds no quarter!
See first the merry P——† comes
In haste without his garter.

* Old Jacob Tonson, the editor of the *Metamorphoses*.

† Pembroke probably.

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"Then lords and lordlings, 'squires and knights,
Wits, witlings, prigs, and peers:
Garth at St. James's, and at White's,
Beats up for volunteers.

"What Fenton will not do, nor Gay,
Nor Congreve, Rowe, nor Stanyan,
Tom Burnet, or Tom D'Urfey may,
John Dunton, Steele, or any one.

"If Justice Philips' costive head
Some frigid rhymes disburses:
They shall like Persian tales be read,
And glad both babes and nurses.

"Let Warwick's Muse with Ash—t join,
And Ozell's with Lord Hervey's,
Tickell and Addison combine,
And Pope translate with Jervas.

"L— himself, that lively lord,
Who bows to every lady,
Shall join with F— in one accord,
And be like Tate and Brady.

"Ye ladies, too, draw forth your pen;
I pray, where can the hurt lie?
Since you have brains as well as men,
As witness Lady Wortley.

"Now, Tonson, list thy forces all,
Review them, and tell noses:
For to poor Ovid shall befall
A strange metamorphosis;

"A metamorphosis more strange
Than all his books can vapour"—
"To what (quoth squire) shall Ovid change?"
Quoth Sandys, "To waste-paper."

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THE TRANSLATOR.

EGBERT SANGER served his apprenticeship with Jacob Tonson, and succeeded Bernard Lintot in his shop at Middle Temple Gate, Fleet-street. Lintot printed Ozell's translation of Perrault's *Characters*, and Sanger his translation of Boileau's *Lutrin*, recommended by Mr. Rowe, 1709.—WARTON.

OZELL, at Sanger's call, invoked his muse,
For who to sing for Sanger could refuse?
His numbers such as Sanger's self might use.
Reviving Perrault, murdering Boileau, he
Slander'd the ancients first, then Wycherley;
Which yet not much that old bard's anger raised,
Since those were slandered most whom Ozell praised.
Nor had the gentle satire caused complaining,
Had not sage Rowe pronounced it entertaining;
How great must be the judgment of that writer,
Who the *Plain Dealer* damns, and prints the *Biter!*

IMPROMPTU,

TO LADY WINCHELSEA.

Occasioned by four Satirical Verses on Women Wits,

IN THE HAPE OF THE LOCK.

IN vain you boast poetic names of yore,
And cite those Sapphos we admire no more:
Fate doom'd the fall of every female wit;
But doom'd it then, when first Ardelia writ.
Of all examples by the world confess'd,
I knew Ardelia could not quote the best;
Who, like her mistress on Britannia's throne,
Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own.
To write their praise you but in vain essay;
Even while you write, you take that praise away:
Light to the stars the sun does thus restore,
But shines himself till they are seen no more.

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THE LOOKING-GLASS.

ON MRS. PULTENEY.

ANNA MARIA GUMLEY, daughter of John Gumley, of Isleworth, was married to Pulteney, who received with her a very large fortune. Her father gained his fortune by a glass manufactory; upon which circumstance, though hitherto unexplained, the force and elegance of this severe but pleasing composition turns. These lines were suppressed, as Pope afterwards received great civilities from Pulteney.—BOWLES.

WITH scornful mien and various toss of air,
Fantastic, vain, and insolently fair,
Grandeur intoxicates her giddy brain,
She looks ambition, and she moves disdain.
Far other carriage graced her virgin life,
But charming G—y's lost in P—y's wife.
Not greater arrogance in him we find,
And this conjunction swells at least her mind.
Oh, could the sire, renown'd in glass, produce
One faithful mirror for his daughter's use!
Wherein she might her haughty errors trace,
And by reflection learn to mend her face:
The wonted sweetness to her form restore,
Be what she was, and charm mankind once more!

ON MRS. TOFTS,

A CELEBRATED OPERA-SINGER.*

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;
But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starved, and the poet have died.

* This epigram, first printed anonymously in Steele's collection, and copied in the *Miscellanies* of Swift and Pope, is ascribed to Pope by Sir John Hawkins, in his *History of Music*. Mrs. Tofts, who was the daughter of a person in the family of Bishop Burnet, is celebrated as a singer little inferior, either for her voice or manner, to the best Italian women. She lived at the time of the introduction of the opera into England, and sung in company with Nicolini; but, being ignorant of Italian, chanted her recitative in English, in answer to his Italian; yet the charms of their voices overcame the absurdity. She is said to have been very proud and covetous.

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UMBRA.

[Curll says this character was intended to ridicule a very worthy gentleman probably Ambrose Philips.]

Close to the best known author Umbra sits,
The constant index to old Button's wits.
"Who's here?" cries Umbra: "Only Johnson."—"Oh!
Your slave," and exit; but returns with Rowe:
"Dear Rowe, let's sit and talk of tragedies."
Ere long Pope enters, and to Pope he flies.
Then up comes Steele: he turns upon his heel,
And in a moment fastens upon Steele;
But cries as soon, "Dear Dick, I must be gone,
For, if I know his tread, here's Addison."
Says Addison to Steele, "'Tis time to go:"
Pope to the closet steps aside with Rowe.
Poor Umbra, left in this abandon'd pickle,
Ev'n sits him down, and writes to honest Tickell.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I know the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy be silent and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warped by passion, awed by rumour,
Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly
An equal mixture of good-humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults, then," Envy says, "sir?"
Yes, she has one, I must aver;
When all the world conspire to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

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LINES FROM A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

RUFFHEAD has given the following lines as the production of Pope, and both Warton and Bowles have included them in their editions of his works; but Mr. Roscoe seems to have satisfied himself that their paternity properly belongs to Mr. Aaron Hill, who availed himself of the publication of a Lady's Character (Mrs. Butler, then lately deceased,) by Pope, to address him in these complimentary strains. As the reasons assigned by Roscoe for doubting their authorship are unsatisfactory to the editor of this edition, they are retained as Pope's, with this brief explanation.

STRIPP'D to the naked soul, escaped from clay,
From doubts unfettered and dissolved in day;
Unwarmed by vanity, unreached by strife,
And all my hopes and fears thrown off with life;
Why am I charmed by friendship's fond essays,
And though unbodied, conscious of thy praise?
Has pride a portion in the parted soul?
Does passion still the formless* mind control?
Can gratitude out-pant the silent breath,
Or a friend's sorrow pierce the gloom of death?
No—'tis a spirit's nobler task of bliss:
That feels the worth it left, in proofs like this;
That not its own applause, but thine approves,
Whose practice praises, and whose virtue loves,
Who liv'st to crown departed friends with fame,
Then dying, late, shalt all thou gav'st reclaim.

* In many of the editions of Pope, it is erroneously printed "firmless."

LINES,

SUNG by Durastanti, when she took her leave of the English stage. The words were hastily put together by Mr. Pope, at the request of the Earl of Peterborough. Durastanti was brought to England to sing at the opera, 1721. She was so great a favourite at Court, that the king stood godfather to one of her children.

GENEROUS, gay, and gallant nation,
Bold in arms, and bright in arts;
Land secure from all invasion,
All but Cupid's gentle darts!

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From your charms, oh! who would run?
Who would leave you for the sun?
Happy soil, adieu, adieu!
Let old charmers yield to new.
In arms, in arts, be still more shining;
All your joys be still increasing;
All your tastes be still refining;
All your jars for ever ceasing:
But let old charmers yield to new:
Happy soil, adieu, adieu!

JEU D'ESPRIT,

ON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S HOUSE AT WOODSTOCK.

Atria longè patent; sed nec cœnantibus usquam,
Nec somno locus est quam bene non habites!
Mart. Epig.

"See, sir, here's the grand approach,
This way is for his Grace's coach;
There lies the bridge, and here's the clock,
Observe the lion and the cock,
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mark how wide the hall is made!
The chimneys are so well designed,
They never smoke in any wind.
This gallery's contrived for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in;
The council-chamber for debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state."
"Thanks, sir," cried I, "'tis very fine,
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling."*

* The same idea is used by Lord Chesterfield in his epigram on Burlington House:

"How well you *build*, let flatt'ry tell,
And all mankind how ill you dwell."

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A PRAYER OF BRUTUS.

Pope is said to have furnished the Rev. Aaron Thompson with the following lines, being a translation of a prayer of Brutus, which Warton thinks worthy of preservation. It appears that this gentleman made a version of *Geoffrey of Monmouth*, which satisfied himself much better than any body else, and which is thus alluded to in one of Pope's letters to Mr. Blount:

"The poor man is highly concerned to vindicate Geoffrey's character as an historian; and told me he was perfectly astonished that we of the Roman communion could doubt of the legends of his giants, while we believe those of our saints. I am forced to make a fair composition with him; and, by crediting some of the wonders of his Corinæus and Gogmagog, have brought him so far already, that he speaks respectfully of St. Christopher's carrying Christ, and the resuscitation of St. Nicholas Tolentine's chicken. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of infidelity."

Goddess of woods, tremendous in the chase,
To mountain wolves and all the savage race,
Wide o'er th' aërial vault extend thy sway,
And o'er th' infernal regions void of day.
On thy third reign look down; disclose our fate,
In what new station shall we fix our seat?
When shall we next thy hallow'd altars raise,
And choirs of virgins celebrate thy praise?

THE THREE GENTLE SHEPHERDS.

Of gentle Philips* will I ever sing,
With gentle Philips shall the valleys ring.
My numbers too for ever will I vary,
With gentle Budgell,† and with gentle Carey.‡
Or, if in ranging of the names I judge ill,
With gentle Carey and with gentle Budgell.
Oh! may all gentle bards together place ye,
Men of good hearts, and men of delicacy.
May satire ne'er befool ye, or beknave ye,
And from all wits that have a knack,§ God save ye.

* Ambrose Philips. † Eustace Budgell. ‡ Henry Carey.

§ Curll said that in prose he was equal to Pope, but that in verse Pope *had* merely a *particular knack*.

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IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

Sir William Trumbull, on a certain occasion, feeling obliged to congratulate a friend on his birth-day, and finding he had no materials of his own on hand, sent the following imitation of Martial's epigram on Antonius Primus, which was among the first productions of Pope, who had then only shown it to a few intimate friends. He subsequently apologized for the harmless artifice, and was anxious that the author should give him leave to declare the "father of this fine child."

"Jam numerat placido felix Antonius ævo," &c.

At length my friend (while time with still career
Wafts on his gentle wing his eightieth year)
Sees his past days safe out of fortune's power,
Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour;
Reviews his life, and in the strict survey
Finds not one moment he could wish away,
Pleased with the series of each happy day.
Such, such a man extends his life's short space,
And from the goal again renews the race:
For he lives twice, who can at once employ
The present well, and ev'n the past enjoy.

ON A GROTTO.

The following lines on a grotto adorned with shell-work at Crux-Easton, Hants, were written by Pope, at the instance of the Misses Lisles, (to whom an allusion is made,) sisters of the well-known Dr. Lisle, who was chaplain to the British factory at Smyrna, and the author of several humorous pieces in verse:

Here shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise:
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame;
Beauty which Nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces art;
But fate disposed them in this humble sort,
And hid in deserts what would charm a court.

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EPIGRAMS.

ON A CERTAIN PRELATE.

A BISHOP by his neighbours hated,
Has cause to wish himself translated;
But why should Hough desire translation,
Loved and esteemed by all the nation?
Yet, if it be the old man's case,
I'll lay my life I know the place:
'Tis where God sent some that adore him,
And whither Enoch went before him.

TO A LADY, WITH THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

WHAT's fame with men, by custom of the nation,
Is call'd, in women, only reputation:
About them both why keep we such a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

FROM THE FRENCH—PRIOR.

SIR, I admit your general rule,
That every poet is a fool:
But you yourself may serve to show it,
That every fool is not a poet.

THE BALANCE OF EUROPE.

Now Europe's balanced, neither side prevails;
For nothing's left in either of the scales.

ON THE FEUDS ABOUT HANDEL AND BONONCINI.

STRANGE! all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedle-DUM and Tweedle-DEE.

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ON THE TOASTS OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB, MDCCXVI.

WHENCE, deathless KIT-CAT took its name,
Few critics can unriddle:
Some say from PASTRY-COOK it came,
And some, from CAT and FIDDLE.

From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
Gray statesmen, or green wits;
But from this pellmell pack of toasts
Of old CATS and young KITS.

ON ONE WHO MADE LONG EPITAPHS,

FRIEND, for your epitaphs I'm grieved;
Where still so much is said,
One half will never be believed,
The other never read.

OCCASIONED BY AN INVITATION TO COURT

IN the lines that you sent, are the Muses and Graces;
You've the Nine in your wit, and the three in your faces.

ON A SCRIBBLER.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

ENGRAVED ON THE COLLAR OF A DOG, WHICH I GAVE TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew:
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

The idea of this inscription is taken from Sir William Temple's "Heads designed for an Essay on Conversation."

"Mr. Grantam's fool's reply to a great man that asked whose fool he was is probably in the mind of every reader: 'I am Mr. Grantam's fool—pray tell me whose fool are you!'"

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EPITAPHS.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere!—Virg.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

It must be admitted that no subject of literary composition is so difficult as that of an epitaph; insomuch that it would scarcely be possible to produce one of any extent, to which some substantial objections might not be made. Of this the ancients were so sensible, that they seldom attempted more than to record the event in the most simple and impressive terms. But the more ambitious claims of modern times call for greater efforts; and every exertion of fancy, and every turn of sentiment, have been resorted to, in order to produce, from the commemoration of the dead, a more striking and beneficial effect—consolatory, pathetic, or instructive—on the minds of the living. That in this respect the productions of Pope are, upon the whole, equal to those of any other writer, will scarcely be denied; while in the polish of style, and harmonious flow of versification, they greatly excel them all.—Roscoe.

I.

ON CHARLES, EARL OF DORSET.

In the Church of Withyam, in Sussex.

Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muses' pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of Nature, died.
The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state:
Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Bless'd satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,
As show'd vice had his hate and pity too.
Bless'd courtier! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep his friendships and his ease.
Bless'd peer! his great forefathers' every grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

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II.

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL,

One of the principal Secretaries of State to King William III., who, having resigned his place, died in his retirement at Easthamsted, in Berkshire, 1716.

A PLEASING form; a firm, yet cautious mind;
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resign'd;
Honour unchanged, a principle profess'd,
Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest:
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too;
Just to his prince, and to his country true:
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth:
A generous faith, from superstition free;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny;
Such this man was; who now, from earth removed,
At length enjoys that liberty he loved.

Dr. Johnson objects to this epitaph, because the name of the person on whom it was written is omitted—a fault which he thinks scarcely any beauty can compensate. To this he adds, that "it is wholly without elevation, and contains nothing striking or particular," &c. The former observation seems well founded; but the many peculiarities of character enumerated in the epitaph prevent our acceding to the latter.

III.

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

Only son of the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the friend most loved, the son most dear:
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief—but when he died.

How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh, let thy once-loved friend inscribe thy stone,
And, with a father's sorrows mix his own!

Ver. 4. *But when he died.*] These are said to be the very words used by Louis XIV. when his Queen died, 1683; though it is not to be imagined they were copied by Pope. Such coincidences in writers are not uncommon.

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IV.

ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.*

In Westminster-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,
REGNI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ:
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XIV. MDCCXX.

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend,
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
Praised, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he loved.

Ver. 1. *Statesman, yet friend to truth.*] These verses were originally the conclusion of the Epistle to Mr. Addison on his *Dialogue on Medals*, and were adapted as an epitaph by an alteration in the last line, which in the epistle stood—

"And praised unenvied by the Muse he loved."

* He was the only son of James Craggs, who has been before mentioned. He had his education at a French seminary in Chelsea; from thence he went to Hanover, thence to the Court of Turin. He removed to Barcelona, and in the absence of Lord Stanhope, he afterwards served as Under-Minister to the Emperor. Upon the death of Queen Anne, he was sent to Hanover, for which he was made, by the assistance of the Duke of Marlborough, Cofferer to the Prince, and afterwards Principal Secretary of State. Considering the violent state of parties, no one had fewer enemies. His generosity, goodnature, pleasing manners, and liberal heart, were acknowledged by all. Though the friend of Addison, and raised by the Whigs, yet his manly generosity to Pope is well known. The only thing that has appeared to cast a momentary shade (if such an expression may be used) on his character, was his connexion with the unfortunate South-Sea business. According to the Committee of Secresy, no less a sum than thirty-six thousand pounds fictitious stock was held for him and his father. Upon the great alarm and subsequent distress of the public, the elder Craggs died suddenly, not without suspicion that he hastened his own dissolution. Possibly the violent agitation of his spirits produced a fever, which terminated fatally. The late Lord Oxford informed Mr. Coxe, that he had an interview with Sir Robert Walpole, just at the time of the rupture of the scheme, and he appeared in such a state of violent agitation and distress, that Sir Robert expressed little surprise when he afterwards heard of his death. He left three daughters, all married, and connected with families whose descendants are at this day as high in station as most amiable in life.

Craggs, notwithstanding he was a pleasant companion, and a particular favourite, it is said, with the ladies, was very attentive to business.

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V.

ON MR. ROWE, THE POET,

In Westminster-Abbey.

THY reliques, Rowe! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakspeare place thy honour'd bust,
Oh, next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love too bless'd!
And bless'd, that timely from our scene removed,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it loved.
To these, so mourn'd in death, so loved in life!
The childless parent, and the widow'd wife,
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes, and expects her own.

The following is the epitaph as it was originally written; but which was afterwards altered for the monument in the Abbey, erected to Rowe and his daughter:

THY reliques, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,
And, sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust:
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love too bless'd!
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.

Ver. 3. *Beneath a rude.*] The tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally intended this epitaph:

"This Sheffield raised. The sacred dust below,
Was Dryden once: The rest who does not know?"

which the author since changed into the plain inscription now upon it, being only the name of that great poet:

J. DRYDEN.

Natus Aug. 9, 1631. Mortuus Maij 1, 1700.

JOANNES SHEFFIELD DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS POSUIT.

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VI.

ON MRS. CORBET,

Who died of a Cancer in her breast.

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
Bless'd with plain reason, and with sober sense;
No conquest she, but o'er herself, desired,
No arts essay'd, but not to be admired.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinced that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so composed a mind;
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refined;
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried!
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

VII.

On the Monument of the Honourable Robert Digby, and of his sister Mary, erected by their father, the Lord Digby, in the Church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, 1727.

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth:
Composed in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great.
Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go, live! for Heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.
And thou, bless'd maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go, then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet, take these tears, mortality's relief,
And, till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
ive;

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VIII.

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heaven, and not a master, taught,
Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought;
Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poet's lays,
Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

Ver. 7. *Living, great Nature.*] Much better translated by Mr. W. Harrison, of New College, a favourite of Swift, communicated to me by Dr. Lowth:

"Here Raphael lies, by whose untimely end
Nature both lost a rival and a friend."

Notwithstanding the partiality of Pope, this artist little deserved to be consulted by our poet, as he was, concerning the arrangement of the subjects represented on the shield of Achilles. These required a genius of a higher order.—WARTON.

I take this opportunity of explaining a ridiculous anecdote, which Warton has admitted, of Kneller's vanity. Walpole has related it in this manner. "Sir Godfrey," says Pope, "*if God had consulted* you, the world would have been made more perfect." "'Fore God," replies Kneller, "*I think so.*" Now the real story is this: When Pope, with an affected and pert superiority, said: "If Sir Godfrey *had been consulted*, the world would have *been made more perfect;*" Kneller immediately turned the laugh upon Pope, by looking at his diminutive person, and saying, with a good-humoured smile, "'*Fore God*, there are *some little things* in it, I think I *could have mended.*" This is humorous and pleasant; whereas, as the *wits* have told *the story themselves*, Sir Godfrey's *stupidity* appears equal to his *vanity*.—BOWLES.

Pope had made Sir Godfrey, on his death-bed, a promise to write his epitaph, which he seems to have performed with reluctance. He thought it "the worst thing he ever wrote in his life."—*Spence's Anecdotes.*

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* Imitated from the famous epitaph on Raphael:

"Raphael, timuit, quo sospite, vinci
Rerum magna parens, et moriente, mori."—*P.*

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IX.

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1729.

HERE, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human-kind.
Oh, born to arms! Oh, worth in youth approved!
Oh, soft humanity, in age beloved!
For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.

Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
Amid corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age:
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

Ver. 1. *Here, Withers, rest.*] In the early part of his life, Pope associated much with General Withers and his friend Colonel Disney, commonly called, in Pope's correspondence, *Duke Disney*, who resided with the general at Greenwich.

X.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

At Easthamsted, in Berks, 1730.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, "Here lies an honest man:"
A poet, bless'd beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great:
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,
Thank'd Heaven that he had lived, and that he died.

Pope has left another character of Fenton, not inconsistent with the above. "Fenton is a right honest man. He is fat and indolent; a very good scholar sits within, and does nothing but read or compose."—*Spence's Anecdotes.*

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XI.

ON MR. GAY,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child;
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation, in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—"Here lies Gay!"

Ver. 2. *In wit*, &c.] This seems derived from Dryden's *Elegy on Mrs Anne Killegrew:*

"Her wit was more than *man*; her innocence a *child*."—WAKEFIELD.

Ver. 3. *Virtuous rage*.] Silius Italicus, v. 652, has the same expression:
Virtutis sacram rabiem.—WAKEFIELD.

Ver. 12. *Here lies Gay*.] *i. e.* in the hearts of the good and worthy. Mr. Pope told me his conceit in this line was not generally understood. For, by peculiar ill-luck, the *formulary* expression which makes the beauty, misleads the reader into a sense which takes it quite away.—WARBURTON.

The conceit in the last line is certainly very puerile, and a false thought, borrowed from Crashaw:

"Entomb'd, not in this stone, but in my heart."—CRASHAW, *Poems*, p. 94.

ANOTHER.

Well, then! poor Gay lies under ground,
So there's an end of honest Jack:
So little justice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

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XII.

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,*

In Westminster-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:
Quem Immortalem
Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum;
Mortalem
Hoc Marmor Fatetur.

NATURE and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

Ver. 1. *Nature.*] The antithesis between *Mortalem* and *Immortalem* is much unsuited to the subject; and the second English line, "God said," &c., borders a little on the profane. The magnificent fiat of Moses will be always striking and admired, notwithstanding the cold objections of Le Clerc and Huet.—WARTON.

Ver. 2. *Let Newton be.*] He was born on the very day on which Galileo died. When Ramsay was one day complimenting him on his discoveries in philosophy, he answered, as I read it in *Spence's Anecdotes:* "Alas! I am only like a child picking up pebbles on the shore of the great ocean of truth."—WARTON.

Ver. 2. *And all was light.*] It had been better—*and* there *was light*—as more conformable to the reality of the fact, and to the allusion whereby it is celebrated.—WARBURTON.

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* Sir Isaac Newton, the celebrated English philosopher and mathematician, was unquestionably one of the greatest geniuses that ever blessed the world. He was born at Woolstrope, in Lincolnshire, in 1642, and died in 1727. His discoveries in optics, (particularly his invention or improvement of the reflecting telescope,) and in other branches of natural philosophy and the mathematics, are too generally known to require notice here. Of his numerous literary and scientific works, the most esteemed are, *Treatise on Optics*, and *Naturalis Philosophiæ Principia Mathematica.*

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XIII

ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Who died in exile at Paris, 1732, (his only daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him.)

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

YES, we have lived—one pang, and then we part;
May Heaven, dear father! now have all thy heart.
Yet, ah! how once we loved, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

HE.

Dear shade! I will:
Then mix this dust with thine—Oh, spotless ghost!
Oh, more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?
Yes—"Save my country, Heaven!"—He said, and died.

Ver. 1. *Yes, we have lived.*] I know not why this dialogue should be called an epitaph. Dr. Johnson says, "it is contemptible, and should have been suppressed for the author's sake." I see no reason for this harsh sentence passed upon it.—WARTON.

Many of our old epitaphs are written *in dialogue*. In this instance, nothing could so well express the story of the daughter and father meeting in a foreign country, he exiled, and she dying in his arms!—BOWLES.

Ver. 9. *Save my country, Heaven.*] Alluding to the Bishop's frequent use and application of the expiring words of the famous Father Paul, in his prayer for the state, "*Esto perpetua.*" With what propriety the bishop applied it at his trial, and is here made to refer to it in his last moments, they will understand, who know what conformity there was in the lives of the prelate and the monk. The character of our countryman is well known; and that of the father may be told in very few words. He was profoundly skilled in all divine and human learning. He employed his whole life in the service of the state, against the unjust encroachments of the church. He was modest, humble, and forgiving; candid, patient, and just; free from all prejudices of party, and all the projects of ambition; in a word, the happiest compound of science, wisdom, and virtue.—WARBURTON.

This severe sarcasm would certainly, if he had seen it, been highly displeasing to Pope, who retained for Atterbury the warmest affection and respect. But from the *Letters of Atterbury*, printed in three volumes, by Mr. Nicholls, and particularly from those in p. 148, to p. 168, it almost indisputably appears that the bishop was engaged in a treasonable correspondence, and in the intrigues of the pretender.—WARTON.

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XIV.

ON EDMUND, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,*

Who died in the nineteenth year of his age, 1735.

If modest youth with cool reflection crown'd,
And every opening virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state;
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had shone approved,
The senate heard him, and his country loved:
Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham:
In whom a race, for courage famed and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;
And—chiefs or sages long to Britain given—
Pays the last tribute of a saint to Heaven.

* Only son of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, by Cathaeine Darnley natural daughter of James II.

XV.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

Heroes and kings! your distance keep;
In peace let one poor poet sleep.
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

ANOTHER, ON THE SAME

Under this marble, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, or ev'n what they will;
Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head;

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Lies one who ne'er cared, and still cares not a pin,
What they said, or may say, of the mortal within;
But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

Imitated from the following lines of Ariosto:

Ludovici Areosti humantur ossa
Sub hoc mamore, vel sub hoc humo, seu
Sub quioquid voluit benignus hæres
Sive hærede benignior comes, seu
Opportunius incidens Viator;
Nam scire haud potuit futura, sed nec
Tanti erat vacuum sibi cadaver
Ut urnam cuperet parare vivens,
Vivens ista tamen sibi paravit.
Quæ inscribi voluit suo sepulchro
Olim siquod haberetis sepulchrum.

XVI.

ON BUTLER'S MONUMENT.

PERHAPS BY MR. POPE.*

Respect to Dryden, Sheffield justly paid,
And noble Villers honour'd Cowley's shade:
But whence this Barber? that a name so mean
Should, join'd with Butler's, on a tomb be seen:
This pyramid would better far proclaim
To future ages humbler Settle's name:
Poet and patron then had been well pair'd,
The city printer, and the city bard.

* Mr. Pope, in one of the prints from Scheemaker's monument of Shakspeare in Westminster-Abbey, has sufficiently shown his contempt of Alderman Barber, by the following couplet, which is substituted in the place of "*The cloud-capp'd towers*," &c.:

"Thus Britain loved me; and preserved my fame,
Clear from a Barber's or a Benson's name.—A. Pope.

Pope might probably have suppressed his satire on the alderman, because he was one of Swift's acquaintances and correspondents; though in the fourth book of the *Dunciad* he has an anonymous stroke at him:

"So by each bard an alderman shall sit,
A heavy lord shall hang at every wit."

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XVII.

ON JOHN HEWET AND SARAH DREW.

It is singular that several of Pope's late editors have omitted the epitaph which he composed on this couple at the request of Lord Harcourt. In its "day and generation," it was perhaps the subject of more comment than any other from the same pen. Even Lady Wortley Montagu, while she treated it as a matter of raillery, at the same time made it a source of compliment to the author.

The circumstances which elicited it, will doubtless receive additional interest if given in the words of Pope himself. They are thus detailed in one of his letters to Lady Mary:

"I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me. It overlooks a common field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in romance beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet; of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man, about five-and-twenty, Sarah a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed, (it was on the last of July,) a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frighted and out of breath, sunk on a haycock, and John (who never separated from her) sate by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair;—John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, in the parish of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire; where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of the follow-

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ing epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one: I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better; I think it was what you would not have refused me on so moving an occasion.

"When Eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the same pile their faithful fair expire;
Here pitying Heaven their virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleased,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seized.

I.

"Think not by rigorous judgment seized,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heaven saw well pleased,
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.

II.

"Live well, and fear no sudden fate:
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.

Virtue unmoved can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

"Upon the whole, I cannot think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have, was to be remembered on a little monument; unless you will give them another—that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness; you must have it; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue; the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest."

Although Pope speaks of these epitaphs as *his* production, yet, from a letter of Gay to Mr. Fortescue, giving an account of this event, we are led to the conclusion that the first one of the above was a joint production of the two poets, who both happened on a visit to Lord Harcourt at the same time. Indeed, the very letter communicating the occurrence, is said to have been a joint production, in which either made such trifling alterations as circumstances required, and addressed copies to their several friends. Lord Harcourt, however, was apprehensive that the first was too classical, and would not be understood by the country people; and Pope was induced to make the second

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—one "with something of Scripture in it, and with as little of poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold." The poetical lines were preceded by the following:

Near this place lie the bodies of
JOHN HEWET AND SARAH DREW,
an industrious young man
and virtuous maiden of this Parish;
who being at Harvest-work
(with several others)
were in an instant killed by Lightning,
the last day of July, 1718.

In a letter dated at Dover, November 1, 1718, Lady Mary notices the foregoing incidents in the following manner:

"I must applaud your good nature in supposing that your pastoral lovers (vulgarly called haymakers) would have lived in everlasting joy and harmony, if the lightning had not interrupted their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine that John Hewet and Sarah Drew were either wiser or more virtuous than their neighbours. That a well-set man of twenty-five should have a fancy to marry a brown woman of eighteen, is nothing marvellous; and I cannot help thinking, that had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow-parishioners. His endeavouring to shield her from a storm was a natural action, and what he would have certainly done for his horse, if he had been in the same situation. Neither am I of opinion that their sudden death was a reward of their mutual virtue. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you desire me to try my skill in an epitaph, I think the following lines perhaps more just, though not so poetical as yours:

"HERE lies John Hewet and Sarah Drew;
Perhaps you'll say, What's that to you?
Believe me, friend, much may be said
On that poor couple, that are dead.
On Sunday next they should have married;
But see how oddly things are carried!
On Thursday last it rained and lightened,
These tender lovers, sadly frightened,
Sheltered beneath the cocking hay,
In hopes to pass the time away.
But the *bold thunder* found them out
(Commission'd for that end no doubt),

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And, seizing on their trembling breath,
Consign'd them to the shades of death.
Who knows if 'twas not kindly done?
For had they seen the next year's sun,
A beaten wife and cuckold swain
Had jointly cursed the marriage chain;
Now they are happy in their doom,
For Pope has wrote upon their tomb."

LORD CONINGSBY'S EPITAPH.*

HERE lies Lord Coningsby—be civil;
The rest God knows—so does the devil.

* This epitaph, originally written on Picus Mirandula, is applied to F. Chartres, and printed among the works of Swift. See Hawkesworth edition, vol. vi.

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JOHNSON'S CRITICISMS

ON

POPE'S EPITAPHS.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

Upon several occasions, we have heretofore felt called upon to express our dissent from the dogmatic strictures of Dr. Johnson; and in no instance do we more entirely differ from the "learned Colossus of literature," than in his acetic comments on Pope's epitaphs. That he has carried the freedom of criticism to an unjustifiable excess, every unprejudiced reader must admit; and that the writer's high church notions had a great influence in effusing the acrimony displayed, is much more than probable.

Perhaps many readers will marvel why they have been transplanted here at all; and, if so, it may be sufficient to say, that while we object to his criticisms as a whole, we are free to acknowledge that they are intermixed with many acute and judicious remarks, which are deserving of particular notice and selection. Besides, they have so long accompanied almost every modern edition of Pope, as to be considered by many as a necessary addenda.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL VISITER.

Every art is best taught by example. Nothing contributes more to the cultivation of propriety, than remarks on the works of those who have most excelled. I shall therefore endeavour, at this *visit*, to entertain the young students in poetry with an examination of Pope's epitaphs.

To define an Epitaph is useless; every one knows that it is an inscription on a tomb. An epitaph, therefore, implies no particular character of writing, but may be composed in verse or prose. It is indeed commonly panegyrical; because we are seldom distinguished with a stone but by our friends; but it has no rule to restrain or mollify it, except this, that it ought not to be longer than common beholders may be expected to have leisure and patience to peruse.

ON CHARLES, EARL OF DORSET.

Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muses' pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of Nature, died.
The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state:

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Yet soft his nature, though severe his lay,
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Bless'd satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,
As show'd vice had his hate and pity too.
Bless'd courtier! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep his friendships and his ease.
Bless'd peer! his great forefathers' every grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

The first distich of this epitaph contains a kind of information which few would want, that the man for whom the tomb was erected, *died.* There are indeed some qualities worthy of praise ascribed to the dead, but none that were likely to exempt him from the lot of man, or incline us much to wonder that he should die.

[But surely these remarks cannot prevent our perceiving the impressive effect produced in the opening of the epitaph, by announcing—not merely that an individual was dead—which would indeed have been an insipid truism—but that a person who had added grace to a court, of whom the Muses were proud, who had patronized the arts, and was a judge of Nature, *was dead;* which is as much as to say, in a more concise and striking form, that the highest accomplishments of humanity cannot preserve their possessor from the common lot; a reflection eminently calculated to recall us to a due sense of the uncertainty of life, and which is in fact a beautiful imitation of the fine expression in Scripture, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man this day fallen in Israel?]

What is meant by "judge of nature," is not easy to say. Nature is not the object of human judgment; for it is in vain to judge where we cannot alter. If by *nature* is meant what is commonly called *nature* by the critics—a just representation of things really existing and actions really performed—nature cannot be properly opposed to *art;* nature being, in this sense, only the best effect of *art.*

[Can we suppose that Johnson meant to say, that because it is not in our power to alter the works of nature, which is far from being in all cases true, it is of no use or advantage to us to study them, and to form the best judgment in our power respecting

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them? Is there any employment more suitable to us, more consistent with our true dignity, improvement, and happiness, than the contemplation of the works of nature? or, in other words, of that immense universe which the Creator of all has given us faculties in a great degree to comprehend, and has offered to our inquiry and admiration? and is it not the highest honour that can be conferred on a mortal, to say that he was "a judge" of this wonderful system?]

The scourge of pride—

Of this couplet, the second line is not, what is intended, an illustration of the former. *Pride*, in the *great*, is indeed well enough connected with knaves in state, though *knaves* is a word rather too ludicrous and light; but the mention of *sanctified* pride will not lead the thoughts to *fops in learning*, but rather to some species of tyranny or oppression, something more gloomy and more formidable than foppery.

Yet soft his nature—

This is a high compliment, but was not first bestowed on Dorset by Pope. The next verse is extremely beautiful.

Bless'd satirist!—

In this distich is another line of which Pope was not the author. I do not mean to blame these imitations with much harshness; in long performances they are scarcely to be avoided; and in shorter they may be indulged, because the train of the composition may naturally involve them, or the scantiness of the subject allow little choice. However, what is borrowed is not to be enjoyed as our own; and it is the business of critical justice to give every bird of the Muses his proper feather.

Bless'd courtier —

Whether a courtier can properly be commended for keeping his *ease sacred* may perhaps be disputable. To please king and country, without sacrificing friendship to any change of times, was a very uncommon instance of prudence or felicity, and deserved to be kept separate from so poor a commendation as care of his ease. I wish our poets would attend a little more accurately to the use of the word *sacred*, which surely should never be applied in a serious composition, but where some reference may be made to a higher Being, or where some duty is exacted or implied. A man may keep his friendship sacred,

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because promises of friendship are very awful ties; but methinks he cannot, but in a burlesque sense, be said to keep his ease *sacred.*

Bless'd peer!

The blessing ascribed to the *peer* has no connexion with his peerage, they might happen to any other man whose posterity were likely to be regarded.

I know not whether this epitaph be worthy either of the writer or the man entombed.

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

A PLEASING form; a firm, yet cautious mind;
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resign'd;
Honour unchanged, a principle profess'd,
Fixed to one side, but moderate to the rest;
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too;
Just to his prince, and to his country true;
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A generous faith, from superstition free;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny;
Such this man was; who now, from earth removed,
At length enjoys that liberty he loved.

In this epitaph, as in many others, there appears, at the first view, a fault which I think scarcely any beauty can compensate: the name is omitted. The end of an epitaph is to convey some account of the dead; and to what purpose is any thing told of him whose name is concealed? An epitaph, and a history of a nameless hero, are equally absurd, since the virtues and qualities so recounted in either are scattered at the mercy of fortune to be appropriated by guess. The name, it is true, may be read upon the stone; but what obligation has it to the poet, whose verses may wander over the earth, and leave their subject behind them, and who is forced, like an unskilful painter, to make his purpose known by adventitious help?

This epitaph is wholly without elevation, and contains nothing striking or particular; but the poet is not to be blamed for the defects of his subject. He said perhaps the best that could be said. There are, however, some defects which were not made necessary by the character in which he was employed. There is no opposition between an *honest courtier* and a *patriot;* for, an *honest courtier* cannot but be a *patriot.*

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It was unsuitable to the nicety required in short compositions, to close his verse with the word *too;* every rhyme should be a word of emphasis; nor can this rule be safely neglected, except where the length of the poem makes slight inaccuracies excusable, or allows room for beauties sufficient to overpower the effects of petty faults.

At the beginning of the seventh line, the word *filled* is weak and prosaic, having no particular adaptation to any of the words that follow it.

The thought in the last line is impertinent, having no connexion with the foregoing character, nor with the condition of the man described. Had the epitaph been written on the poor conspirator* who died lately in prison, after a confinement of more than forty years, without any crime proved against him, the sentiment had been just and pathetical; but why should Trumbull be congratulated upon his liberty, who had never known restraint?

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the friend most loved, the son most dear:
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief—but when he died.

How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh, let thy once-loved friend inscribe thy stone,
And, with a father's sorrows mix his own!

This epitaph is principally remarkable for the artful introduction of the name, which is inserted with a peculiar felicity, to which chance must concur with genius, which no man can hope to attain twice, and which cannot be copied but with servile imitation.

I cannot but wish that, of this inscription, the two last lines had been omitted, as they take away from the energy what they do not add to the sense.

ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
AT CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ:
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XIV. MDCCXX.

* Major Bernardi, who died in Newgate, Sept. 30, 1736.

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STATESMAN, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend,
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
Praised, wept, and honoured, by the Muse he loved.

The lines on Craggs were not originally intended for an epitaph; and therefore some faults are to be imputed to the violence with which they are torn from the poem that first contained them. We may, however, observe some defects. There is a redundancy of words in the first couplet: it is superfluous to tell of him, who was *sincere*, *true*, and *faithful*, that he was *in honour clear*.

There seems to be an opposition intended in the fourth line, which is not very obvious: Where is the relation between the two positions, that he *gained no title* and *lost no friend?*

It may be proper here to remark the absurdity of joining, in the same inscription, Latin and English, or verse and prose. If either language be preferable to the other, let that only be used, for, no reason can be given why part of the information should be given in one tongue, and part in another, on a tomb, more than in any other place, or on any other occasion; and to tell all that can be conveniently told in verse, and then to call in the help of prose, has always the appearance of a very artless expedient, or of an attempt unaccomplished. Such an epitaph resembles the conversation of a foreigner, who tells part of his meaning by words, and conveys part by signs.

[No censure can prevent these lines from being considered as a manly, eloquent, and affectionate tribute to the memory of the person whose character they perpetuate.]

INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE.

THY reliques, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,
And, sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust:
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Bless'd in thy genius, in thy love too bless'd!
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.

Of this inscription the chief fault is, that it belongs less to Rowe, for whom it was written, than to Dryden, who was buried

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near him; and indeed gives very little information concerning either.

To wish *peace to thy shade* is too mythological to be admitted into a Christian temple; the ancient worship has infected almost all our other compositions, and might therefore be contented to spare our epitaphs. Let fiction, at least, cease with life, and let us be serious over the grave.

ON MRS. CORBET.

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
Bless'd with plain reason, and with sober sense;
No conquest she, but o'er herself, desired,
No arts essay'd, but not to be admired.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinced that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so composed a mind;
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refined;
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried!
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

I have always considered this as the most valuable of all Pope's epitaphs; the subject of it is a character not discriminated by any shining or eminent peculiarities; yet that which really makes, though not the splendour, the felicity of life, and that which every wise man will choose for his final, and last companion in the languor of age, in the quiet of privacy, when he departs weary and disgusted from the ostentatious, the volatile, and the vain. Of such a character, which the dull overlook, and the gay despise, it was fit that the value should be made known, and the dignity established. Domestic virtue, as it is exerted without great occasions, or conspicuous consequences, in an even, unnoted tenor, required the genius of Pope to display it in such a manner as might attract regard, and enforce reverence. Who can forbear to lament that this amiable woman has no name in the verses?

If the particular lines of this inscription be examined, it will appear less faulty than the rest. There is scarcely one line taken from common-places, unless it be that in which *only Virtue* is said to be *our own*. I once heard a lady of great beauty and excellence object to the fourth line, that it contained an unnatural and incredible panegyric. Of this, let the ladies judge.

[An unusual stroke of good humour must have been felt by the doctor while considering the qualities attributed to this lady, which divested him for a moment of his wonted acerbity.]

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY AND OF HIS SISTER MARY.

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth:
Composed in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great.
Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go, live! for Heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy mortal to divine.
And thou, bless'd maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go, then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet, take these tears, mortality's relief,
And, till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a stone, a verse receive;
'Tis all a father, all a friend, can give!

This epitaph contains of the brother only a general, indiscriminate character, and of the sister tells nothing but that she died. The difficulty in writing epitaphs is to give a particular and appropriate praise. This, however, is not always to be performed, whatever be the diligence or ability of the writer; for, the greater part of mankind *have no character at all*, have little that distinguishes them from others equally good or bad, and therefore nothing can be said of them which may not be applied with equal propriety to a thousand more. It is indeed no great panegyric, that there is enclosed in this tomb one who was born in one year, and died in another; yet many useful and amiable lives have been spent, which leave little materials for any other memorial. These are, however, not the proper subjects of poetry; and whenever friendship, or any other motive, obliges a poet to write on such subjects, he must be forgiven if he sometimes wanders in generalities, and utters the same praises over different tombs.

The scantiness of human praises can scarcely be made more apparent, than by remarking how often Pope has, in the few epitaphs which he composed, found it necessary to borrow from himself. The fourteen epitaphs which he has written, comprise

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about a hundred and forty lines, in which there are more repetitions than will easily be found in all the rest of his works. In the eight lines which make the character of Digby, there is scarce any thought, or word, which may not be found in the other epitaphs.

The ninth line, which is far the strongest and most elegant, is borrowed from Dryden. The conclusion is the same with that on Harcourt, but is here more elegant, and better connected.

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER.

KNELLER, by Heaven, and not a master, taught,
Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought;
Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poet's lays,
Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

Of this epitaph the first couplet is good, the second not bad, the third is deformed with a broken metaphor, the word *crowned* not being applicable to the *honours* or *lays;* and the fourth is not only borrowed from the epitaph on Raphael, but of a very harsh construction.

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS.

HERE, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human-kind.
Oh, born to arms! Oh, worth in youth approved!
Oh, soft humanity, in age beloved!
For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.

Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
Amid corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age:
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

The epitaph on Withers affords another instance of commonplaces, though somewhat diversified, by mingled qualities, and the peculiarity of a profession.

The second couplet is abrupt, general, and unpleasing; exclamation seldom succeeds in our language, and, I think, it

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may be observed that the particle O! used at the beginning of the sentence, always offends.

The third couplet is more happy; the value expressed for him by different sorts of men, raises him to esteem, there is yet something of the common cant of superficial satirists, who suppose that the insincerity of a courtier destroys all his sensations, and that he is equally a dissembler to the living and the dead.

At the third couplet I should wish the epitaph to close, but that I should be unwilling to lose the two next lines, which yet are dearly bought if they cannot be retained without the four that follow them.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, "Here lies an honest man:"
A poet, bless'd beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great:
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,
Thank'd Heaven that he had lived, and that he died.

The first couplet of this epitaph is borrowed from Crashaw. The four next lines contain a species of praise peculiar, original, and just. Here, therefore, the inscription should have ended, the latter part containing nothing but what is common to every man who is wise and good. The character of Fenton was so amiable, that I cannot forbear to wish for some poet or biographer to display it more fully for the advantage of posterity. If he did not stand in the first rank of genius, he may claim a place in the second; and, whatever criticism may object to his writings, censure could find very little to blame in his life.

ON MR. GAY.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child;
With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation, in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end.

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These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—"Here lies Gay!"

As Gay was the favourite of our author, this epitaph was probably written with an uncommon degree of attention; yet it is not more successfully executed than the rest, for it will not always happen that the success of a poet is proportionate to his labour. The same observation may be extended to all works of imagination, which are often influenced by causes wholly out of the performer's power, by hints of which he perceives not the origin, by sudden elevations of mind which he cannot produce in himself, and which sometimes rise when he expects them least.

The two parts of the first line are only echoes of each other; *gentle manners* and *mild affections*, if they mean any thing, must mean the same.

That Gay was a *man in wit* is a very frigid commendation; to have the wit of a man, is not much for a poet. The *wit of man*, and the *simplicity of a child*, make a poor and vulgar contrast, and raise no ideas of excellence either intellectual or moral.

In the next couplet, *rage* is less properly introduced, after the mention of *mildness* and *gentleness*, which are made the constituents of his character; for a man so *mild* and *gentle* to temper his *rage*, was not difficult.

The next line is inharmonious in its sound, and mean in its conception; the opposition is obvious, and the word *lash*, used absolutely, and without any modification, is gross and improper.

To be *above temptation* in poverty, and *free from corruption among the great*, is indeed such a peculiarity as deserved notice. But to be a *safe companion*, is a praise merely negative, arising not from possession of virtue, but the absence of vice, and that one of the most odious.

As little can be added to his character, by asserting that he was *lamented in his end*. Every man that dies is, at least by the writer of his epitaph, supposed to be lamented; and, therefore, this general lamentation does no honour to Gay.

The first eight lines have no grammar; the adjectives are without any substantives, and the epithets without a subject.

The thought in the last line, that Gay is buried in the bosoms of the *worthy* and the *good*, who are distinguished only to lengthen

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the line, is so dark that few understand it; and so harsh, when it is explained, that still fewer approve.

[Probably the ingenuity of a writer was never more sorely taxed than Johnson's must have been in producing the petty cavils he has raised against Gay's epitaph. Had the learned doctor availed himself of Warburton's candour, he would have been spared a world of trouble, if nothing else; and his reputation for fairness would then have entitled him to much higher esteem than the censorious acumen he has been at such pains to exhibit.]

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

ISAACUS NEWTONIUS:
Quem Immortalem
Testantus, Tempus, Natur, Cœlum:
Mortalem
Hoc marmore fatetur.

Nature, and Nature's laws, lay hid in night:
God said, *Let Newton be!* And all was light.

Of this epitaph, short as it is, the faults seem not to be very few. Why part should be Latin, and part English, it is not easy to discover. In the Latin, the opposition of *Immortalis* and *Mortalis*, is a mere sound, or a mere quibble; he is not *immortal* in any sense contrary to that in which he is *mortal*.

In the verses, the thought is obvious, and the words *night* and *light* are too nearly allied.

ON EDMUND, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

If modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry opening virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state,
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had shone approved,
The senate heard him, and his country loved.
Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame,
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham:
In whom a race, for courage famed, and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart:
And, chiefs or sages, long to Britain given,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to Heaven.

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This epitaph Mr. Warburton prefers to the rest; but I know not for what reason. To *crown* with *reflection*, is surely a mode of speech approaching to nonsense: *Opening virtues blooming round*, is something like tautology; the six following lines are poor and prosaic. *Art* is in another couplet used for *arts*, that a rhyme may be had to *heart*. The six last lines are the best, but not excellent.

[The above epitaph is written with a degree of feeling, which would atone for greater blemishes than Dr. Johnson has been able to point out.]

The rest of his sepulchral performances hardly deserve the notice of criticism. The contemptible 'Dialogue' between HE and SHE should have been suppressed for the author's sake.

In his last epitaph on himself, in which he attempts to be jocular upon one of the few things that make wise men serious, he confounds the living man with the dead:

> Under this stone, or under this sill,
> Or under this turf, &c.

When a man is once buried, the question under what he is buried is easily decided. He forgot, that though he wrote the epitaph in a state of uncertainty, yet it could not be laid over him till his grave was made. Such is the folly of wit when it is ill employed.

The world has but little new. Even this wretchedness seems to have been borrowed from the following tuneless lines:

> Ludovici Areosti humantur ossa
> Sub hoc marmore, vel sub hac humo,
> Sub quicquid voluit benignus hæres,
> Sive hærede benignior comes, seu
> Opportunius incidens Viator:
> Nam scire haud potuit futura, sed nec
> Tanti erat vacuum sibi cadaver
> Ut utnam cuperet parare vivens,
> Vivens ista tamen sibi caravit,
> Quæ inscribi voluit suo sepulchro
> Olim siquod haberetis sepulchrum.

Surely, Ariosto did not venture to expect that his trifle would have ever had such an illustrious imitator.

[CLOSING REMARKS.—It may be that Dr. Johnson was influenced solely by a regard for polite literature in exercising the

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severity he has upon these epitaphs, and it may be that he was moved by a less praiseworthy motive. One great object of criticism is to reform errors, or detect abuses into which writers are too apt to indulge, if left to the volition of their own unrestrained feelings. No one, perhaps, was ever more sensible of the value of just criticism, than Pope himself, of which he has left several notable acknowledgments among his letters. Even in the case of Dennis, he availed himself of the ebullitions of that writer's spleen or malice to make some decided improvements, which would not have been made but for the carpings of this critic; and doubtless he would have profited to at least an equal extent from the labours of Dr. J., had he lived to reap the benefit of his strictures. Had all the alterations—we will not say *corrections*—suggested by Johnson been made, they might have read very smoothly to those who scan verses upon their fingers, or whose "poems are all made up of couplets, of which the first may be the last, or the last first, without any sort of prejudice to their works;" but whether they would have retained the vigour by which they are now characterized, is very problematical. "A man may correct his verses till he takes away the true spirit of them; especially if he submits to the correction of some who pass for great critics, by mechanical rules, but who never enter into the true design and genius of an author."]

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COMMENDATORY POEMS.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

THE COMMENDATORY POEMS which follow have been gleaned from various editions of Pope, and are here inserted, not merely on account of their intrinsic merit, but to show the high esteem in which he was held by those capable of forming a just estimate of his talents and genius. The approbation of a few such individuals as will be found among his admirers, must have been cheering to his ambition, while it must also have had a material tendency to relieve the rancorous bitterness with which he was assailed by his enemies.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA,

WIFE of Daniel, second Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, distinguished herself by her poem on the Spleen, printed in Gildon's *Miscellany*, 1701. She also wrote a tragedy, never acted, called *Aristomenes*. Her poems were printed in London, 1713. Octavo.*

The following complimentary verses to Pope are omitted in the editions of Warburton, Warton, and Bowles; but, having been given by Pope in the first edition of his poems, in 1717, are here reprinted from that edition.

TO MR. POPE.

THE Muse, of every heavenly gift allow'd
To be the chief, is public, though not proud.
Widely extensive is the poet's aim,
And in each verse he draws a bill on Fame.
For none have writ (whatever they pretend)
Singly to raise a patron, or a friend;

* Swift has addressed her in an *Impromptu*, under the name of *Ardelia*. Vide *Swift's Works, Sir Walter Scott's ed.* vol. xiii. p. 344.

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But, whatsoe'er the theme or object be,
Some commendations to themselves foresee.
Then let us find, in your foregoing page,
The celebrating poems of the age;
Nor, by injurious scruples, think it fit
To hide their judgments who applaud your wit.
But let their pens to yours the heralds prove,
Who strive for you as Greece for Homer strove;
While he, who best your poetry asserts,
Asserts his own, by sympathy of parts.
Me, panegyric verse does not inspire,
Who never well can praise what I admire;
Nor in those lofty trials dare appear,
But gently drop this counsel in your ear:
Go on, to gain applauses by desert,
Inform the head, while you dissolve the heart;
Inflame the soldier with harmonious rage,
Elate the young, and gravely warm the sage.
Allure with tender verse the female race,
And give their darling passion courtly grace;
Describe the forest still in rural strains,
With vernal sweets, fresh-breathing from the plains.
Your tales be easy, natural, and gay,
Nor all the poet in that part display;
Nor let the critic there his skill unfold,
For Boccace thus, and Chaucer Tales have told.
Soothe, as you only can, each differing taste,
And, for the future, charm as in the past.
Then should the verse of ev'ry artful hand
Before your numbers eminently stand;
In you no vanity could thence be shown,
Unless, since short in beauty of your own,
Some envious scribbler might in spite declare
That for comparison you placed them there.
But envy could not against you succeed;
'Tis not from friends that write, or foes that read,
Censure or praise must from ourselves proceed.

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MISS JUD. COWPER,

AFTERWARDS Mrs. Madan, took a lively interest in the productions of Pope, and has manifested her admiration of his genius in the following lines, which we find in Johnson's edition of the *English Poets*. Whether these lines were overlooked by Roscoe, who seems to have been at much pains to gather all that is worthy of preservation, or whether he considered them beneath their *subject*, it is not now easy to determine; but he has certainly given place to several productions of far less merit.

TO MR. POPE.

OH, Pope! by what commanding, wondrous art
Dost thou each passion to each breast impart?
Our beating hearts with sprightly measures move,
Or melt us with a tale of hapless love!
Th' elated mind's impetuous starts control,
Or gently soothe to peace the troubled soul!
Graces till now that singly met our view,
And singly charm'd, unite at once in you:
A style polite, from affectation free,
Virgil's correctness, Homer's majesty!
Soft Waller's ease, with Milton's vigour wrought,
And Spenser's bold luxuriancy of thought.
In each bright page, strength, beauty, genius shine,
While nervous judgment guides each flowing line.
No borrow'd tinsel glitters o'er these lays,
And to the mind a false delight conveys:
Throughout the whole, with blended pow'r, is found
The weight of sense, and elegance of sound.
A lavish fancy, wit, and force, and fire,
Graces each motion of th' immortal lyre.
The matchless strains our ravish'd senses charm:
How great the thought! the images how warm!
How beautifully just the turns appear!
The language, how majestically clear!
With energy divine each period swells,
And all the bard th' inspiring God reveals
Lost in delights, my dazzled eyes I turn
Where Thames leans hoary o'er his ample urn;

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Where his rich waves fair Windsor's tow'rs surround,
And bounteous rush amid poetic ground.
Oh, Windsor! sacred to thy blissful seats,
Thy sylvan shades, the Muses' loved retreats,
Thy rising hills, low vales, and waving woods,
Thy sunny glades, and celebrated floods!
But chief Lodona's silver tides, that flow
Cold and unsullied as the mountain snow;
Whose virgin name no time nor change can hide,
Though ev'n her spotless waves should cease to glide:
In mighty Pope's immortalizing strains,
Still shall she grace, and range the verdant plains;
By him selected for the Muses' theme,
Still shine a blooming maid, and roll a limpid stream.
Go on, and, with thy rare, resistless art,
Rule each emotion of the various heart;
The spring and test of verse unrival'd reign,
And the full honours of thy youth maintain;
Soothe, with thy wonted ease and pow'r divine,
Our souls, and our degen'rate tastes refine;
In judgment o'er our fav'rite follies sit,
And soften Wisdom's harsh reproofs to Wit.
Now war and arms thy mighty aid demand,
And Homer wakes beneath thy pow'rful hand;
His vigour, genuine heat, and manly force,
In thee rise worthy of their sacred source;
His spirit heighten'd, yet his sense entire,
As gold runs purer from the trying fire.
Oh, for a muse like thine, while I rehearse
Th' immortal beauties of thy various verse!
Now, light as air, th' enliv'ning numbers move,
Soft as the downy plumes of fabled love,
Gay as the streaks that stain the gaudy bow,
Smooth as Meander's crystal mirrors flow.
But, when Achilles, panting for the war,
Joins the fleet coursers to the whirling car,
When the warm hero, with celestial might,
Augments the terror of the raging fight.

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From his fierce eyes refulgent lightnings stream
(As Sol, emerging, darts a golden gleam);
In rough, hoarse verse, we see th' embattled foes;
In each loud strain the fiery onset glows;
With strength redoubled, here Achilles shines,
And all the battle thunders in thy lines.
So the bright magic of the painter's hand, [command;
Can cities, streams, tall towers, and far-stretch'd plains
Here spreading woods embrown the beauteous scene;
There the wide landscape smiles with livelier green;
The floating glass reflects the distant sky,
And o'er the whole the glancing sun-beams fly;
Buds open, and disclose the inmost shade;
The ripen'd harvest crowns the level glade.
But when the artist does a work design,
Where bolder rage informs each breathing line;
When the stretch'd cloth a rougher stroke receives,
And Cæsar awful in the canvas lives;
When Art, like lavish Nature's self, supplies
Grace to the limbs, and spirit to the eyes;
When ev'n the passions of the mind are seen,
And the soul speaks in th' exalted mien;
When all is just, and regular, and great,
We own the mighty master's skill, as boundless as complete.

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MR. WYCHERLEY.

The following lines by Wycherley afford a very favourable specimen of his poetical talents; insomuch that Dennis and others contended that Pope was himself the author of them: a charge which Pope thought it worth his while to refute, by stating that "the first *brouillon* of them, and the second copy, with corrections, were both extant in Wycherley's own hand-writing." They were written in 1708, before the publication of the *Pastorals;* and are repeatedly referred to in Wycherley's letters to Pope; in one of which he says: "I have made a damn'd compliment in verse upon the printing your *Pastorals,* which you shall see when you see me."

TO MR. POPE, ON HIS PASTORALS.

In these more dull, as more censorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
A Muse sincere, that never flatt'ry knew,
Pays what to friendship and desert is due.
Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found
Art strength'ning Nature; sense improved by sound.
Unlike those wits, whose numbers glide along
So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song:
Laboriously enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear:
Our minds unmoved and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at best most musically dull.
So purling streams with even murmurs creep,
And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.
As smoothest speech is most deceitful found,
The smoothest numbers oft are empty sound.
But wit and judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as youth, as age consummate too:
Your strains are regularly bold, and please
With unforced care, and unaffected ease,
With proper thoughts, and lively images:
Such as by Nature to the ancients shown,
Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own.

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For great men's fashions to be follow'd are,
Although disgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear.
Some, in a polish'd style, write pastoral,
Arcadia speaks the language of the Mall;
Like some fair shepherdess, the Sylvan Muse
Should wear those flow'rs her native fields produce:
And the true measure of the shepherd's wit
Should, like his garb, be for the country fit:
Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common swain's be wrought
So, with becoming art, the players dress
In silks the shepherd and the shepherdess;
Yet still unchanged the form and mode remain,
Shaped like the homely russet of the swain.
Your Rural Muse appears to justify
The long-lost graces of simplicity;
So rural beauties captivate our sense
With virgin charms, and native excellence.
Yet long her modesty those charms conceal'd,
Till, by men's envy, to the world reveal'd;
For wits industrious to their trouble seem,
And needs will envy what they must esteem.
  Live and enjoy their spite! nor mourn that fate
Which would, if Virgil lived, on Virgil wait;
Whose Muse did once, like thine, in plains delight;
Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight;
So larks, which first from lowly fields arise,
Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

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ELIJAH FENTON.

By far the most elegant and best-turned compliment of all addressed to our author; happily borrowed from that fine Greek epigram in the *Anthologia*, and most gracefully applied:

Ἡιδον μὲν Ἐγὼν ἐχάρασσε δὲ θεῖος Ὁμηρος.

Fenton was the best Greek scholar of all our author's poetical friends. Boileau also imitated this epigram.—WARTON.

TO MR. POPE,

In Imitation of a Greek Epigram on Homer.

WHEN *Phœbus* and the nine harmonious maids
Of old assembled in the *Thespian* shades;
"What theme," they cried, "what high, immortal air
Befit these harps to sound, and thee to hear?"
Replied the god: "Your loftiest notes employ
To sing young *Peleus*, and the fall of *Troy*."
The wondrous song with rapture they rehearse;
Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse?
He answer'd with a frown: "I now reveal
A truth that envy bids me not conceal:
Retiring frequent to this laureate vale,
I warbled to the lyre that fav'rite tale,
Which, unobserved, a wand'ring *Greek*, and blind,
Heard me repeat, and treasured in his mind;
And, fired with thirst of more than mortal praise,
From me the God of Wit usurp'd the bays.
"But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing fame,
Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;
Yet, when my arts shall triumph in the West,
And the White Isle with female pow'r is bless'd;
Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,
And the translator's palm to me transfer.
With less regret my claim I now decline,
The world will think his *English Iliad* mine."

E. FENTON.

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DR. THOMAS PARNELLE.

THE following lines are not equal, upon the whole, to what might have been expected from Parnelle on such an occasion; but the concluding verses are natural, touching, and elegant. It may be necessary to say, in order to a more thorough comprehension of some of the lines, that the doctor was residing in Ireland when they were written.

TO MR. POPE.

To praise, and still with just respect to praise,
A bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The learn'd to show, the sensible commend,
Yet still preserve the province of the friend;
What life, what vigour, must the lines require?
What music tune them, what affection fire?
Oh, might thy genius in my bosom shine;
Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine:
The brightest ancients might at once agree
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.
Horace himself would own thou dost excel
In candid arts to play the critic well.
Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame
Whom Windsor-Forest sees a gliding stream;
On silver feet, with annual osier crown'd,
She runs for ever through poetic ground.
How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
Made by thy Muse the envy of the fair!
Less shone the tresses Egypt's princess wore,
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before.
Here courtly trifles set the world at odds;
Belles war with beaux, and whims descend for gods.
The new machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave phrensy of the chemic fool.
But know, ye fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a woman's heart.
The Graces stand in sight; a satire-train
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.

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In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits,
Enshrined on high the sacred Virgil sits;
And sits in measures such as Virgil's Muse,
To place thee near him, might be fond to choose.
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he;
While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wise,
Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the prize!
Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,
Parent of flow'rets, old Arcadia, hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head:
Still slide thy waters soft among the trees,
Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze!
Smile, all ye valleys, in eternal spring,
Be hush'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil sing.
In English lays, and all sublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat;
He shines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight.
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne,
In all the majesty of Greek retired;
Himself unknown, his mighty name admired;
His language failing wrapp'd him round with night;
Thine, raised by thee, recalls the work to light.
So wealthy mines, that, ages long before,
Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
When choked by sinking banks, no more appear,
And shepherds only say, the mines were here:
Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
And all his projects stand inform'd with art),
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein,
The mines detected flame with gold again.
How vast, how copious, are thy new designs!
How ev'ry music varies in thy lines!

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Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
And rise in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
While Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease,
Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle bless'd,
And Philomela, sweetest o'er the rest:
The shades resound with song; oh, softly tread,
While a whole season warbles round my head.
This to my friend; and, when a friend inspires,
My silent harp its master's hand requires;
Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound;
For fortune placed me in unfertile ground;
Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
From wit, from learning—very far from thee.
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf;
Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf;
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet;
Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood,
Whose dull brown naiads ever sleep in mud.
Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Ease,
A friend delight me, and an author please;
Ev'n here I sing, when Pope supplies the theme,
Show my own love, though not increase his fame.

T. PARNELLE.

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HON. SIMON HARCOURT.

The following lines confer great honour on their young and highly accomplished author. The ideas are noble and poetical, the sentiments manly and grave, and the expression such as to give full effect to the whole. Pope never received a finer compliment than in the lines commencing, "*Say, wondrous youth!*"—and there is a pervading harmony throughout—a glow of poetic energy, coupled with a just estimate of the finest feelings of our nature—which make us regret the early death of one so gifted.

Mr. Harcourt was only son to the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, and died in 1720. His epitaph by Pope is one of the very few that have escaped with but little injury from the severity of Johnson.

TO MR. POPE,

On the Publishing his Works.

He comes! he comes! bid ev'ry bard prepare
The song of triumph, and attend his car.
Great Sheffield's Muse the long procession heads,
And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads;
First gives the palm she fired him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and shows him how to reign:
Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought:
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleased to behold the earnest of a god.

But, hark! what shouts, what gath'ring crowds rejoice!
Unstain'd their praise by any venal voice,
Such as th' ambitious vainly think their due,
When prostitutes, or needy flatt'rers sue.
And see the chief! before him laurels borne;
Trophies from undeserving temples torn;
Here Rage enchained, reluctant raves, and there
Pale Envy, dumb, and sick'ning with despair,
Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
Weak to support the blaze of majesty.

But what are they that turn the sacred page?
Three lovely virgins, and of equal age;

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Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
As he that met his likeness in the stream:
The GRACES these; and see how they contend,
Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.
The chariot now the painful steep ascends,
The pæans cease; thy glorious labour ends.
Here, fix'd, the bright eternal temple stands,
Its prospect an unbounded view commands:
Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou choose,
What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant Muse?
Though each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
Though ev'ry laurel through the dome be thine,
(From the proud Epic, down to those that shade
The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid,)
Go to the good and just, an awful train,
Thy soul's delight, and glory of the fane:
While through the earth thy dear remembrance flies,
"Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies."

SIMON HARCOURT.

LORD LYTTELTON.

MR. BOWLES objects to Dr. Warton's preference of Fenton's verses, and thinks "these lines of Lord Lyttelton much superior to all the other recommendatory verses, as elegant and correct in themselves, as the sentiments they convey appear sincere, and worthy an ingenious, liberal, and cultivated mind. There is a small inaccuracy," he adds, "in one or two expressions, and perhaps it would have been better if Virgil's speech had formed the conclusion."

Of the *comparative* merits of these commendatory poems, the reader must be allowed to form his own judgment; but it is somewhat extraordinary that Mr. Bowles should recommend as an amendment, that the poem should close with Virgil's speech, when this is evidently already the case.

TO MR. POPE.

From Rome, 1730.

IMMORTAL Bard! for whom each Muse has wove
The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
Preserved our drooping genius to restore,
When Addison and Congreve are no more;

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After so many stars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's last remaining light!
To thee, from Latian realms, this verse is writ,
Inspired by memory of ancient wit:
For now no more these climes their influence boast,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost:
From tyrants, and from priests, the Muses fly,
Daughters of Reason and of Liberty.
Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove;
To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire;
So in the shades, where, cheer'd with summer rays,
Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy Winter's unauspicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful silence saddens all the grove.
  Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
Has felt the worst severity of fate:
Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities desert, and her fields unsown;
But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
That sacred Wisdom from her bounds is fled,
That there the source of Science flows no more,
Whence its rich streams supplied the world before.
  Illustrious names! that once in Latium shined,
Born to instruct, and to command mankind;
Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was raised,
And poets, who those chiefs sublimely praised!
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,
With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown;
Those hallow'd ruins better pleased to see
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

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As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,
While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays, my ravish'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form arise:
"Stranger," he said, "whose pious hand has paid
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this message from his master bear:
"'Great bard! whose numbers I myself inspire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If, high exalted on the throne of wit,
Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
No more let meaner satire dim the rays
That flow majestic from thy nobler bays;
In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
Address the least attractive of the Nine.
"'Of thee more worthy were the task to raise
A lasting column to thy country's praise;
To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
That liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
And plants her palm beneath the olive's shade.
Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
Such was the people whose exploits I sung:
Brave, yet refined, for arms and arts renown'd,
With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd;
Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
But pleased a mild Augustus to obey.
"'If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblamed thy name shall live;
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire,
And howl with furies in tormenting fire;
Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
And join the patriot's with the poet's praise.'"

GEORGE LYTTELTON.

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REV. CHRISTOPHER PITT

Was Rector of Pimperne, near Blandford, in Dorsetshire. He early distinguished himself by an elegant version of Vida's *Art of Poetry*, and afterwards by his translation of the *Æneid*, which is preferred by many to that of Dryden. That Pope thought favourably of Pitt's translation, appears in a letter from Mr. Spence, in which he says: "Before this, I gave you Mr. Pope's real sentiment on your first book. I dare say it was his real sentiment; because, as I told you, I took care to ask him the question before I had mentioned my being acquainted with you, and it was literally what I told you."

TO MR. POPE,

On his Translation of Homer's Iliad.

'Tis true, what famed Pythagoras maintain'd,
That souls departed in new bodies reign'd:
We must approve the doctrine, since we see
The soul of god-like Homer breathe in thee.
Old Ennius first, then Virgil felt her fires;
But now a British poet she inspires.
To you, O Pope! the lineal right extends;
To you th' hereditary Muse descends.
At a vast distance we of Homer heard,
Till you brought in, and nat'ralized the bard;
Bade him our English rights and freedom claim,
His voice, his habit, and his air the same.
Now in the mighty stranger we rejoice,
And Britain thanks thee with a public voice.
See! too, the poet, a majestic shade,
Lifts up in awful pomp his laurel'd head
To thank his successor, who sets him free
From the vile hands of Hobbs and Ogilby,
Who vex'd his venerable ashes more
Than his ungrateful Greece the living bard before.
While Homer's thoughts in thy bold lines are shown,
Though worlds contend, we claim him for our own;

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Our blooming boys proud Ilion's fate bewail,
Our lisping babes repeat the dreadful tale;
Ev'n in their slumbers they pursue the theme,
Start, and enjoy a fight in ev'ry dream.
By turns the chief and bard their souls inflame,
And ev'ry little bosom beats for fame.
Thus shall they learn (as future times will see),
From him to conquer, or to write from thee.
In ev'ry hand we see the glorious song,
And Homer is the theme of ev'ry tongue.
Parties in state poetic schemes employ,
And whig and tory side with Greece and Troy;
Neglect their feuds, and seem more zealous grown
To push those countries' int'rests than their own.
Our busiest politicians have forgot
How Somers counsel'd, and how Marlbro' fought;
But, o'er their settling coffee, gravely tell
What Nestor spoke, and how brave Hector fell.
Our softest beaux and coxcombs you inspire
With Glaucus' courage and Achilles' fire.
Now they resent affronts which once they bore,
And draw those swords that ne'er were drawn before;
Nay, ev'n our belles, inform'd how Homer writ,
Learn thence to criticise on modern wit.
Let the mad critics to their side engage
The envy, pride, and dullness of the age:
In vain they curse, in vain they pine and mourn,
Back on themselves their arrows will return:
Whoe'er would thy establish'd fame deface,
Are but immortalized to their disgrace.
Live, and enjoy their spite, and share that fate
Which would, if Homer lived, on Homer wait.
And, lo! his second labour claims thy care,
Ulysses' toils succeed Achilles' war,
Haste to the work; the ladies long to see
The pious frauds of chaste Penelope.
Helen they long have seen, whose guilty charms
For ten whole years engaged the world in arms.

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Then, as thy fame shall see a length of days,
Some future bard shall thus record thy praise:
"In those bless'd times, when smiling Heav'n and Fate
Had raised Britannia to her happiest state;
When wide around she saw the world submit,
And own her sons supreme in arts and wit,
Then, Pope and Dryden brought in triumph home
The pride of Greece, and ornament of Rome.
To the great task each bold translator came,
With Virgil's judgment, and with Homer's flame.
Here the pleased Mantuan swan was taught to soar
Where scarce the Roman eagles tower'd before:
And Greece no more was Homer's native earth,
Though her sev'n rival cities claim'd his birth;
On her sev'n cities he look'd down with scorn,
And own'd, with pride, he was in Britain born."

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

WALTER HARTE.

When the *Essay on Man* was first published, without the name of the author, it was attributed to different writers of the time, and among the rest to Mr. Harte, who appears from the following lines to have formed his style so closely on that of Pope, as to leave himself little claim to originality either of sentiment or expression.

TO MR. POPE.

To move the springs of Nature as we please,
To think with spirit, but to write with ease!
With living words to warm the conscious heart,
Or please the soul with nicer charms of art;
For this the Grecian soar'd in Epic strains,
And softer Maro left the Mantuan plains:
Melodious Spenser felt the lover's fire,
And awful Milton strung his heav'nly lyre.

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'Tis yours, like these, with curious toil to trace
The pow'rs of language, harmony, and grace;
How Nature's self with living lustre shines;
How judgment strengthens, and how art refines:
How to grow bold with conscious sense of fame,
And force a pleasure which we dare not blame;
To charm us more through negligence than pains,
And give ev'n life and action to the strains:
Led by some law, whose pow'rful impulse guides
Each happy stroke, and in the soul presides:
Some fairer image of perfection, giv'n
T' inspire mankind, itself derived from heav'n.

Oh, ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise;
Bless'd in thy life, and bless'd in all thy lays!
Add that the Sisters ev'ry thought refine;
Or ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line;
Yet Envy still, with fiercer rage, pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse.
A soul like thine, in pains, in grief resign'd,
Views with vain scorn the malice of mankind:
Not critics, but their planets, prove unjust;
And are they blamed who sin because they must?

Yet sure not so must all peruse thy lays;
I cannot rival ——, and yet dare to praise.
A thousand charms at once my thoughts engage;
Sappho's soft sweetness, Pindar's warmer rage,
Statius' free vigour, Virgil's studious care,
And Homer's force, and Ovid's easier air.

So seems some picture, where exact design,
And curious pains, and strength, and sweetness, join:
Where the free thought its pleasing grace bestows,
And each warm stroke with living colour glows:
Soft without weakness, without labour fair,
Wrought up at once with happiness and care!

How bless'd the man that from the world removes
To joys that Mordaunt, or his Pope approves;
Whose taste exact each author can explore,
And live the present and past ages o'er:

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Who, free from pride, from penitence, or strife,
Move calmly forward to the verge of life:
Such be my days, and such my fortunes be,
To live by reason, and to write by thee!
  Nor deem this verse, though humble, thy disgrace;
All are not born the glory of their race;
Yet all are born t' adore the great man's name,
And trace his footsteps in the paths to fame.
The Muse who now this early homage pays,
First learn'd from thee to animate her lays:
A Muse as yet unhonour'd, but unstain'd,
Who praised no vices, no preferment gain'd:
Unbias'd, or to censure or commend,
Who knows no envy, and who grieves no friend;
Perhaps too fond to make those virtues known,
And fix her fame immortal on thy own.

WALTER HARTE.

LORD MIDDLESEX,

On reading Mr. Addison's Account of the English Poets.

TO MR. POPE.

  If all who e'er invoked the tuneful Nine
In Addison's majestic numbers shine,
Why then should Pope, ye bards, ye critics tell,
Remain unsung, who sings himself so well?
Hear then, great bard, who can alike inspire
With Waller's softness, or with Milton's fire;
While I, the meanest of the Muses' throng,
To thy just praises tune th' advent'rous song.
  How am I fill'd with rapture and delight,
When gods and mortals, mix'd, sustain the fight!

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Like Milton, then, though in more polish'd strains,
Thy chariots rattle o'er the smoking plains.
What though archangel 'gainst archangel arms,
And highest heav'n resounds with dire alarms!
Doth not the reader, with like dread, survey
The wounded gods repulsed with foul dismay?
But, when some fair one guides your softer verse,
Her charms, her god-like features, to rehearse,
See how her eyes with quicker lightnings arm,
And Waller's thoughts in smoother numbers charm.
When fools provoke, and dunces urge thy rage,
Flecknoe improved bites keener in each page.
Give o'er, great bard, your fruitless toil give o'er,
For still King Tibbald scribbles as before;
Poor Shakspeare suffers by his pen each day,
While Grub-street alleys own his lawful sway.
Now turn, my Muse, thy quick, poetic eyes,
And view gay scenes, and opening prospects rise.
Hark! how his rustic numbers charm around,
While groves to groves, and hills to hills resound.
The list'ning beasts stand fearless as he sings,
And birds attentive close their useless wings;
The swains and satyrs trip it o'er the plain,
And think old Spenser is revived again.
But when once more the god-like man begun
In words smooth flowing from his tuneful tongue,
Ravish'd they gaze, and, struck with wonder, say,
Sure Spenser's self ne'er sung so sweet a lay;
Sure once again Eliza glads the isle,
That the kind Muses thus propitious smile:
Why gaze ye thus? why all this wonder, swains?
'Tis Pope that sings, and Carolina reigns.
But hold, my Muse! whose awkward verse betrays
Thy want of skill, nor show the poet's praise;
Cease then, and leave some fitter bard to tell
How Pope in ev'ry strain can write, in ev'ry strain excel.

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VOLTAIRE AU ROI DE PRUSSE.

——— Horace avec Boileau:
Vous y cherchiez le vrai, vous y goutez le beau;
Quelques traits échappés d'une utile morale,
Dans leurs piquans écrits brillent par intervalle;
Mais Pope approfondit ce qu'ils ont effleuré;
D'un esprit plus hardi, d'un pas plus assuré,
Il porta le flambeau dans l'abîme de l'être,
Et l'homme avec lui seul apprit à se connoître.
L'Art quelquefois frivole, et quelquefois divin,
L'Art des vers est dans Pope utile au genre humain.

At Stowe, in Buckinghamshire, the seat of Earl Temple, is a building called the *Temple of British Worthies*, designed by Kent. One of the niches has a bust of Pope, with the following inscription:

ALEXANDER POPE,

Who, uniting the correctness of Judgment to the fire of Genius,
by the melody and power of his numbers,
gave sweetness to Sense, and grace to Philosophy.
He employed the pointed brilliancy of Wit to chastise the vices,
and the eloquence of Poetry to exalt the virtues of human nature;
and, being without a rival in his own age,
imitated and translated, with a spirit equal to the originals,
the best Poets of Antiquity.

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POPE AND SWIFT.

SWIFT, while sojourning with Pope at Twickenham, was occasionally wont to amuse himself with such sallies of wit as might be suggested by the circumstances around him, and in which the infirmities of Pope, as well as of himself, were pretty sure to come in for a good-natured hit. The following lines may serve as a specimen:

POPE has the talent well to speak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudest voice is low and weak,
The Dean too deaf to hear.

Awhile they on each other look,
Then different studies choose;
The Dean sits plodding on a book,
Pope walks, and courts the Muse.

Now backs of letters, tho' designed
For those who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlined,
Himself can hardly read 'em.

Each atom, by some other struck,
All turns and motions tries;
Till in a lump together stuck,
Behold a poem rise.

Yet to the Dean his share allot,
He claims it by a canon:
That without which a thing is not,
Is *causa sine qua non*.

Thus, Pope, in vain you boast your wit;
For had our deaf divine
Been for your conversation fit,
You had not writ a line.

Of Sherlock, thus, for preaching famed,
The sexton reasoned well;
And justly half the merit claimed,
Because he rang the bell.

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ADVICE TO THE GRUB-STREET WRITERS.

Another production of Swift, which was also written while he resided with Pope, and in which his peculiar and sarcastic turn of mind is particularly manifest, may be equally acceptable; especially as a prominent characteristic of Pope is commemorated with the Dean's usual felicity. The following is taken from a volume published in 1726:

Ye Poets, ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haste;
Ye rhymers, dead as soon as born,
Not yet consigned to paste;

I know a trick to make you thrive;
O 'tis a quaint device;
Your still-born poems shall revive,
And scorn to wrap up spice.

Get all your verses printed fair,
Then let them well be dried;
And Curll must have a special care
To leave the margin wide.

Send these to paper-sparing Pope;
And when he sets to write,
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,
Why, then recall your loan;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
And swear they are your own.

END OF VOLUME I.

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AN ESSAY ON MAN

IN FOUR EPISTLES,

TO HENRY ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE.

THE DESIGN.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners—such as, to use my Lord Bacon's expression, *come home to men's business and bosoms*—I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering *man* in the abstract, his *nature* and his *state;* since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed in, and what is the proper *end* and *purpose* of its *being*.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points. There are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the body: more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last, and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other,

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and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory, of morality. If I could flatter myself that this essay has any merit, it is in steering between the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate, yet not inconsistent, and a short, yet not imperfect, system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards. The other may seem odd, but is true. I found I could express them more *shortly* this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain than that much of the *force* as well as *grace* of arguments or instructions, depends on their *conciseness*. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious; or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these, without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a *general map* of MAN; marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connexion; but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles, in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage. To deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable. P.

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AN ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to the Universe.

ARGUMENT.—Of man in the abstract. I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, ver. 17, &c.—II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, ver. 35, &c.—III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, ver. 77, &c.—IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, ver. 109, &c.—V. The absurdity of conceiting himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, ver. 131, &c.—VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfection of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree would render him miserable, ver. 173, &c.—VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties, ver. 207.—VIII. How much farther this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, ver. 233.—IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, ver. 250.—X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, ver. 281, to the end.

AWAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings:
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze, but not without a plan:

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A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore,
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise:
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say, first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Presumptuous man! the reason would'st thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother-earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?

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Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd,
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full, or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has placed him wrong?
Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal:
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.
When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god,
Then shall man's pride and dullness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's use and end;
Why doing, suffering, check'd, impel'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.
Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
Say, rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measured to his state and place:
His time a moment, and a point his space.

VARIATIONS.—In the former editions, ver. 64:

Now wears a garland, an Egyptian god.

After ver. 68, the following lines in the first edition:

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here, or there?
The bless'd to-day is as completely so,
As who began ten thousand years ago.

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If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The bless'd to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never IS, but always TO BE bless'd:
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates on a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;

VARIATIONS.—After ver. 88 in the MS.:

No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed
That Virgil's Gnat should die, as Cæsar bleed.

Ver. 93, in the first folio and quarto:

What bliss above he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy bliss below.

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Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies,
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine.

VARIATION.—After ver. 108 in the first edition:

But does he say the Maker is not good,
Till he's exalted to what state he would;
Himself alone high Heaven's peculiar care,
Alone made happy when he will, and where?

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For me kind nature wakes her genial power;
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower:
Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies."
But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No," 'tis replied, "the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;
Th' exceptions few; some change since all began:
And what created perfect?"—Why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then nature deviates; and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sun-shine, as of man's desires?
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows, but He whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms,
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;
Account for moral as for natural things:
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit,
In both, to reason right, is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discomposed the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.

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The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

VI. What would this man? Now upward will he soar,
And, little less than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated, of course,
Here with degree of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleased with nothing, if not bless'd with all?
The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

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VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental, powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight between each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reason, what a nice barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection, how allied!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone:
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee;

VARIATION.—Ver. 238, first edition:

Ethereal essence, spirit, substance, man.

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From thee to nothing.—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh, madness! pride! impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd, for any part to claim
To be another, in this general frame:
Just as absurd to mourn the task or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;

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As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor Order Imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see:
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

VARIATION.—Ver. 282 in the MS.:

Reason, to think of God, when she pretends,
Begins a censor, an adorer ends.

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EPISTLE II.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to himself, as an Individual.

ARGUMENT.—I. The business of man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature; his powers and frailties, ver. 1 to 19. The limits of his capacity, ver. 19, &c.—II. The two principles of man, self-love and reason, both necessary, ver. 53, &c. Self-love the stronger, and why, ver. 67, &c. Their end the same, ver. 81, &c.—III. The passions, and their use, ver. 93 to 130. The predominant passion, and its force, ver. 132 to 160. Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes, ver. 165, &c. Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue, ver. 177.—IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: what is the office of reason, ver. 202 to 216.—V. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, ver. 217.—VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections, ver. 238, &c.—How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men, ver. 241. How useful they are to society, ver. 251. And to individuals, ver. 263. In every state, and every age of life, ver. 273, &c.

I. KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the skeptic's side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much;
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;

VARIATION.—Ver. 2, first edition:

The only science of mankind is man.

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Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
Go, wondrous creature! mount where science guides;
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the sun;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

VARIATIONS.—After ver. 18 in the MS.:

For more perfection than this state can bear
In vain we sigh; Heaven made us as we are.
As wisely sure a modest ape might aim
To be like man, whose faculties and frame
He sees, he feels, as you or I to be
An angel thing we neither know nor see.
Observe how near he edges on our race;
What human tricks! how risible of face!
"It must be so—why else have I the sense
Of more than monkey charms and excellence?
Why else to walk on two so oft essay'd?
And why this ardent longing for a maid?"
So Pug might plead, and call his gods unkind,
Till set on end, and married to his mind.
Go, reasoning thing! assume the doctor's chair,
As Plato deep, as Seneca severe:
Fix moral fitness, and to God give rule,
Then drop into thyself, &c.

Ver. 21, fourth and fifth editions:

Show by what rules the wandering planets stray,
Correct old Time, and teach the sun his way.

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Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a Newton, as we show an ape.
Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?
Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.
Trace science then, with modesty thy guide;
First strip off all her equipage of pride:
Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness:
Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which served the past, and must the time to come!

II. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain:
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all good, to their improper ill.
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And but for this, were active to no end:

VARIATION.—Ver. 35, first edition:

Could he, who taught each planet where to roll,
Describe or fix one movement of the soul?
Who mark'd their points to rise, or to descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?

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Fix'd like a plant on his
To draw nutrition, prop
Or, meteor-like, flame la through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.
Most strength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise,
Self-love, still stronger, as its object's nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
That sees immediate good by present sense;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng;
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to reason still attend.
Attention, habit, and experience gains;
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.
Let subtile schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite;
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower:
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of self-love the passions we may call:
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:

VARIATION.—After ver. 86 in the MS.:

Of good and evil gods what frighted fools,
Of good and evil reason puzzled schools,
Deceived, deceiving, taught—

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But since not every good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide:
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under reason, and deserve her care;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.
  In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd: 'tis fix'd as in a frost;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest:
The rising tempest puts in act the soul;
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.
  Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes man, can man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train;
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain;
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confined,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.
  Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:

VARIATIONS.—After ver. 108 in the MS.:

  A tedious voyage! where how useless lies
  The compass, if no powerful gusts arise!

After ver. 112 in the MS.:

  The soft reward the virtuous, or invite;
  The fierce, the vicious punish or affright.

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Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind,
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On different senses, different objects strike:
Hence different passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.
As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength:
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came;
Each vital humour, which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and power;
As Heaven's bless'd beam turns vinegar more sour.
We, wretched subjects though to lawful sway,
In this weak queen some favourite still obey;
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend;
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.
Yes, nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;

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'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier power the strong direction sends,
And several men impels to several ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions toss'd,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or, oft more strong than all, the love of ease;
Through life 'tis follow'd ev'n at life's expense;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refined,
And in one interest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;
The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Ev'n avarice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
Lust, through some certain strainers well refined,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

VARIATION.—After ver. 194 in the MS.:

How oft, with passion, virtue points her charms!
Then shines the hero, then the patriot warms.
Peleus' great son, or Brutus, who had known,
Had Lucrece been a whore, or Helen none?

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Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

IV. This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.
Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Though each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?

VARIATION, CORRECTED.

But virtues opposite to make agree,
That, Reason! is thy task, and worthy thee.
Hard task, cries Bibulus, and Reason weak:—
Make it a point, dear marquess, or a pique.
Once, for a whim, persuade yourself to pay
A debt to Reason, like a debt at play.
For right or wrong, have mortals suffer'd more?
B—— for his prince, or **** for his whore?
Whose self-denials nature most control?
His, who would save a sixpence, or his soul?
Web for his health, a Chartreux for his sin,
Contend they not which soonest shall grow thin?
What we resolve, we can; but here's the fault,
We ne'er resolve to do the thing we ought.

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Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

V. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the north? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:
E'vn those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a several goal;
But Heaven's great view is one, and that the whole.
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of every vice;

VARIATIONS.—After ver. 220 in the first edition, followed these:

A cheat! a whore! who starts not at the name,
In all the Inns of Court or Drury-lane?

After ver. 226 in the MS.:

The colonel swears the agent is a dog,
The scriv'ner vows th' attorney is a rogue.
Against the thief, th' attorney loud inveighs,
For whose ten pounds the county twenty pays.
The thief damns judges, and the knaves of state;
And dying, mourns small villains hang'd by great.

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That, happy frailties to all ranks applied,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride;
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief;
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.
Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common interest or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those interests, to resign.
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the passion—knowledge, fame, or pelf—
Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given;
The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely bless'd; the poet in his muse.
See some strange comfort every state attend,
And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion every age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:

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Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile, Opinion gilds with varying rays,
Those painted clouds that beautify our days:
Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by pride:
These built as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is given in vain;
Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this, Though man's a fool, yet God is wise.

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EPISTLE III.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Society.

ARGUMENT.—I. The whole universe one system of society, ver. 7, &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, ver. 27. The happiness of animals mutual, ver. 49.—II. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, ver. 79. Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals, ver. 109.—III. How far society carried by instinct, ver. 115. How much farther by reason, ver. 128.—IV. Of that which is called the state of nature, ver. 144. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, ver 166, and in the forms of society 176.—V. Origin of political societies, ver. 196. Origin of monarchy, ver. 207. Patriarchal government, ver. 212.—VI. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle of love, ver. 231, &c. Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle of fear, ver. 237, &c. The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good, ver. 266 Restoration of true religion and government, on their first principle, ver. 285. Mixed government, ver. 288. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, ver. 300, &c.

HERE then we rest: "The Universal Cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

I. Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impel'd its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the general good.

VARIATION.—Ver. 1. In several editions in quarto:

Learn, Dullness, learn! "The Universal Cause," &c.

See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving, vegetate again:
All forms that perish, other forms supply,
By turns we catch the vital breath, and die;
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All served, all serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him has kindly spread the flowery lawn:
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own, and raptures, swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer:
The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:

VARIATION.—After ver. 46, in the former editions:

What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
As far as goose could judge, he reason'd right;
But as to man, mistook the matter quite.

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And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak control;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;
For some his interest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride.
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it bless'd:
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heaven, a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To man imparts it; but with such a view,
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heaven assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with reason or with instinct bless'd,
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best;
To bliss alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.

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Say, where full instinct is th' unerring guide,
What pope or council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when press'd,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short is human wit;
Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier reason labours at in vain.
This too serves always, reason never long:
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing powers,
One in their nature, which are two in ours!
And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
In this, 'tis God directs; in that, 'tis man.
Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poisons and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before;
Who calls the council, states the certain day;
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds:
But as he framed a whole, the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness;

VARIATION.—After ver. 84 in the MS.:

While man, with opening views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays:
Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste.

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So from the first, eternal order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quickening ether keeps,
Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beasts and birds their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend:
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care man's helpless kind demands;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands;
Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the interest, and the love:
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These natural love maintain'd, habitual those:
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began:
Memory and forecast just returns engage;
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope combined,
Still spread the interest, and preserve the kind.

IV. Nor think, in nature's state they blindly trod;
The state of nature was the reign of God;

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Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.
Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder clothed him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undress'd,
Unbribed, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heaven's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to nature, hears the general groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds:
The fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man a fiercer savage, man.
See him from nature rising slow to art:
To copy instinct then was Reason's part.
Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake:
"Go, from the creatures thy instructions take:
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
Learn from the beasts, the physic of the field;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let Reason, late, instruct mankind:
Here subterranean works and cities see;
There towns aërial on the waving tree.
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ant's republic, and the realm of bees;
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy without confusion know;

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And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
Their separate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
In vain thy reason, finer webs shall draw,
Entangle justice in her net of law,
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey:
And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods adored."

V. Great Nature spoke; observant man obey'd;
Cities were built, societies were made:
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd through love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?
What war could ravish, commerce could bestow;
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.

VARIATIONS.—Ver. 197 in the first editions:

Who for those arts they learn'd of brutes before,
As kings shall crown them, or as gods adore.

Ver. 201. "Here rose one little state," &c. In the MS. thus:

The neighbours leagued to guard their common spot,
And love was nature's dictate; murder, not.
For want alone each animal contends;
Tigers with tigers, that removed, are friends.
Plain nature's wants the common mother crown'd,
She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and streams around.
No treasure then for rapine to invade;
What need to fight for sunshine or for shade?
And half the cause of contest was removed,
When beauty could be kind to all who loved.

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Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus states were form'd; the name of king unknown,
Till common interest placed the sway in one.
'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms,)
The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.

VI. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each patriarch sate,
King, priest, and parent, of his growing state:
On him, their second Providence, they hung;
Their law, his eye; their oracle, his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood.
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
Or fetch th' aërial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, sickening, dying, they began
Whom they revered as God, to mourn as man:
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explored
One great First Father, and that first adored.
Or plain tradition, that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son.
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple reason never sought but one:
Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a father, when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all the allegiance then,
For Nature knew no right divine in men:
No ill could fear in God, and understood
A sovereign being, but a sovereign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran;
That was but love of God, and this of man.
Who first taught souls enslaved, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;

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That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its Cause.
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe.
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects made:
She midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Power unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bless'd abodes,
Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride.
Then sacred seemed th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the flamen tasted living food,
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
With Heaven's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.
So drives self-love, through just, and through unjust,
To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust;
The same self-love in all becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forced into virtue thus, by self-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence:

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Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the studious head or generous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human-kind,
Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral Nature gave before;
Relumed her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught power's due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings;
The less or greater set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
Till jarring interests of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
To serve, not suffer—strengthen, not invade;
More powerful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, bless'd:
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.
For forms of government, let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd, is best:
For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity;
All must be false, that thwarts this one great end;
And all of God that bless mankind, or mend.
Man, like the generous vine, supported lives;
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun:
So two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

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EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Happiness.

ARGUMENT.—I. False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered from ver. 19 to 27. II. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all, ver. 30. God intends happiness to be equal; and, to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws, ver. 37. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these, ver. 51. But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of hope and fear, ver. 70.—III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage, ver. 77. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune, ver. 94.—IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars, ver. 121.—V. That we are not judges who are good: but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest, ver. 133, &c.—VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, virtue, ver. 167. That even these can make no man happy without virtue: instanced in riches, ver. 185. Honours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatness, ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. Superior talents, ver. 257, &c. With pictures of human infelicity in men, possessed of them all, ver. 269, &c.—VII. That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, ver. 307. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter, ver. 326, &c.

Oh, happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die:

VARIATION.—Ver. 1. "Oh, happiness!" &c. In the MS. thus:

Oh, happiness! to which we all aspire,
Wing'd with strong hope, and borne by full desire
That ease, for which in want, in wealth we sigh;
That ease, for which we labour, and we die.

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Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise:
Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,
Say, in what mortal soul thou deign'st to grow?
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twined with the wreath Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or every where;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.

I. Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are blind:
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these.
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain:
Some, swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain:
Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in every thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?

II. Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive:
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease.
Remember, man, "the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws:"
And makes what happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:

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No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfied:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heaven's first law: and, this confess'd,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest:
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts, if each alike possess'd,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

VARIATIONS.—After ver. 52 in the MS.:

Say not, "Heaven's here profuse, there poorly saves,
And for one monarch makes a thousand slaves."
You'll find, when causes and their ends are known,
'Twas for the thousand Heaven has made that one.

After ver. 66 in the MS.:

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a stay:
The rest mad fortune gives or takes away.
All other bliss by accident's debarr'd;
But virtue's, in the instant, a reward;
In hardest trials operates the best,
And more is relish'd as the more distress'd.

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Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are placed in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse.
Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

III. Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, O virtue! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether bless'd or cursed,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all th' advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
Oh, blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue wo!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be bless'd.
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.

VARIATION.—After ver. 92 in the MS.:

Let sober moralists correct their speech,
No bad man's happy; he is great, or rich.

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See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire.
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders will.
God sends not ill, if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till man improved it all.
We just as wisely might of Heaven complain,
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause
Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws!

IV. Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires!
On air or sea new motions be impress'd,
Oh, blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitations cease if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?

VARIATION.—After ver. 116 in the MS.:

Of every evil, since the world began,
The real source is not in God, but man.

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V. But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care!
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell:
If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing, or its rod,
This cries, there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be bless'd.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue punish mine.
WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;
And which more bless'd? who chain'd his country, say.
Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

VI. "But sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er:
"No—shall the good want health, the good want power?"
And health, and power, and every earthly thing—
"Why bounded power? why private? why no king?
Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven?"

VARIATION.—After ver. 142 in some editions:

Give each a system, all must be at strife;
What different systems for a man and wife?

The joke, though lively, was ill placed, and therefore struck out of the text.

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Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give;
Immense the power, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?
What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown,
Or public spirit its great cure—a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife,
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute or trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
Oh, fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.
Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;

VARIATION.—After ver. 172 in the MS.:

Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
Or fit for searching heads or honest hearts.

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The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd.
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more," you cry, "than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness: say where greatness lies:
"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,
Or make an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes;

VARIATION.—Ver. 207, "Boast the pure blood," &c. In the MS. thus:

The richest blood, right-honourably old,
Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
May swell thy heart, and gallop in thy breast,
Without one dash of usher or of priest:
Thy pride as much despise all other pride,
As Christ-Church once all colleges beside.

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Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis praise absurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Just what you hear, you have; and what's unknown,
The same, my lord, if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
As Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when or where they shone or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign but of true desert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell, for you can, what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To see all others' faults, and feel our own;
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second or without a judge:

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Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful prëeminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they 'mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these:
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribands, if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story, learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, famed, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy! those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero sunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchanged for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh, wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,

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The trophied arches, storied halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame.
Know then this truth, (enough for man to know,)
"Virtue alone is happiness below."
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is bless'd in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquired,
For ever exercised, yet never tired;
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected, while another's bless'd:
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.
See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know;
Yet poor with fortune and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good untaught will find:
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God;

VARIATION.—After ver. 316 in the MS.:

Ev'n while it seems unequal to dispose,
And chequers all the good man's joys with woes,
'Tis but to teach him to support each state,
With patience this, with moderation that;
And raise his base on that one solid joy,
Which conscience gives, and nothing can destroy.

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Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below:
Learns from this union of the rising whole
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end in LOVE OF GOD and LOVE OF MAN.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfined,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why Nature plants in man alone,
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek, they find;)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with her greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be bless'd;
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part;
Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence;
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.
God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race:
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in, of every kind;

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Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty bless'd,
And heaven beholds its image in his breast.
Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;
Oh, master of the poet, and the song!
And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer,
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
That, urged by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light,
Show'd erring pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

VARIATIONS.—Ver. 373. "Come then my friend!" &c. In the MS. thus:

And now transported o'er so vast a plain,
While the winged courser flies with all her rein,
While heavenward now her mounting wing she feels,
Now scatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,
Wilt thou, my St. John! keep her course in sight,
Confine her fury, and assist her flight?

Ver. 397. "That virtue only," &c. In the MS. thus:

That just to find a God is all we can,
And all the study of mankind is man.

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THE

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

It may be proper to observe, that some passages in the preceding Essay having been unjustly suspected of a tendency towards fate and naturalism, the author composed this prayer as the sum of all, to show that his system was founded in free-will, and terminated in piety; that the First Cause was as well the Lord and Governor of the universe as the Creator of it; and that, by submission to his will (the great principle enforced throughout the Essay) was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along by a blind determination, but a resting in a religious acquiescence, and confidence full of hope and immortality. To give all this the greater weight, the poet chose for his model the Lord's Prayer, which, of all others, best deserves the title prefixed to this paraphrase.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will:

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

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What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives:
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's wo,
To hide the fault I see:
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

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MORAL ESSAYS,

IN FOUR EPISTLES,

TO SEVERAL PERSONS.

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassis onerantibus aures:
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocoso,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetæ
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto.—Hor.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Essay on Man was intended to have been comprised in four books.

The first of which the author has given us under that title, in four epistles.

The second was to have consisted of the same number: 1. Of the extent and limits of human reason. 2. Of those arts and sciences, and of the parts of them which are useful, and therefore attainable, together with those which are unuseful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the nature, ends, use, and application of the different capacities of men. 4. Of the use of learning, of the science of the world, and of wit; concluding with a satire against the misapplication of them, illustrated by pictures, characters, and examples.

The third book regarded civil regimen, or the science of politics, in which the several forms of a republic were to be examined and explained; together with the several modes of religious worship, as far forth as they affect society: between which the author always supposed there was the most interesting relation and closest connexion; so that this part would have treated of civil and religious society in their full extent.

The fourth and last book concerned private ethics, or practical morality, considered in all the circumstances, orders, professions, and stations of human life.

The scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and communicated to Lord Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more, and was intended for the only work of his riper years; but was, partly through ill-health, partly through discouragement from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other considerations, interrupted, postponed, and lastly in a manner laid aside.

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But as this was the author's favourite work, which more exactly reflected the image of his strong, capacious mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the *disjecta membra poetæ* that now remain, it may not be amiss to be a little more particular concerning each of these projected books.

The first, as it treats of man in the abstract, and considers him in general under every of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furnishes out the subjects, of the three following: so that

The second book was to take up again the first and second epistles of the first book, and treats of man in his intellectual capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this, only a small part of the conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a satire against the misapplication of wit and learning) may be found in the fourth book of the Dunciad, and up and down, occasionally, in the other three.

The third book in like manner was to reassume the subject of the third epistle of the first, which treats of man in his social, political, and religious capacity. But this part the poet afterwards conceived might be best executed in an epic poem; as the action would make it more animated, and the fable less invidious: in which all the great principles of true and false governments and religions should be chiefly delivered in feigned examples.

The fourth and last book was to pursue the subject of the fourth epistle of the first, and treats of ethics, or practical morality; and would have consisted of many members; of which the four following epistles were detached portions; the first two, on the characters of men and women, being the introductory part of this concluding book.—*Warburton.*

These Epistles, in which Poetry has condescended to become the handmaid of Philosophy, to decorate, and set her off to advantage, are written with a spirit and vivacity not exceeded by any production of the kind in any country or language. Their nearest prototypes are the Epistles of Horace and Boileau and the Satires of Ariosto and Bentivoglio, to none of which they are inferior. In our own language, they may be considered as the first attempts to unite sound sense and deep research with the lighter graces of elegant composition, and to promote the cause of virtue and morality by conveying the purest precepts in the most impressive language, and illustrating them by examples which strike the imagination with all the force of reality. As they had in this country no example, so they have as yet had no rival; nor until a genius shall arise that shall unite in himself, in an equal degree, the various endowments by which their author was distinguished, is it likely they ever will.

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MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I.

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.

Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men.

ARGUMENT.—I. That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in the abstract: books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experience singly, ver. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, ver. 10. Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ver. 15. Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c. ver. 31. The shortness of life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men to observe by, ver. 37, &c. Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves, ver. 41. Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ver. 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, ver. 71. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, ver. 77, &c. Nothing constant and certain but God and nature, ver. 95. No judging of the motives from the actions: the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions, ver. 100.—II. Yet, to form characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree. The utter uncertainty of this from nature itself, and from policy, ver. 120. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, ver. 135. And some reason for it, ver. 140. Education alters the nature, or at least character of many. Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles, all subject to change. No judging by nature, from ver. 150 to ver. 178.—III. It only remains to find (if we can) his ruling passion: that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, ver. 175. Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, ver. 179. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, ver. 210. Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath, ver. 222, &c.

I. YES, you despise the man to books confined,
Who from his study rails at human kind,
Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some general maxims, or be right by chance.

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That coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
Though many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.
And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake:
To written wisdom, as another's, less;
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of minds as moss.
That each from other differs, first confess;
Next, that he varies from himself no less;
Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,
And all Opinion's colours cast on life.
Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies of our minds?
On human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man:
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.
Yet more; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen,
All manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolour'd through our passions shown;
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.
Nor will life's stream for observation stay;
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take:
Oft in the passion's wild rotation toss'd,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:

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Tired, not determined, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides and fancy sports in sleep,
(Though past the recollection of the thought,)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.
  True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others, so very close, they're hid from none;
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light:)
Thus gracious Chandos is beloved at sight;
And every child hates Shylock, though his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when generous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis vice, an itch of vulgar praise;
When flattery glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.
  But these plain characters we rarely find;
Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole;
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy;
And in the cunning, truth itself's a lie:
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise;
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.
  See the same man in vigour, in the gout;
Alone, in company, in place, or out;
Early at business, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.
  Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with venison to a saint without.

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Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head, all interests weigh'd,
All Europe saved, yet Britain not betray'd?
He thanks you not, his pride is in piquet,
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet.
What made (say, Montaigne, or more sage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjured prince a leaden saint revere,
A godless regent tremble at a star?
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithless through piety, and duped through wit?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?
Know, God and nature only are the same:
In man, the judgment shoots at flying game:
A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,
Now in the moon, perhaps now under ground.

II. In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent *what*, conclude the *why*;
Infer the motive from the deed, and show,
That what we chanced, was what we meant to do.
Behold, if fortune or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns:
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state:
The same adust complexion has impel'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.
Not always actions show the man; we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind:
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast,
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east:

VARIATION.—After ver. 86 in the former editions:

Triumphant leaders at an army's head,
Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread;
As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
Now save a people, and now save a groat.

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Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:
Who combats bravely, is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
Who reasons wisely, is not therefore wise;
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.
But grant that actions best discover man:
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can:
The few that glare, each character must mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but changed his mind,
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not dined.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
Cæsar himself might whisper, he was beat.
Why risk the world's great empire for a punk?
Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove
One action, conduct; one, heroic love.
'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still;
A gownman learn'd, a bishop what you will;
Wise, if a minister; but, if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more every thing.
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where heaven's influence scarce can penetrate.

VARIATION.—Ver. 129 in the former editions:

Ask why from Britain Cæsar made retreat?
Cæsar himself would tell you, he was beat.
The mighty czar what moved to wed a punk?
The mighty czar would tell you, he was drunk?

Altered as above, because Cæsar wrote his *Commentaries* of this war, and does not tell you he was beat. As Cæsar, too, afforded an instance of both cases, it was thought better to make him the single example.

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In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like;
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Though the same sun with all-diffusive rays
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his power,
And justly set the gem above the flower.
'Tis education forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave:
Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave.
Is he a churchman? then he's fond of power:
A quaker? sly: a presbyterian? sour:
A smart free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Ask men's opinions: Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well:
Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid, silent dunce?
Some god, or spirit, he has lately found;
Or chanced to meet a minister that frown'd.
Judge we by nature? habit can efface,
Interest o'ercome, or policy take place:
By actions? those uncertainty divides:
By passions? these dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

III. Search then the ruling passion: There, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clew once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confess'd.

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Wharton! the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise;
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies:
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too;
Then turn repentant, and his god adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart:
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible to shun contempt;
His passion still, to covet general praise;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty, which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no one can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refined:
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool
  Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
  Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store:
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore;

VARIATION.—In the former editions, ver. 208:

Nature well known, no miracles remain.

Altered, as above, for very obvious reasons.

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In this the lust, in that the avarice,
Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice.
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by chastity, at praise.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.
In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigour just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.
Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last;
As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out,
As sober Lanesb'row dancing in the gout.
Behold a reverend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shoved from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
By his own son, that passes by unbless'd:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies every sparrow that he sees.
A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late.
"Mercy!" cries Helluo, "mercy on my soul!
Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."
The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,"
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke;
"No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face;
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."

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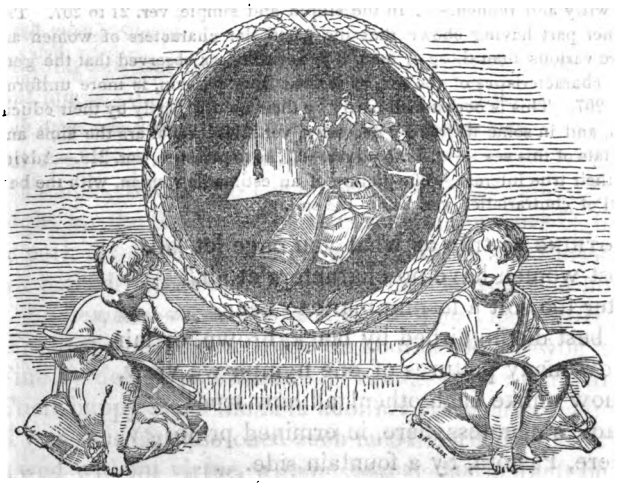
The courtier smooth, who forty years had shined
An humble servant to all human kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
"If—where I'm going—I could serve you, sir!"
"I give and I devise," old Euclio said,
And sigh'd, "my lands and tenements to Ned."
"Your money, sir?"—"My money, sir! what all?
Why—if I must,"—then wept,—"I give it Paul."
"The manor, sir?"—"The manor! hold!" he cried;
"Not that,—I cannot part with that,"—and died.
And you, brave Cobham! to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
Such in those moments as in all the past,
"Oh, save my country, Heaven!" shall be your last.



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EPISTLE II.

THERE is nothing in Mr. Pope's works more highly finished than this Epistle: yet its success was in no proportion to the pains he took in composing it. Something he chanced to drop in a short advertisement prefixed to it on its first publication, may, perhaps, account for the small attention given to it. He said that no one character in it was drawn from the life. The public believed him on his word, and expressed little curiosity about a satire, in which there was nothing personal.

TO A LADY.

Of the Characters of Women.

ARGUMENT.—That the particular characters of women are not so strongly marked as those of man, seldom so fixed, and still more inconsistent with themselves, ver 1, &c. Instances of contrarieties given, even from such characters as are more strongly marked, and seemingly, therefore, most consistent: as, 1. In the affected.—2. In the soft-natured.—3. In the cunning and artful.—4. In the whimsical.—5. In the lewd and vicious.—6. In the witty and refined.—7. In the stupid and simple, ver. 21 to 207. The former part having shown that the particular characters of women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed that the general characteristics of the sex, as to the ruling passion, is more uniform, ver. 207. This is occasioned partly by their nature, partly by their education, and in some degree by necessity, ver. 211. What are the aims and the fate of this sex:—1. As to power.—2. As to pleasure, ver. 219.—Advice for their true interest.—The picture of an estimable woman, with the best kind of contrarieties, ver. 249 to the end.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
"Most women have no characters at all."
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other! all how true!
Arcadia's countess, here, in ermined pride,
Is there, Pastora, by a fountain side.
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a swan.
Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye;

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Or dress'd in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simpering angels, palms, and harps divine:
Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.
Come then, the colours and the ground prepare
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Rufa, whose eye, quick-glancing o'er the park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask:
So morning insects, that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.
How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail-one's advocate, the weak-one's friend,
To her, Calista proved her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose,
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.
Papillia, wedded to her amorous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchased, but the fair he sees
All bathed in tears—"Oh, odious, odious trees!"
Ladies, like variegated tulips, show;
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Awed without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes;
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise:
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;

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Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash would hardly stew a child;
Has ev'n been proved to grant a lover's prayer,
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy for a whim.
Why then declare good nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his grace and Chartres:
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns;
And atheism and religion take their turns;
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.
See Sin in state, majestically drunk,
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk;
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought;
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She sins with poets through pure love of wit.
What has not fired her bosom or her brain?
Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.
As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of *haut-gout*, and the tip of taste,
Critiqued your wine, and analyzed your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomedé, lecturing all mankind
On the soft passion, and the taste refined,
The address, the delicacy—stoops at once,
And makes a hearty meal upon a dunce.

VARIATION.—Ver. 77. "What has not fired," &c. In the MS.:

In whose mad brain the mix'd ideas roll,
Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæsar's soul.

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Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
Wise wretch! with pleasures too refined to please;
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought:
You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn then from wits, and look on Simo's mate;
No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate:
Or her that owns her faults, but never mends,
Because she's honest, and the best of friends:
Or her whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion or a prayer:
Or her who laughs at hell, but (like her grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming if there's no such place!"
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears,
Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears,
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought.
Woman and fool are two hard things to hit:
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth,
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth.
Shines in exposing knaves and painting fools,
Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.

VARIATION.—After ver. 122 in the MS.:

Oppress'd with wealth and wit, abundance sad!
One makes her poor the other makes her mad.

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Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
The wisest fool much time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratified, except her rage:
So much the fury still outran the wit,
That pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her every turn with violence pursued,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each passion turns, or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate.
Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse!
But an inferior not dependent! worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:
But die, and she'll adore you—Then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
Last night, her lord was all that's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of power, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers! without one distress,
Sick of herself, through very selfishness!
Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heaven-directed, to the poor!

Pictures, like these, dear madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line,
Some wandering touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit them right:

VARIATION.—After ver. 148 in the MS.:

This death decides; nor lets the blessing fall
On any one she hates, but on them all.
Cursed chance! this only could afflict her more,
If any part should wander to the poor.

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For how should equal colours do the knack?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?
"Yet Chloé sure was form'd without a spot."—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With every pleasing, every prudent part,
Say, what can Chloé want?"—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never reach'd one generous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmoved,
As never yet to love, or to be loved.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it, Heaven, a favour or a debt
She e'er should cancel!—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloé's ear;
But none of Chloé's shall you ever hear.
Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloé know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloé is prudent—Would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloé dies.

One certain portrait may, I grant, be seen,
Which Heaven has varnish'd out and made a queen:
The same for ever! and described by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball
Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,
And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well: but, artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of nature it conceals:
Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.

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If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God or king:
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met or plain Parson Hale.
But grant, in public, men sometimes are shown,
A woman's seen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full light display'd,
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue or a vice.
In men we various ruling passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind:
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.
That nature gives; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this; by man's oppression cursed,
They seek the second not to lose the first.
Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake:

VARIATIONS.—After ver. 198 in the MS.:

Fain I'd in Fulvia spy the tender wife;
I cannot prove it on her for my life:
And, for a noble pride, I blush no less,
Instead of Berenice to think on Bess.
Thus while immortal Cibber only sings
(As Clarke and Hoadly preach) for queens and kings,
The nymph that ne'er read Milton's mighty line,
May, if she love, and merit verse, have mine.

Ver. 207, in the first edition:

In several men we several passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind.

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Men, some to quiet, some to public strife,
But every lady would be queen for life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!
Power all their end, but beauty all the means:
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-timed retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone;
Worn out in public, weary every eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.
Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost;
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
Ashamed to own they gave delight before,
Reduced to feign it, when they give no more:
As hags hold sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
So these their merry, miserable night;
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour died.
See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot;
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!
Ah, friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the sun's broad beam has tired the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,

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Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserved the glaring orb declines.
Oh! bless'd with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter, with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools;
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets or codille;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all
And mistress of herself, though china fall.
And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex, to make the favourite bless'd,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest;
Blends in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools;
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fix'd principles with fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—you.
Be this a woman's fame; with this unbless'd,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promised (I forgot the year),
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple prayer,
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The generous god, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.

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EPISTLE III.

THIS Epistle was written after a violent outcry against our author, on a supposition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman, merely for his wrong taste. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington: at the end of which are these words: "I have learned that there are some who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of their idols, their groves, and their high-places, and change my subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries; and, as the only certain way to avoid misconstructions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably in my next make use of real names instead of fictitious ones."

TO ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

Of the Use of Riches.

ARGUMENT.—That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profusion, ver. 1, &c. The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind, ver. 21 to 77. That riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessaries, ver. 89 to 160. That avarice is an absolute phrensy, without an end or purpose, ver. 113, &c., 152. Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men, ver. 121 to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions, ver. 161 to 178. How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable, ver. 179. How a prodigal does the same, ver. 199. The due medium, and true use of riches, ver. 219. The man of Ross, ver. 250. The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death, ver. 300, &c. The story of Sir Balaam, ver. 339 to the end.

P. WHO shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuits doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
That man was made the standing jest of Heaven;
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away.

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But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And, surely, Heaven and I are of a mind,)
Opine, that nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:
But when, by man's audacious labour won,
Flamed forth this rival to its sire the sun,
Then careful Heaven supplied two sorts of men,
To squander these, and those to hide again.
Like doctors thus, when much dispute has pass'd,
We find our tenets just the same at last:
Both fairly owning riches, in effect,
No grace of Heaven, or token of th' elect:
Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil.

B. What nature wants, commodious gold bestows:
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe;
'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve:
What nature wants (a phrase I much distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust;
Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
But, dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.

B. Trade it may help, society extend:

P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.

B. It raises armies in a nation's aid:

P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.
In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave,
If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
And, jingling down the back stairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."
Bless paper credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings:
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to some distant shore;

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A leaf, like Sybil's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow;
Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king or buys a queen.
Oh! that such bulky bribes, as all might see,
Still, as of old, encumber'd villany!
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
With all their brandies or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and 'squires confound,
Or water all the quorum ten miles round?
A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!
"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
Poor avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could profusion squander all in kind.
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet,
And Worldly crying coals from street to street,
Whom with a wig so wild and mien so mazed,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman crazed.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
His grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
With spurning heels and with a butting head:
To White's be carried, as to ancient games,
Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?
Or soft Adonis, so perfumed and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
Oh, filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade, quadrille!

VARIATION.—After ver. 50 in the MS.:

'To break a trust were Peter bribed with wine,
Peter! 'twould pose as wise a head as thine.

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Since then, my lord, on such a world we fall,
What say you? *B.* Say? Why, take it, gold and all.
P. What riches give us, let us then inquire:
Meat, fire, and clothes. *B.* What more?
P. Meat, clothes, and fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions pass'd)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
What can they give? To dying Hopkins heirs?
To Chartres vigour? Japhet nose and ears?
Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow?
In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below?
Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail,
With all th' embroidery plaster'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
Give Harpax' self the blessing of a friend;
Or find some doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife.
But thousands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college or a cat.
To some, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,
T' enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.
Perhaps you think the poor might have their part;
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
That every man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love," says Blunt, with tearless eyes,
"The wretch he starves!"—and piously denies:
But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.
Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.

VARIATION.—Ver. 77. "Since then," &c. In the former edition:

Well, then, since with the world we stand or fall,
Come take it, as we find it, gold and all.

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B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,
Must act on motives powerful, though unknown.
P. Some war, some plague, or famine, they foresee,
Some revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found;
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.
What made directors cheat in South-sea year?
To live on venison when it sold so dear.
Ask you why Phryné the whole auction buys?
Phryné foresees a general excise.
Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.
Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold:
Glorious Ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial souls: whose life one avarice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian mines.
Much-injured Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:
"At length corruption, like a general flood
(So long by watchful ministers withstood),
Shall deluge all; and avarice, creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun;
Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
Peeress and butler share alike the box,
And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
And mighty dukes pack cards for half-a-crown.
See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
And France revenged of Anne's and Edward's arms!"
'Twas no court-badge, great scrivener! fired thy brain,
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, ashamed to see
Senates degenerate, patriots disagree,

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And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.
"All this is madness," cries a sober sage:
But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
"The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion, conquers reason still."
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
Than ev'n passion, if it has no aim:
For though such motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: "'Tis Heaven each passion sends,
And different men directs to different ends.
Extremes in nature equal good produce,
Extremes in man concur to general use."
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That Power who bids the ocean ebb and flow;
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Through reconciled extremes of drought and rain:
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir to keep and spare,
The next a fountain, spouting through his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.
Old Cotta shamed his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What though (the use of barbarous spits forgot),
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot?
His courts with nettles, moats with cresses stored,
With soups unbought and salads bless'd his board?
If Cotta lived on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramins, saints, and sages did before:
To cram the rich was prodigal expense,
And who would take the poor from Providence?

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Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round:
Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the saved candle and unopening door;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not so his son: he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right:
(For what to shun, will no great knowledge need;
But what to follow, is a task indeed).
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'squire, and deep divine!
Yet no mean motives this profusion draws,
His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis George and liberty that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet.
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands:
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a pope.
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?
In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause;
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.
The sense to value riches, with the art
T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,

VARIATION.—After ver. 218 in the MS.:

Where one lean herring furnish'd Cotta's board,
And nettles grew, fit porridge for their lord:

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Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, nor raised by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expense,
Join with economy, magnificence;
With splendour, charity; with plenty, health;
Oh, teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want well-weigh'd, be bounty given,
And ease or emulate the care of Heaven;
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race;)
Mend fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffused;
As poison heals in just proportion used:
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies;
But well dispersed, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a lord, who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon?
Whose table, wit or modest merit share,
Unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player?
Who copies yours or Oxford's better part,
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, O Fortune, gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There, English bounty yet awhile may stand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

VARIATION, CONTINUED.

Where mad good-nature, bounty misapplied,
In lavish Curio blazed awhile and died;
There Providence once more shall shift the scene,
And showing H—y, teach the golden mean.

After ver. 226 in the MS.:

The secret rare, which affluence hardly join'd,
Which W—n lost, yet B—y ne'er could find:
Still miss'd by Vice, and scarce by Virtue hit,
By G—'s goodness, or by S—'s wit.

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But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest muse! and sing the MAN OF ROSS:
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns toss'd,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless pouring through the plain,
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alm-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans bless'd,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
Oh say, what sums that generous hand supply;
What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze
Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

VARIATION.—After ver. 250 in the MS.:

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's shore,
Who sings not him, oh, may he sing no more!

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B. And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough that virtue fill'd the space between,
Proved by the ends of being to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who, living, saved a candle's end;
Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay, extends his hands;
That live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
And see what comfort it affords our end.
In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies—alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proved alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king;
No wit to flatter, left of all his store;
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends!

VARIATION.—Ver. 287. Thus in the MS.:

The register enrolls him with his poor,
Tells he was born and died, and tells no more.
Just as he ought, he fill'd the space between;
Then stole to rest, unheeded and unseen.

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His grace's fate sage Cutler could forsee,
And well, he thought, advised him, "Live like me."
As well his grace replied, "Like you, Sir John?
That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Resolve me, Reason, which of these are worse,
Want with a full or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler! was confess'd;
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
Cutler saw tenants break and houses fall;
For very want he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's power,
For very want, he could not pay a dower;
A few gray hairs his reverend temples crown'd;
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What! ev'n denied a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
"Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name!"
Say, for such worth are other worlds prepared?
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?
A knotty point to which we now proceed,
But are you tired—I'll tell a tale.—*B.* Agreed.
P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies,
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth:
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
And added pudding solemnized the Lord's:
Constant at church and 'change; his gains were sure:
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

VARIATION.—Ver. 337 in the former editions:

That knotty point, my lord, shall I discuss,
Or tell a tale?—A tale.—It follows thus.

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The devil was piqued such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old;
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Roused by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word;
And, lo! two puddings smoked upon the board.
Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledged it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eased his thought:
"I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
And am so clear too of all other vice."
The tempter saw his time: the work he plied:
Stocks and subscriptions pour on every side,
Till all the demon makes his full descent
In one abundant shower of cent per cent,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.
Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn.
His compting-house employed the Sunday morn:
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life,)
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide,
My good old lady catch'd a cold, and died.
A nymph of quality admires our knight;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite;

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Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
First for his son, a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play; so bad her chance,
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The house impeach him, Coningsby harangues;
The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own;
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown:
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God, and dies.

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EPISTLE IV.

THE extremes of avarice and profusion being treated of in the foregoing Epistle, this takes up one particular branch of the latter, the vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality; and is, therefore, a corollary to the preceding, just as the Epistle on the Characters of Women is to that of the Knowledge and Characters of Men. It is equally remarkable for exactness of method with the rest. But the nature of the subject, which is less philosophical, makes it capable of being analyzed in a much narrower compass.

TO RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

Of the Use of Riches.

ARGUMENT. —The vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word Taste, ver. 13. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is good sense, ver. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in architecture and gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, ver. 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best examples and rules will be but perverted into something burdensome and ridiculous, ver. 65, &c., to 92 A description of the false taste of magnificence; the first grand error of which is, to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, instead of the proportion and harmony of the whole, ver. 97; and the second, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the repetition of the same too frequently, ver. 105, &c. A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and, lastly, in entertainments, ver. 133, &c. Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind, ver. 169, [recurring to what is laid down in the first book, Epistle II., and in the Epistle preceding this, ver. 159, &c.] What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expense of great men, ver. 177, &c. And finally the great and public works which become a prince, ver. 191, to the end.

'TIS strange, the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?

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Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats:
He buys for Topham drawings and designs;
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone;
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane:
Think we all these are for himself! no more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some demon whisper'd, "Visto! have a taste."
Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide:
A standing sermon at each year's expense,
That never coxcomb reached magnificence.

You show us Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use;
Yet shall, my lord, your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty, many blunders make;
Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole, eked with ends of wall;
Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
That, laced with bits of rustic, makes a front;
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door:

VARIATION.—After ver. 22 in the MS.:

Must bishops, lawyers, statesmen, have the skill
To build, to plant, judge paintings, what you will?
Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
Bridgman explain the gospel, Gibbs the law?

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Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.
  Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear;
Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense;
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And, though no science, fairly worth the seven;
A light which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.
  To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
In all, let Nature never be forgot:
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty every where be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.
  Consult the genius of the place in all:
That tells the waters or to rise or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heavens to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale;
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines,
Paints as you paint, and as you work, designs.
  Still follow sense, of every art the soul:
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance:
Nature shall join you; time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stowe.
  Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's terraces desert their walls;
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake:

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Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in a hermitage set Dr. Clarke.
Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete,
His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet;
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light;
A waving gloom the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quivering rills meander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more:
Tired of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.

Through his young woods how pleased Sabinus stray'd,
Or sate delighted in the thickening shade,
With annual joy the reddening shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
His son's fine taste an opener vista loves,
Foe to the dryads of his father's groves!
One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews:
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a drought
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought;
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shivering at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole a labour'd quarry above ground.
Two Cupids squirt before; a lake behind
Improves the keeness of the northern wind.

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His gardens next your admiration call,
On every side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene:
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suffering eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain never to be play'd,
And there a summer-house that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrité sails through myrtle bowers;
There gladiators fight, or die in flowers;
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.
My lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First through the length of yon hot terrace sweat!
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.
His study! with what authors is it stored?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
These Aldus printed, those Du Suëil has bound!
Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good,
For all his lordship knows, but they are wood!
For Locke or Milton, 'tis in vain to look:
Those shelves admit not any modern book.
And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of prayer:
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

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But, hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:
The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb.
A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state:
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dead doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet wine, and God bless the king!
In plenty starving, tantalized in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tired, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost and little skill,
And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill.
Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
The labourer bears: what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.
Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.
Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil?
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle.
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.
His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad if he increase:
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not ashamed to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow:

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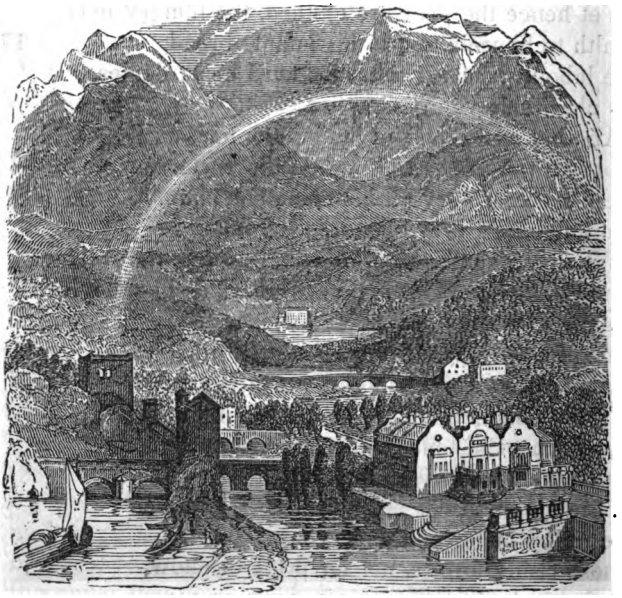
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.
You, too, proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd);
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples worthier of the God ascend;
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land;
These honours peace to happy Britain brings;
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.



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EPISTLE TO MR. ADDISON,

OCCASIONED BY HIS

DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

THIS was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of Medals; it was some time before he was secretary of state; but not published till Mr. Tickell's edition of his works; at which time his verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz: in 1720.

As the third Epistle treated of the extremes of avarice and profusion; and the fourth took up one particular branch of the latter, namely, the vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality, and was therefore a corollary to the third; so this treats of one circumstance of that vanity, as it appears in the common collectors of old coin; and is, therefore, a corollary to the fourth.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears!
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders raised on nations spoil'd,
Where mix'd with slaves the groaning martyr toil'd:
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods:
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey
Statues of men, scarce less alive than they!
Some fix'd the silent stroke of mouldering age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage:
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
All papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps by its own ruins saved from flame,
Some buried marble half preserves a name;
That name the learn'd with fierce dispute pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.
Ambition sigh'd; she found in vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust;
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!

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Convinced, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps,
No scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.
The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name.
In one short view, subjected to our eye,
Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight, pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd,
And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine;
Her gods, and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage:
These pleased the fathers of poetic rage:
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.
Oh, when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enrol'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There, warrior's frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;

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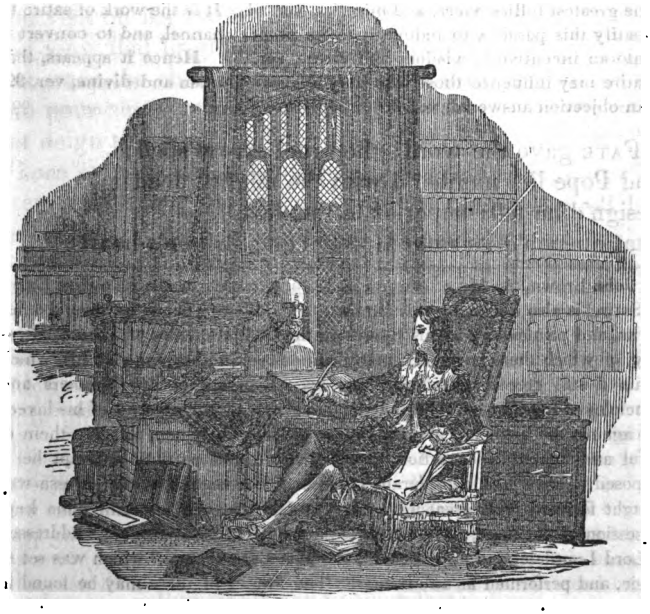
Or in fair series laurel'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
With aspect open, shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read:
"Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend:
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
And praised, unenvied, by the muse he loved."



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ESSAY ON SATIRE;

Occasioned by the Death of Mr. Pope.—Inscribed to Warburton.

BY J. BROWN, A. M.*

PART I.

ARGUMENT.—Of the end and efficacy of satire. The love of glory and fear of shame, universal, ver. 29. This passion, implanted in man as a spur to virtue, is generally perverted, ver. 41. And thus becomes the occasion of the greatest follies, vices, and miseries, ver. 61. It is the work of satire to rectify this passion, to reduce it to its proper channel, and to convert it into an incentive to wisdom and virtue, ver. 89. Hence it appears, that satire may influence those who defy all laws, human and divine, ver. 99. An objection answered, ver. 131.

FATE gave the word; the cruel arrow sped;
And Pope lies number'd with the mighty dead!
Resign'd he fell; superior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in yours and Britain's heart:

* John Brown, A. M., afterwards D.D., and author of the following Essay on Satire, is also advantageously known to the literary public by several other works, and particularly by his Essays on the Characteristics of Lord Shaftesbury, of which there have been many editions. Another work of his, which obtained still greater popularity, was his "Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times," where he endeavoured, by the severity of his invective against the indolence and selfishness of his countrymen, to rouse them to useful and honourable exertion, in which noble and patriotic attempt he is supposed to have had considerable success. His tragedy of Barbarossa was brought forward with great advantage by Garrick, and for some time kept possession of the stage. He also wrote a poem, entitled "Honour," addressed to Lord Lonsdale, and an ode, entitled "The Cure of Saul," which was set to music, and performed as an oratorio. The former of these may be found in the third volume of Dodsley's Collection of Poems, and the latter in the second volume of the supplemental collection of Pearch. Many other pieces of his are enumerated in the Biographia Britannica, where a further account of the circumstances of his life, and of its unhappy termination, may be found.

To the character of Dr. Brown, both moral and intellectual, the following piece does great credit; and in the situation where it is now placed, it may

You mourn; but Britain, lull'd in rest profound,
(Unconscious Britain!) slumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting Dullness eyed the setting light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the night;
Roused at the signal, guilt collects her train,
And counts the triumphs of her growing reign;
With inextinguishable rage they burn,
And snake-hung envy hisses o'er his urn;
Th' envenom'd monsters spit their deadly foam,
To blast the laurel that surrounds his tomb.
But you, O Warburton! whose eye refined
Can see the greatness of an honest mind;
Can see each virtue and each grace unite,
And taste the raptures of a *pure* delight;
You visit oft his awful page with care,
And view that bright assemblage treasured there;
You trace the chain that links his deep design,
And pour new lustre on the glowing line.
Yet deign to hear the efforts of a muse,
Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues:
Intent from this great archetype to draw
Satire's bright form, and fix her equal law;
Pleased if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And reverence his and Satire's generous end.
In every breast there burns an active flame,
The love of glory, or the dread of shame:
The passion one, though various it appear,
As brighten'd into hope, or dimm'd by fear.
The lisping infant, and the hoary sire,
And youth and manhood feel the heart-born fire:
The charms of praise the coy, the modest, woo,
And only fly that glory may pursue:
She, power resistless, rules the wise and great;
Bends even reluctant hermits at her feet;

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serve as no unsuitable introduction to the Satires of Pope, as it contains sound principles and correct critical opinions, and is upon the whole one of the best imitations of the style and manner of Pope that have hitherto appeared.—Roscoe.

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Haunts the proud city, and the lowly shade,
And sways alike the sceptre and the spade.
Thus Heaven in pity wakes the friendly flame,
To urge mankind on deeds that merit fame:
But man, vain man, in folly only wise,
Rejects the manna sent him from the skies;
With rapture hears corrupted passion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
As each deceitful shadow tempts his view,
He for the *imaged* substance quits the *true;*
Eager to catch the visionary prize,
In quest of glory, plunges deep in vice;
Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits every praise he pants to gain.
Thus still imperious nature plies her part,
And still her dictates work in every heart.
Each power that sovereign nature bids enjoy,
Man may corrupt, but man can ne'er destroy.
Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
The passions rage, obstructed in their course;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown those virtues which they fed before.
And sure, the deadliest foe to virtue's flame,
Our worst of evils, is *perverted shame.*
Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled slaves to folly not their own!
Meanly, by fashionable fear oppress'd,
We seek our virtues in each other's breast;
Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign vice,
Another's weakness, interest, or caprice.
Each fool to low ambition, poorly great,
That pines in splendid wretchedness of state,
Tired in the treacherous chase, would nobly yield,
And, but for shame, like Sylla, quit the field:
The demon *Shame* paints strong the ridicule,
And whispers close, "The world will call you fool."
Behold yon wretch, by impious fashion driven,
Believes and trembles, while he scoffs at Heaven.

By weakness strong, and bold through fear alone,
He dreads the sneer by shallow coxcombs thrown;
Dauntless pursues the path *Spinoza* trod;
To man a *coward*, and a *brave* to God.
Faith, Justice, Heaven itself, now quit their hold,
When to false fame the captived heart is sold:
Hence, blind to truth, relentless *Cato* died;
Nought could subdue his virtue; but his pride.
Hence chaste *Lucretia's* innocence, betray'd,
Fell by that honour which was meant its aid.
Thus virtue sinks beneath unumber'd woes,
When passions, born her friends, revolt her foes.
Hence Satire's power: 'tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild disorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height where glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wise;
In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
Strips black Oppression of her gay disguise,
And bids the hag in native horror rise;
Strikes towering Pride, and lawless Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.
Nor boasts the Muse a vain imagined power,
Though oft she mourns those ills she cannot cure.
The worthy, court her, and the worthless, fear;
Who shun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the vain and vile obey,
And every foe to wisdom feels her sway.
Smarts, pedants, as she smiles, no more are vain;
Desponding fops resign the *clouded cane:*
Hush'd at her voice, pert Folly's self is still,
And Dullness wonders while she drops her quill.
Like the arm'd bee, with art most subtly true,
From poisonous vice she draws a healing dew.
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades, securely wrapp'd in wiles;
And force, strong sinew'd, rends th' unequal toils;

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The stream of vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for policy, for power too strong.
Even fair Religion, native of the skies,
Scorn'd by the crowd, seeks refuge with the wise;
The crowd with laughter spurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Justice frowns in vain.
But Satire's shaft can pierce the harden'd breast;
She plays a *ruling passion* on the rest;
Undaunted storms the battery of his pride,
And awes the *brave* that earth and heaven defied.
When fell Corruption by her vassals crown'd,
Derides fall'n Justice, prostrate on the ground,
Swift to redress an injured people's groan,
Bold Satire shakes the tyrant on her throne;
Powerful as death, defies the sordid train,
And slaves and sycophants surround in vain.
But with the friends of vice, the foes of satire,
All truth is spleen: all just reproof, ill-nature.
Well may they dread the Muse's fatal skill;
Well may they tremble when she draws her quill;
Her magic quill, that, like Ithuriel's spear,
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear;
Bids vice and folly take their natural shapes,
Turns duchesses to strumpets, beaux to apes;
Drags the vile whisperer from his dark abode,
Till all the demon starts up from the toad.
Oh, sordid maxim! form'd to screen the vile,
That true good-nature still must wear a smile!
In frowns array'd, her beauties stronger rise,
When love of virtue wakes her scorn of vice:
Where Justice calls, 'tis cruelty to save;
And 'tis the law's good-nature hangs the knave.
Who combats virtue's foe, is virtue's friend:
Then judge of Satire's merit by her end:
To Guilt alone her vengeance stands confined,
The object of her love is all mankind.
Scarce more the friend of man, the wise must own,
Even Allen's bounteous hand, than Satire's frown.

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This to chastise, as that to bless, was given;
Alike the faithful ministers of Heaven.
Oft in unfeeling hearts the shaft is spent:
Though strong th' example, weak the punishment.
They least are pain'd, who merit satire most;
Folly the *Laureat's*, vice was *Chartres'* boast:
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of fools and knaves, already dead to shame?
Oft Satire acts the faithful surgeon's part;
Generous and kind, though painful, is her art:
With caution bold, she only strikes to heal;
Though Folly raves to break the friendly steel.
Then sure no fault impartial Satire knows,
Kind even in vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes.
Whose is the crime, the scandal to be theirs:
The knave and fool are their own libellers.

PART II.

ARGUMENT.—Rules for the conduct of satire. Justice and truth its chief and essential property, ver. 169. Prudence in the application of wit and ridicule, whose province is, not to explore unknown, but to enforce known truths, ver. 191. Proper subjects of satire are the manners of present times, ver. 239. Decency of expression recommended, ver. 255. The different methods in which folly and vice ought to be chastised, ver. 269. The variety of style and manner which these two subjects require, ver. 277. The praise of virtue may be admitted with propriety, ver. 315. Caution with regard to panegyric, ver. 329. The dignity of true satire, ver. 341.

DARE nobly then: but, conscious of your trust,
As ever warm and bold, be ever just;
Nor court applause in these degenerate days:
The villain's censure is extorted praise.
But chief, be steady in a noble end,
And show mankind that Truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write,
As foplings grin to show their teeth are white:

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To brand a doubtful folly with a smile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameless heart.
Oh, lost to honour's voice! oh, doom'd to shame!
Thou fiend accursed, thou murderer of fame!
Fell ravisher, from innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where shall thy baseness meet its just return,
Or what repay thy guilt, but endless scorn?
And know, immortal Truth shall mock thy toil:
Immortal Truth shall bid the shaft recoil;
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart;
And empty all its poison in thy heart.

With caution next, the dangerous power apply;
An eagle's talon asks an eagle's eye;
Let Satire then her proper object know,
And ere she strike, be sure she strike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confess'd,
Because blind Ridicule conceives a jest:
Before whose altar Virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a destined victim shall be led:
Lo, Shaftesbury rears her high on Reason's throne,
And loads the slave with honours not her own:
Big-swoll'n with folly, as her smiles provoke,
Profaneness spawns, pert dunces nurse the joke!
Come, let us join awhile this tittering crew,
And now the *idiot-guide* for once is *true*;
Deride our weak forefathers' musty rule,
Who *therefore* smiled, *because* they saw a fool;
Sublimer logic now adorns our isle,
We *therefore* see a fool, *because* we smile.
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly seek?
Lo, gay she sits in Laughter's dimpled cheek:
Contemns each surly academic foe,
And courts the spruce free-thinker and the beau.
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.

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Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conquering hand,
Shall work Herculean wonders through the land:
Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
You, mighty Warburton, shall rage in vain,
In vain the trackless maze of Truth you scan,
And lend th' informing clue to erring man:
No more shall Reason boast her power divine,
Her base eternal, shook by Folly's mine!
Truth's sacred fort, th' exploded laugh shall win;
And coxcombs vanquish Berkeley by a grin.
But you, more sage, reject th' inverted rule.
That Truth is e'er explored by Ridicule:
On Truth, on Falsehood, let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay prism but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to every object every dye.
Beware the mad adventurer: bold and blind
She hoists her sail, and drives with every wind;
Deaf as the storm to sinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a friend's destruction, or her own.
Let clear-eyed Reason at the helm preside,
Bear to the wind, or stem the furious tide;
Then Mirth may urge, when Reason can explore,
This point the way, *that* waft us glad to shore.
Though distant times may rise in Satire's page,
Yet chief 'tis her's to draw the present age:
With Wisdom's lustre, Folly's shade contrast,
And judge the reigning manners by the past:
Bid Britain's heroes (awful shades!) arise,
And ancient Honour beam on modern Vice:
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
Till the sons blush at what their fathers were:
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to trust;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be just;
When low-born sharpers only dared a lie,
Or falsified the card, or cogg'd the die;
Ere Lewdness the stain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chastity was carted for the whore:

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Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of freedom dress'd;
Or public spirit was the public jest.
Be ever, in a just expression, bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair Satire to a scold:
Let no unworthy mien her form debase,
But let her smile, and let her frown with grace:
In mirth be temperate, temperate in her spleen;
Nor, while she preaches modesty, obscene.
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a sore,
Nor call his lordship ——, her grace a ——.
The Muse's charms resistless then assail,
When wrapp'd in Irony's transparent veil:
Her beauties, half-conceal'd, the more surprise,
And keener lustre sparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with sharp encomiums graced:
Style Clodius honourable, Busa chaste.
Dart not on Folly an indignant eye:
Who e'er discharged artillery on a fly?
Deride not Vice: absurd the thought and vain,
To bind the tiger in so weak a chain.
Nay, more: when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The knave exults: to smile, is to approve.
The Muse's labour then success shall crown,
When Folly feels her smile, and Vice her frown.
Know next what measures to each theme belong,
And suit your thoughts and numbers to your song:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry rise,
And stoop to earth, or soar among the skies.
Thus when a modish folly you rehearse,
Free the expression, simple be the verse.
In artless numbers paint th' ambitious peer,
That mounts the box, and shines a charioteer:
In strains familiar sing the midnight toil,
Of camps and senates disciplined by Hoyle:
Patriots and chiefs, whose deep design invades,
And carries off the captive king—of spades!
Let Satire here in milder vigour shine,
And, gayly graceful, sport along the line;

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Bid courtly Fashion quit her thin pretence,
And smile each affectation into sense.
Not so when Virtue, by her guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her throne, implores the Muse's aid:
When *crimes*, which erst in kindred darkness lay,
Rise frontless, and insult the eye of day;
Indignant Hymen veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-robed Chastity with tears retires;
When rank Adultery on the genial bed
Hot from Cocytus rears her baleful head:
When private faith, and public trust are sold,
And traitors barter Liberty for gold:
When fell Corruption, dark and deep, like fate,
Saps the foundation of a sinking state:
When giant Vice, and Irreligion rise,
On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the skies:
Then warmer numbers glow through Satire's page
And all her smiles are darken'd into rage:
On eagle-wing she gains Parnassus' height,
Not lofty Epic soars a nobler flight:
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flash her lightnings, and her thunders fly·
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty world.
Yet Satire oft assumes a gentler mien,
And beams on Virtue's friends a smile serene!
She wounds reluctant; pours her balm with joy;
Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye.
But chief, when Virtue, Learning, Arts decline,
She joys to see unconquer'd merit shine;
Where bursting glorious, with departing ray,
True Genius gilds the close of Britain's day:
With joy she sees the stream of Roman art,
From Murray's tongue flow purer to the heart:
Sees Yorke to fame, ere yet to manhood known,
And just to every virtue, but his own;
Hears unstain'd Cam with generous pride proclaim
A sage's, critic's, and a poet's name:

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Beholds, where Widcombe's happy hills ascend,
Each orphan'd Art and Virtue find a friend:
To Hagley's honour'd shade directs her view;
And culls each flower to form a wreath for you.
But tread with cautious step this dangerous ground,
Beset with faithless precipices round:
Truth be your guide; disdain Ambition's call;
And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's native lustre that must shine;
The poet can but set it in his line:
And who unmoved with laughter can behold
A sordid pebble meanly graced with gold?
Let *real* merit then adorn your lays,
For shame attends on prostituted praise:
And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art,
But makes us grieve you want an honest heart.
Nor think the Muse by Satire's law confined:
She yields description of the noblest kind.
Inferior art the landscape may design,
And paint the purple evening in the line:
Her daring thought essays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates Passion, pictures Man.
And great the toil, the latent soul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid Vice or Virtue strike our eyes,
Now bid a Wolsey or a Cromwell rise;
Now, with a touch more sacred and refined,
Call forth a Chesterfield's or Lonsdale's mind.
Here sweet or strong may every colour flow,
Here let the pencil warm, the canvas glow:
Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,
And wake each striking feature into life.

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PART III.

Argument.—The History of true Satire. Roman Satirists, Lucilius, Horace, Persius, Juvenal, ver. 357, &c. Causes of the Decay of Literature, particularly of Satire, ver. 389. Revival of Satire, ver. 401. Erasmus one of its principal Restorers, ver. 405. Donne, 411. The Abuse of Satire in England, during the licentious reign of Charles II., ver. 415. Dryden, 429. The true Ends of Satire pursued by Boileau in France, ver. 439; and by Mr. Pope in England, ver. 445.

Through ages thus has Satire keenly shined,
The friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind:
Yet the bright flame from virtue ne'er had sprung,
And man was guilty ere the poet sung.
This Muse in silence joy'd each better age,
Till glowing crimes had waked her into rage,
Truth saw her honest spleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her shafts, and urge their flight.
First on the sons of *Greece* she proved her art,
And *Sparta* felt the fierce Iambic dart.
To Latium next avenging Satire flew:
The flaming faulchion rough Lucilius drew;
With dauntless warmth in virtue's cause engaged,
And conscious villains trembled as he raged.
Then sportive Horace caught the generous fire;
For Satire's bow resign'd the sounding lyre;
Each arrow polish'd in his hand was seen,
And, as it grew more polish'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in studied negligence,
Politely sly, cajoled the foes of sense:
He seem'd to sport and trifle with the dart,
But while he sported, drove it to the heart.
In graver strains majestic Persius wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought;
Greatly sedate, contemn'd a tyrant's reign,
And lash'd corruption with a calm disdain.
More ardent eloquence, and boundless rage,
Inflame bold Juvenal's exalted page;
His mighty numbers awed corrupted Rome,
And swept audacious Greatness to its doom;

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The headlong torrent, thundering from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately braved the sky.
But, lo! the fatal victor of mankind!
Swoll'n *Luxury!*—pale *Ruin* stalks behind!
As countless insects from the north-east pour,
To blast the spring, and ravage every flower,
So barbarous millions spread contagious death;
The sickening laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep Superstition's night the skies o'erhung,
Beneath whose baleful dews the poppy sprung.
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dullness nodded in the Muse's grove:
Wit, spirit, freedom, were the sole offence,
Nor aught was held so dangerous as sense.
At length, again fair Science shot her ray,
Dawn'd in the skies, and spoke returning day.
Now, Satire, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, string thy slacken'd bow!
'Tis done!—See, great Erasmus breaks the spell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her cell!
(In vain the solemn cowl surrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her sour grimace,)
With shame compel'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of reason urged by wit.
'Twas then plain Donne in honest vengeance rose,
His wit harmonious, though his rhyme was prose:
He 'midst an age of puns and pedants wrote
With genuine sense, and Roman strength of thought.
Yet scarce had Satire well relumed her flame,
(With grief the Muse records her country's shame,)
Ere Britain saw the foul revolt commence,
And treacherous Wit begun her war with Sense.
Then rose a shameless, mercenary train,
Whom latest time shall view with just disdain;
A race fantastic, in whose gaudy line
Untutor'd thought, and tinsel beauty shine;
Wit's shatter'd mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not nature, but confounds the sight.

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Dry morals the court-poet blush'd to sing:
'Twas all his praise to say, *the oddest thing.*
Proud for a jest obscene, a patron's nod,
To martyr virtue, or blaspheme his God.
Ill-fated Dryden! who unmoved can see
Th' extremes of wit and meanness join'd in thee?
Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred skies,
Low creeping in the putrid sink of vice;
A Muse whom wisdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The pimp of power, the prostitute to gain;
Wreaths that should deck fair virtue's form alone,
To strumpets, traitors, tyrants, vilely thrown:
Unrival'd parts, the scorn of honest fame,
And Genius rise, a monument of shame!
More happy *France:* immortal Boileau there
Supported Genius with a sage's care:
Him with her love propitious Satire bless'd,
And breath'd her airs divine into his breast;
Fancy and sense to form his line conspire,
And faultless judgment guides the purest fire.
But see at length the *British* Genius smile,
And shower her bounties o'er her favour'd isle:
Behold, for Pope she twines the laurel crown,
And centres every poet's power in *one;*
Each *Roman's* force adorns his various page,
Gay smiles, corrected strength, and manly rage.
Despairing Guilt and Dullness loathe the sight,
As spectres vanish at approaching light:
In this clear mirror with delight we view
Each image justly fine, and boldly true;
Here Vice, dragg'd forth by Truth's supreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity:
While self-seen Virtue in the faithful line
With modest joy surveys her form divine.
But, oh! what thoughts, what numbers shall I find,
But faintly to express the poet's mind?
Who yonder star's effulgence can display,
Unless he dip his pencil in the ray?

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Who paint a God, unless the God inspire?
What catch the lightning, but the speed of fire?
So, mighty Pope, to make thy genius known,
All power is weak, all numbers—but thy own.
Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove;
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attuned thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next, to her Bard majestic Wisdom came;
The Bard enraptured caught the heavenly flame;
With taste superior scorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can sway, or guilty Greatness bribe;
At Fancy's call, who rear the wanton sail,
Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale.
Sublimer views *thy* daring spirit bound;
Thy mighty voyage was creation's round;
Intent new worlds of wisdom to explore,
And bless mankind with virtue's sacred store;
A nobler joy than wit can give, impart;
And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.
Fantastic wit shoots momentary fires,
And, like a meteor, while we gaze, expires;
Wit kindled by the sulphurous breath of vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it shines, destroys:
But Genius, fired by Truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and constant, like the source of day;
Like this, its beam prolific and refined,
Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts the mind;
Mildly dispels each wintry passion's gloom,
And opens all the virtues into bloom.
This praise, immortal Pope, to thee be given;
Thy genius was indeed a *gift* from Heaven.
Hail, bard unequal'd! in whose deathless line
Reason and wit with strength collected shine;
Where matchless wit but wins the second praise,
Lost, nobly lost, in truth's superior blaze.
Did Friendship e'er mislead thy wandering Muse?
That friendship sure may plead the *great* excuse!

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That sacred friendship which inspired thy song,
Fair in defect, and *amiably* wrong.
Error like this even truth can scarce reprove;
'Tis almost virtue when it flows from love.
Ye deathless names, ye sons of endless praise,
By virtue crown'd with never-fading bays!
Say, shall an artless Muse, if you inspire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?
Or if, O Warburton! inspired by you,
The daring Muse a nobler path pursue,
By you inspired, on trembling pinion soar,
The sacred founts of social bliss explore,
In her bold numbers chain the tyrant's rage,
And bid *her country's glory* fire her page;
If such her fate, do thou, fair *Truth*, descend,
And watchful guard her in an honest end;
Kindly severe, instruct her equal line
To court no friend, nor own a foe but *thine*.
But if her giddy eye should vainly quit
Thy sacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
If her apostate heart should e'er incline
To offer incense at Corruption's shrine;
Urge, urge thy power, the black attempt confound,
And dash the smoking censer to the ground.
Thus awed to fear, instructed bards may see,
That guilt is doom'd to sink in infamy.

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EPISTLE

TO DOCTOR ARBUTHNOT;

BEING

THE PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

Advertisement to the First Publication of this Epistle.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the authors of Verses to the Imitator of Horace, and of an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge) but my person, morals, and family; whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the truth and the sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have, for the most part, spared their names; and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them to know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage and honour on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine; since a nameless character can never be found out but by its truth and likeness

P. "SHUT, shut the door, good John," fatigued, I said;
"Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead."
The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide;

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By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Ev'n Sunday shines no sabbath-day to me;
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me!—just at dinner-time.
Is there a parson much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross;
Is there who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls;
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose guilty son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my life! (which, did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song,)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace;
And to be grave, exceeds all powers of face.

VARIATIONS.—After ver. 20 in the MS.:

Is there a bard in durance? turn them free,
With all their brandish'd reams they run to me:
Is there a 'prentice, having seen two plays,
Who would do something in his sempstress' praise?—

Ver. 29 in the first edition:

Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curse?
Say, is their anger or their friendship worse?

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I sit with sad civility; I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel: "Keep your piece nine years."
"Nine years!" cries he, who, high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Obliged by hunger and request of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect: why take it;
I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon sends to me; "You know his grace;
I want a patron; ask him for a place."
Pitholeon libel'd me—"But here's a letter
Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine;
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine."
Bless me! a packet.—"'Tis a stranger sues,
A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."
If I dislike it, "Furies, death, and rage!"
If I approve, "Commend it to the stage."
There! thank my stars, my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fired that the house reject him, "'Sdeath! I'll print it,
And shame the fools—your interest, sir, with Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
"Not, sir, if you revise it, and rëtouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks:
At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."

VARIATIONS.—Ver. 53 in the MS.:

If you refuse, he goes, as fates incline,
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn divine.

Ver. 60 in the former edition:

Cibber and I are luckily no friends.

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Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
"Sir, let me see your works and you no more."
'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring
(Midas, a sacred person and a king,)
His very minister, who spied them first,
(Some say his queen,) was forced to speak, or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When every coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous things;
I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings;
Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing—*P.* Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:
The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
You think this cruel: take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gallery, in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib, or sophistry; in vain!
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Throned in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines:
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer,
Lost the arched eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colley still his lord and whore?
His butchers Henley? his free-masons Moore?
Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit?
Still Sappho—*A.* Hold! for God's sake—you'll offend.
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like these—*P.* One flatterer's worse than all.

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Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"
There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, "Sir! you have an eye."—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgraced my betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head;"
And when I die, be sure to let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.
Why did I write? what sin to me unknown,
Dipp'd me in ink—my parent's or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came;

VARIATIONS.—After ver. 111 in the MS.:

For song, for silence some expect a bribe:
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"
Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave;
Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

After ver. 124 in the MS.:

But, friend, this shape, which you and Curll admire,
Came not from Ammon's son, but from my sire:
And for my head, if you'll the truth excuse,
I had it from my mother, not the Muse.
Happy, if he, in whom these frailties join'd,
Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

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I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd:
The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife
To help me through this long disease, my life;
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved to bear.
A. But why then publish?—*P.* Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured, my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approved!
Happier their author, when by these beloved!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.
Soft were my numbers: who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
"A painted mistress, or a purling stream."
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sate still:
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd; I was not in debt;
If want provoked, or madness made them print,
I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.
Did some more sober critic come abroad?
If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kiss'd the rod:
Pains, reading, study are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,
From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibbalds:
Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,

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Even such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserved in Milton's or in Shakspeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry? I excused them too;
Well might they rage: I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight, pride, adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown;
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a-year
He who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these my modest satire bade translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe,
And swear not Addison himself was safe.
Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Bless'd with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;

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Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?*
What though my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawker's load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the race that write:
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight:
Poems I heeded (now be-rhymed so long)
No more than thou, great George! a birth-day song.
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouthed, and cried,
With handkerchief and orange at my side:
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.
Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill;
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.

VARIATION.—After ver. 234 in the MS.:

To Bards reciting he vouchsafed a nod,
And snuff'd their incense like a gracious god.

* Bishop Atterbury, with whom Pope was on the most familiar terms, is said to have considered these energetic and vindictive lines (written after his last interview with Addison) as the most excellent of Pope's performances; and it is added that, with no very Christian spirit, he advised him, *as he now*

His library (where busts of poets dead
And a true Pindar stood without a head)
Received of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place;
Much they extol'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd every day, and some days eat;
Till, grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh;
Dryden alone escaped this judging eye:
But still the great have kindness in reserve:
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.
May some choice patron bless each grey-goose quill!
May every Bavius have his Bufo still!
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands.
Bless'd be the great! for those they take away,
And those they left me—for they left me Gay:
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn!
Oh, let me live my own, and die so too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please:
Above a patron, though I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs:
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;

---

knew where his strength lay, not to suffer it to remain unemployed. The following lines, inserted in some of the early copies, were afterwards omitted:

"Who, when two wits on rival themes contest,
Approves of both, but likes the worst the best."

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Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.
  Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
"I found him close with Swift."—"Indeed! no doubt,"
Cries prating Balbus, "something will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;
"No, such a genius never can lie still:"
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.
Poor, guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,
When every coxcomb knows me by my style?
  Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear:

VARIATIONS.—After ver. 270 in the MS.:

Friendships from youth I sought, and seek them still:
Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
The world I knew, but made it not my school,
And in the course of flattery lived no fool.

After ver. 282 in the MS.:

P. What if I sing Augustus, great and good?
A. You did so lately: was it understood?
P. Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
As rumbling Dennis or a Norfolk hound;
With George and Frederic roughen every verse,
Then smooth up all, and Caroline rehearse.
A. No—the high task to lift up kings to gods,
Leave to court sermons and to birth-day odes.
On themes like these, superior far to thine,
Let laurel'd Cibber and great Arnall shine.
P. Why write at all?—*A.* Yes, silence if you keep,
The town, the court, the wits, the dunces weep.

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But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fallen worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame slanders helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out;
That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame;
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injured, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And if he lie not, must at least betray;
Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,
And see at Canons what was never there;
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
Makes satire a lampoon, and fiction lie:
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let Sporus tremble—*A.* What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug of gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies:
His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.

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Amphibious thing! that, acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have express'd,
A cherub's face, and reptile all the rest:
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile: be one poet's praise,
That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways;
That flattery, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moralized his song;
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit:
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash, and dullness not his own;
The morals blacken'd, when the writings 'scape,
The libel'd person, and the pictured shape;
Abuse, on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear.
Welcome for thee, fair virtue! all the past:
For thee, fair virtue! welcome ev'n the last!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?

P. A knave's a knave to me, in every state;
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail,

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A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire;
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gains his prince's ear, or lose his own.
Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit;
This dreaded satirist Dennis will confess,
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress!
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhymed for Moore:
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie.
To please a mistress, one aspersed his life;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:
Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleased, except his will;
Let the two Curlls of town and court abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
Yet why? that father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool;
That harmless mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore!
Unspotted names, and memorable long,
If there be force in virtue or in song.
Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
While yet in Britain honour had applause)
Each parent sprung—*A.* What fortune, pray?
P. Their own,
And better got than Bestia's from the throne.

VARIATION.—Ver. 368 in the MS.:

Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
And liked that dangerous thing, a female wit;
Safe as he thought, though all the prudent chid;
He writ no libels, but my lady did:
Great odds in amorous or poetic game,
Where woman's is the sin, and man's the shame.

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Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife:
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age:
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise;
Healthy by temperance and by exercise;
His life, though long, to sickness pass'd unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
Oh, grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.
  Oh, friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine;
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend!
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he served a queen!
  A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right; the rest belongs to Heaven.

VARIATION.—After ver. 405 in the MS.:

And of myself, too, something must I say?
Take then this verse, the trifle of a day;
And if it live, it lives but to commend
The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a friend,
Or head, an author; critic, yet polite,
And friend to learning, yet too wise to write.

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SATIRES AND EPISTLES OF HORACE,

IMITATED.

INTRODUCTION.

WHOEVER expects a paraphrase of Horace, or a faithful copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in these imitations, will be much disappointed. Our author uses the Roman poet for little more than his canvas: and if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well; if not, he employs his own, without scruple or ceremony. Hence it is, he is so frequently serious where Horace is in jest, and at ease where Horace is disturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his original, than was necessary for his concurrence in promoting their common plan of reformation of manners.

Had it been his purpose merely to paraphrase an ancient satirist, he had hardly made choice of Horace, with whom, as a poet, he held little in common, besides a comprehensive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain curious felicity of expression, which consists in using the simplest language with dignity, and the most ornamented with ease. For the rest, his harmony and strength of numbers, his force and splendour of colouring, his gravity and sublimity of sentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper less unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only smile at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave severity of Perseus; and what Mr. Pope would strike with the caustic lightning of Juvenal, Horace would content himself in turning into ridicule.

If it be asked then, why he took any body at all to imitate, he has informed us in his advertisement. To which we may add, that this sort of imitations, which are of the nature of parodies, adds reflected grace and splendour on original wit. Besides, he deemed it more modest to give the name of imitations to his satires, than, like Despreaux, to give the name of satires to imitations.

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The occasion of publishing these Imitations was the clamour raised on some of my Epistles. An answer from Horace was both more full, and of more dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the example of much greater freedom in so eminent a divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat vice or folly, in ever so low or ever so high a station. Both these authors were acceptable to the princes and ministers under whom they lived. The satires of Dr. Donne I versified at the desire of the Earl of Oxford, while he was lord treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been secretary of state; neither of whom looked upon a satire on vicious courts as any reflection on those they served in. And, indeed, there is not in the world a greater error, than that which fools are so apt to fall into, and knaves, with good reason, to encourage, the mistaking a satirist for a libeller; whereas to a true satirist nothing is so odious as a libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous, nothing is so hateful as a hypocrite.

Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.

BOOK II.—SATIRE I.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. There are—I scarce can think it, but am told—
There are to whom my satire seems too bold;
Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
The lines are weak, another's pleased to say:
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Timorous by nature, of the rich in awe,
I come to counsel learned in the law:
You'll give me, like a friend, both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a fee.
F. I'd write no more.
P. Not write? but then I think,
And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

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F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
Why, if the night seem tedious—take a wife:
Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip wine; *probatum est.*
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.
Or, if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise,
You'll gain at least a knighthood, or the bays.
P. What, like Sir Richard! rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With arms, and George, and Brunswick crowd the verse;
Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint angels trembling round his fallen horse?
F. Then all your muse's softer art display;
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay;
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow through all the royal line.
P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their laureat twice a year:
And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays;
It is to history he trusts for praise.
F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,
Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.
Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.
P. What should ail 'em?
F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.
P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie;
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling lustres dance as fast as she:
F— loves the senate, Hockleyhole his brother,
Like in all else, as one egg to another.

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I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne:
In them, as certain to be loved as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass, my muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but where my text?
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next:
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And every friend the less lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
Verseman or Proseman, term me which you will,
Papist or Protestant, or both between,
Like good Erasmus in an honest mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
  Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;
I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
Save but our army! and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more:
But touch me, and no minister so sore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of some merry song.
  Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page.
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P—x'd by her love, or libel'd by her hate.
Its proper power to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.

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So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.
  Then, learned sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at court;
Whether old age, with faint, but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the evening of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be display'd,
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skewer to write;
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print.
  F. Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long;
In flower of age, you perish for a song!
Plums and directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their testers, now, to take you life!
  P. What! arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless, guilty men;
Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car;
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;
Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
Flatterers and bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
Could laureat Dryden pimp and friar engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not strip the gilding off a knave,
Unplaced, unpensioned, no man's heir or slave?
I will, or perish in the generous cause:
Hear this, and tremble! you who 'scape the laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave:
To Virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may murmur or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep.
There, my retreat the best companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.

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There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
And he, whose lightning pierced th' Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines;
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

Envy must own, I live among the great;
No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state:
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats;
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or peers, alike are Mob to me.
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
What saith my counsel, learned in the laws?

F. Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
It stands on record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes;
Consult the statute, *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi sext. or *prim.* et *quint. Eliz.*
See libels, satires—here you have it—read.

P. Libels and satires! lawless things indeed!
But grave epistles, bringing vice to light,
Such as a king might read, a bishop write,
Such as Sir Robert would approve—

F. Indeed!
The case is alter'd—you may then proceed;
In such a cause, the plaintiff will be hiss'd,
My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

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BOOK II.—SATIRE II

TO MR. BETHEL.

WHAT, and how great, the virtue and the art
To live on little with a cheerful heart!
(A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine;
Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine.
Not when a gilt buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from sound philosophy aside:
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear Bethel's sermon, one not versed in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.
"Go work, hunt, exercise," he thus began,
"Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.
Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
Or fish denied (the river yet unthaw'd),
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.
"Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
Will choose a pheasant still before a hen:
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
Of carps and mullets why prefer the great;
(Though cut in pieces ere my lord can eat;
Yet for small turbots such esteem profess?
Because God made these large, the other less.
Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endued,
Cries, 'Send me, gods! a whole hog barbecued!'
Oh, blast it, south winds! till a stench exhale,
Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
If this is prized for sweetness, that for stink?

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When the tired glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;
He calls for something bitter, something sour,
And the rich feast concludes extremely poor;
Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, still we see;
Thus much is left of old simplicity!
The robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a martin's nest,
Till becaficos sold so devilish dear,
To one that was, or would have been, a peer.
Let me extol a cat, on oysters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or ev'n to crack live crawfish recommend;
I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.
"'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between excess and famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not sordid; though not splendid, clean.
"Avidien or his wife, (no matter which,
For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch,)
Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots;
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine;
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some lucky day (as when they found
A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd)
At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so generous cannot bear:
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
"He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side, nor on that:
Nor stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like Nævius, every error pass,
The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.
"Now hear what blessings temperance can bring,"
(Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)

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"First, health: the stomach (cramm'd from every dish,
A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one intestine war)
Remembers oft the school-boy's simple fare,
The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.
"How pale each worshipful and reverend guest
Rise from a clergy or a city feast!
What life in all that ample body? say,
What heavenly particle inspires the clay?
The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal ev'n in sound divines.
"On morning wings how active springs the mind,
That leaves the load of yesterday behind!
How easy every labour it pursues!
How coming to the poet every Muse!
Not but we may exceed, some holy time,
Or tired in search of truth, or search of rhyme;
Ill health some just indulgence may engage;
And more the sickness of long life, old age:
For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemperate youth the vessel drains?
"Our fathers praised rank venison. You suppose,
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.
Not so: a buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last:
More pleased to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth?
"Unworthy he the voice of fame to hear,
That sweetest music to an honest ear,
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song;)
Who has not learn'd, fresh sturgeon and ham-pie
Are no rewards for want and infamy!
When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Cursed by thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself;

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To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name!
And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.
"'Right,' cries his lordship; 'for a rogue in need
To have a taste, is insolence indeed:
In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great.'
Then, like the sun, let bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.
Oh, impudence of wealth! with all thy store
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall?
Make quays, build bridges, or repair Whitehall:
Or to thy country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.
"Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity?
Or, bless'd with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war?"
Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the man.
In South-sea days not happier, when surmised
The lord of thousands, than if now excised;
In forest planted by a father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here
On brocoli and mutton round the year;
But ancient friends (though poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords!
To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:

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From yon old walnut-tree a shower shall fall;
And grapes long lingering on my only wall;
And figs from standards and espaliers join;
The devil is in you if you cannot dine:
Then cheerful healths (your mistress shall have place),
And what's more rare, a poet shall say grace.
  Fortune not much of humbling me can boast;
Though double tax'd, how little have I lost!
My life's amusements have been just the same,
Before and after standing armies came.
My lands are sold, my father's house is gone:
I'll hire another's: is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? through whose free opening gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.)
  "Pray Heaven it last!" cries Swift, "as you go on:
I wish to God this house had been your own:
Pity! to build, without a son or wife;
Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What's property? dear Swift! you see it alter
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share;
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;
Or in pure equity (the case not clear)
The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year;
At best, it falls to some ungracious son,
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
Shades that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby lord;
And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a scrivener, or a city knight.
Let lands and houses have what lords they will.
Let us be fix'd, and our own masters still.

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BOOK I.—EPISTLE I.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE

ST. JOHN, whose love indulged my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
Why will you break the sabbath of my days?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise.
Public too long, ah, let me hide my age!
See modest Cibber now has left the stage:
Our generals now, retired to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gates,
In life's cool evening satiate of applause,
Nor fond of bleeding, ev'n in Brunswick's cause.
A voice there is, which whispers in my ear,
('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear,)
"Friend Pope! be prudent; let your Muse take breath,
And never gallop Pegasus to death;
Lest stiff and stately, void of fire or force,
You limp, like Blackmore, on a lord mayor's horse."
Farewell then verse, and love, and every toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
What right, what true, what fit, we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all:
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste,
What every day will want, and most the last.
But ask not to what doctors I apply;
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I:
As drives the storm, at any door I knock,
And house with Montaigne now, or now with Locke:
Sometimes a patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the world, and battle for the state;
Free as young Lyttleton, her cause pursue,
Still true to virtue, and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candour, and grow all to all,
Back to my native moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.

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Long as to him who works for debt the day,
Long as the night to her whose love's away;
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow th' unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul;
That keep me from myself; and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That task, which as we follow or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure;
And which, not done, the richest must be poor.
Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort not to be a fool.
Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a lynx, and not a giant quite;
I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.
Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched avarice, or as wretched love?
Know, there are words and spells which can control,
Between the fits, this fever of the soul;
Know, there are rhymes, which fresh and fresh applied,
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride.
Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
A Switz, a High-Dutch, or a Low-Dutch bear;
All that we ask is but a patient ear.
'Tis the first virtue, vices to abhor;
And the first wisdom, to be fool no more.
But to the world no bugbear is so great
As want of figure, and a small estate.
To either India see the merchant fly,
Scared at the spectre of pale poverty;
See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn through the tropic, freeze beneath the pole!

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Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing to make philosophy thy friend?
To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
Here wisdom calls: "Seek virtue first, be bold!
As gold to silver, virtue is to gold."
There, London's voice, "Get money, money still.
And then let Virtue follow, if she will."
This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul!
From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.
Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds;
"Pray then what wants he?" Fourscore thousand pounds;
A pension, or such harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D——l, their Honours, and so forth.
Yet every child another song will sing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis virtue makes a king."
True, conscious honour, is to feel no sin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass;
Compared to this, a minister's an ass.
And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new court-jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at Cressy or Poitiers?
Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
With praise or infamy, leave that to fate;
Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place."
For what? to have a box where eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the circle eye a king:
Or he, who bids thee face with steady view
Proud fortune, and look shallow greatness through:
And, while he bids thee, sets th' example too?
If such a doctrine, in St. James's air,
Should chance to make the well-dress'd rabble stare;

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In honest S—z take scandal at a spark,
That less admires the palace than the park:
Faith, I shall give the answer Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, dread sir, your royal cave;
Because I see, by all the tracks about,
Full many a beast goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a slave:
Send her to court, you send her to her grave.
Well, if a king's a lion, at the least,
The people are a many-headed beast;
Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:
Their country's wealth our mightier misers drain,
Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;
The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;
Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stews;
Some with fat bucks on childless dotards fawn;
Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;
While with the silent growth of ten per cent.,
In dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content.
Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But show me one who has it in his power
To act consistent with himself an hour.
Sir Job sail'd forth, the evening bright and still;
"No place on earth," he cried, "like Greenwich-hill!"
Up starts a palace; lo, the obedient base
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsey, or that devil within,
Which guides all those who know not what they mean,
But give the knight (or give his lady) spleen;
"Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
For snug's the word: my dear, we'll live in town."
At amorous Flavio is the stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.

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The fool, whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?
Well, but the poor—the poor have the same itch;
They change their weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japanner to their shoes;
Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
They hire their sculler, and when once aboard,
Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a lord.
You laugh, half-beau, half-sloven, if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band:
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
But when no prelate's lawn, with hair-shirt lined,
Is half so incoherent as my mind,
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case,
Nor once to Chancery, nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip to see a seam awry!
Careless how ill I with myself agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend?
This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend?
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That man divine, whom Wisdom calls her own;
Great without title, without fortune bless'd;
Rich ev'n when plunder'd, honour'd while oppress'd:
Loved without youth, and follow'd without power:
At home, though exiled; free, though in the Tower;
In short, that reasoning, high, immortal thing,
Just less than Jove, and much above a king;
Nay, half in heaven—except (what's mighty odd)
clouds this demi-god!

BOOK I.—EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY.

THIS piece is the most finished of all his imitations, and executed in the high manner the Italian painters call *con amore;* by which they mean, the exertion of that principle which puts the faculties on the stretch, and produces the supreme degree of excellence. For the poet had all the warmth of affection for the great lawyer to whom it is addressed; and, indeed, no man ever more deserved to have a poet for his friend; in the obtaining of which, as neither vanity, party, nor fear, had any share, so he supported his title to it by all the offices of true friendship.

"NOT to admire, is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so."
(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flower of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.)
This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-centred sun, and stars that rise and fall,
There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look through and trust the Ruler with his skies;
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful all without a fear.
Admire we then what earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold?
Or popularity? or stars and strings?
The mob's applauses, or the gift of kings?
Say, with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze?
If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire;
Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surprised at better, or surprised at worse.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanced mind, and snatch the man away

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For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
Go then, and, if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a taste to double the surprise,
And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes:
Be struck with bright brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Or birth-day nobles' splendid livery.
If not so pleased, at council-board rejoice
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;
From morn to night, at senate, rolls, and hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife?
Shall one whom nature, learning, birth conspired
To form, not to admire, to be admired,
Sigh while his Chloé, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dullness of some son of earth?
Yet time ennobles, or degrades each line:
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine.
And what is fame? the meanest have their day:
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Graced as thou art, with all the power of words,
So known, so honour'd at the House of Lords;
Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,
(More silent far,) where kings and poets lie:
Where Murray, long enough his country's pride,
Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde!
Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone?
See Ward by batter'd beaux invited over,
And desperate misery lays hold on Dover.
The case is easier in the mind's disease;
There all men may be cured whene'er they please.
Would ye be bless'd? despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

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But art thou one, whom new opinions sway?
One who believes as Tindal leads the way?
Who virtue and a church alike disowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
Fly then on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.
Is wealth thy passion? Hence! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll;
For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold:
Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
Add one round hundred, and, if that's not fair,
Add fifty more, and bring it to a square:
For, mark th' advantage: just so many score
Will gain a wife with half as many more;
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
And then such friends—as cannot fail to last.
A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth,
Venus shall give him form, and Anstis birth
(Believe me, many a German prince is worse,
Who, proud of pedigree, is poor of purse).
His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds;
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or, if three ladies like a luckless play,
Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.
Now, in such exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed;
A noble superfluity it craves,
Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves;
Something, which for your honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
If wealth alone then make and keep us bless'd,
Still, still be getting—never, never rest.

But if to power and place your passion lie,
If in the pomp of life consist the joy;
Then hire a slave, or, if you will, a lord,
To do the honours, and to give the word;

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Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
To whom to nod, whom take into your coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
"This may be troublesome, is near the chair;
That makes three members, this can choose a mayor."
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him son, or cousin, at the least,
Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest.
  Or, if your life be one continued treat,
If to live well, means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries gluttony, 'tis break of day;
Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite—
So Russel did, but could not eat at night;
Call'd happy dog! the beggar at his door,
And envied thirst and hunger to the poor.
  Or, shall we every decency confound;
Through taverns, stews, and bagnios take our round;
Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
K—l's lewd cargo, or Ty—y's crew;
From Latian sirens, French Circæan feasts,
Return well travel'd, and transform'd to beasts;
Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
Renounce our country, and degrade our name?
If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,
The cordial drop of life is love alone,
And Swift cry wisely, *Vive la bagatelle!*
The man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.
Adieu! If this advice appear the worst,
Ev'n take the counsel which I gave you first:
Or better precepts if you can impart,
Why do; I'll follow them with all my heart.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

The reflections of Horace, and the judgments passed in his Epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own country. The author thought them considerable enough to address them to his prince, whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the increase of an absolute empire. But to make the poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the happiness of a free people, and are more consistent with the welfare of our neighbours.

This Epistle will show the learned world to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that Augustus was the patron of poets in general; whereas, he not only prohibited all but the best writers to name him, but recommended that care even to the civil magistrate: *Admonebat prætores, ne paterentur Nomen suum obsolefieri*, &c. The other, that this piece was only a general discourse of poetry; whereas, it was an apology for the poets, in order to render Augustus more their patron. Horace here pleads the cause of his contemporaries, first, against the taste of the town, whose humour it was to magnify the authors of the preceding age; secondly, against the court and nobility, who encourage only the writers for the theatre; and lastly, against the emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the government. He shows (by a view of the progress of learning, and the change of taste among the Romans) that the introduction of the polite arts of Greece had given the writers of his time great advantages over their predecessors; that their morals were much improved, and the license of those ancient poets restrained; that satire and comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the stage, were owing to the ill taste of the nobility; that poets, under due regulations, were, in many respects, useful to the state; and concludes, that it was upon them the emperor himself must depend for his fame with posterity.

We may further learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his court to this great prince, by writing with a decent freedom towards him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character.—Pope.

Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere.—Horace.

BOOK II.—EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

While you, great patron of mankind! sustain
The balanced world, and open all the main;
Your country, chief in arms, abroad defend;
At home, with morals, arts, and laws amend:

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How shall the Muse, from such a monarch steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?
Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
After a life of generous toils endured,
The Gaul subdued, or property secured,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd,
Closed their long glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
All human virtue to its latest breath
Finds envy never conquer'd but by death.
The great Alcides, every labour past,
Had still this monster to subdue at last:
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away!
Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat;
Those suns of glory please not till they set.
To thee the world its present homage pays,
The harvest early, but mature the praise:
Great friend of liberty! in kings a name
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame;
Whose word is truth, as sacred and revered,
As Heaven's own oracles from altars heard:
Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes,
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.
Just in one instance, be it yet confess'd,
Your people, sir, are partial in the rest:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote:
One likes no language but the Fairy Queen:
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

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Though justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should we not be wiser than our sires?
In every public virtue we excel; -
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well;
And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.
If time improve our wits as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who died, perhaps, a hundred years ago?
End all dispute; and fix the year precise
When British bards begin t' immortalize?
"Who lasts a century can have no flaw;
I hold that wit a classic, good in law."
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
And shall we deem him ancient, right, and sound?
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce?
"We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
By courtesy of England, he may do."
Then by the rule that made the horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down ancients like a heap of snow:
While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe,
And, estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier.
Shakspeare (whom you and every play-house bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will),
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
The life to come in every poet's creed.
Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art,
But still I love the language of his heart.
"Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!
What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?

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In all debates, where critics bear a part,
Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson's art,
Of Shakspeare's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow;
But, for the passions, Southerne, sure, and Rowe.
These, only these, support the crowded stage,
From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."
All this may be; the people's voice is odd;
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
Or say our fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the public is a fool.
But let them own, that greater faults than we
They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.
Spencer himself affects the obsolete,
And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet:
Milton's strong pinion now not heaven can bound,
Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground;
In quibbles, angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school-divine.
Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley with his desperate hook;
Or damn all Shakspeare, like th' affected fool
At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.
But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more
(Like twinkling stars, the Miscellanies o'er),
One simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthen'd thought, that gleams through many a page,
Has sanctified whole poems for an age.
I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censured, not as bad, but new;
While, if our elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applause.

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On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but ask, if any weed can grow;
One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims
(Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names),
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think no fools disgraced the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And having once been wrong, will be so still.
He who, to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
And, to debase the sons, exalts the sires.
Had ancient times conspired to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned critics, of the mighty dead?

In days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restored;
In every taste of foreign courts improved,
"All, by the king's example lived and loved."
Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t' excel,
Newmarket's glory rose, as Britain's fell;
The soldier breathed the gallantries of France,
And every flowery courtier writ romance.
Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.
No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauched at court:
On each enervate string they taught the note
To pant, or tremble through an eunuch's throat.

But Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.

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Now Whig, now Tory, what we loved we hate;
Now all for pleasure, now for church or state;
Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.

Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock;
Instruct his family in every rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To worship like his fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove that luxury could never hold;
And place, on good security, his gold.
Now times are changed, and one poetic itch
Has seized the court and city, poor and rich;
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays:
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays;
To theatres, and to rehearsals throng,
And all our grace at table is a song.
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lie,
Not ***'s self e'er tells more fibs than I;
When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning, in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wit.

He served a 'prenticeship who sets up shop;
Ward tried on puppies, and the poor, his drop;
Ev'n Radcliff's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile;)
But those that cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, sir, reflect, the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the church or state:
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind;
And rarely avarice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:

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Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind,
And knows no losses, while the Muse is kind.
To cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre;
Enjoys his garden and his books in quiet;
And then—a perfect hermit in his diet.
Of little use the man, you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose:
Yet let me show a poet's of some weight,
And, though no soldier, useful to the state.
What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace?
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king:
Or virtue or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison remains.
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engraved,
"The rights a court attack'd, a poet saved."
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor,
Proud vice to brand, or injured worth adorn,
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms;
The boys and girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:

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How could devotion touch the country pews,
Unless the gods bestowed a proper muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
Verse prays for peace, or sings down pope and Turk.
The silenced preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his prayer besought in vain;
The blessing thrills through all the labouring throng,
And heaven is won by violence of song.

Our rural ancestors, with little bless'd,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulged the day that housed their annual grain,
With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain;
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smoothed every brow, and open'd every soul:
With growing years the pleasing license grew,
And taunts alternate innocently flew.
But times corrupt, and nature ill-inclined,
Produced the point that left a sting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice raged through private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to law, and justice lent her arm.
At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound;
Most warp'd to flattery's side; but some, more nice,
Preserved the freedom, and forbore the vice.
Hence satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine:

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Though still some traces of our rustic vein,
And splayfoot verse, remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tired nation breathed from civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had something to admire.
Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakspeare, fair in Otway, shone:
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakspeare scarce effaced a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire,
The humbler muse of comedy require.
But, in known images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as th' indulgence less.
Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
Tell me if Congreve's fools are fools indeed?
What pert, low dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,
Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinkey eat with vast applause!
But fill their purse, our poet's work is done,
Alike to them, by pathos or by pun.
O you! whom vanity's light bark conveys
On fame's mad voyage, by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high;
Who pants for glory finds but short repose;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Farewell the stage! if, just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.
There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit:
A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd:
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,

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Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the farce, the bear, or the black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords!
Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords!
(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes;)
The play stands still; damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn;
The champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast.
With laughter sure Democritus had died,
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure, the people are the sight!
Ah, luckless poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more;
While all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
Loud as the wolves, on Orca's stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep.
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat;
Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
"But has he spoken?" Not a syllable.
"What shook the stage, and made the people stare?"
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.
Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times
To know the poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns:
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art;
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;

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And snatch me o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
But not this part of the poetic state
Alone, deserves the favour of the great:
Think of those authors, sir, who would rely
More on the reader's sense than gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill a library with wit,
When Merlin's cave is half unfurnish'd yet?
My liege! why writers little claim your thought,
I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault;
We poets are (upon a poet's word),
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:
The season when to come, and when to go,
To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience, just like other men.
Then too we hurt ourselves, when, to defend
A single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat unask'd; lament the wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out every line;
But most, when, straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write epistles to the king;
And, from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place or pension from the crown;
Or, dubb'd historians by express command,
T' enrol your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
Be call'd to court to plan some work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.
Yet think, great sir! (so many virtues shown,)
Ah! think what poet best may make them known:
Or choose at least some ministers of grace,
Fit to bestow the laureat's weighty place.
Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;

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So well in paint and stone they judged of merit;
But kings in wit may want discerning spirit.
The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear,
"No Lord's annointed, but a Russian bear."
Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august, of king, or conquering chief,
E'er swell'd on marble, as in verse have shined
(In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your arms, your actions, your repose to sing!
What seas you traversed, and what fields you fought!
Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How barbarous rage subsided at your word,
And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
Peace stole her wing, and wrapp'd the world in sleep;
Till earth's extremes your meditation own,
And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne!
But verse, alas! your majesty disdains;
And I'm not used to panegyric strains:
The zeal of fools offends at any time,
But, most of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
A vile encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a woful likeness; and, if lies,
"Praise undeserved is scandal in disguise;"
Well may he blush who gives it or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)
Clothe spice, line trunks, or, fluttering in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

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BOOK II.—EPISTLE II.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur.—Horace.

In this piece, which was first published by Dodsley in 1737, Pope, as in several of the preceding Imitations, has frequently referred to the circumstances of his early life, in a manner well calculated to conciliate the favour of the reader, and indirectly to elucidate some parts of his own history. His self-taught acquirements, and the disadvantages he had to sustain on account of his religious tenets, are noticed at ver. 52, &c. His distaste to a town life, at ver. 88, &c. The philosophic indifference with which he regards superlative wealth and extensive possessions, at ver. 212, &c. The firmness and resignation with which he looks forward to the close of life, are finely expressed at the conclusion, where he has modified, chastened, and perhaps excelled, his original.

Dear Colonel, Cobham's and your country's friend,
You love a verse, take such as I can send.
A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
Bows, and begins: "This lad, sir, is of Blois:
Observe his shape, how clean! his locks, how curl'd!
My only son; I'd have him see the world:
His French is pure; his voice too—you shall hear—
Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pounds a-year.
Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
Your barber, cook, upholsterer—what you please:
A perfect genius at an opera-song—
To say too much, might do my honour wrong.
Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
His whole ambition was to serve a lord:
But, sir, to you, with what would I not part?
Though, 'faith, I fear, 'twill break his mother's heart.
Once, and but once, I caught him in a lie,
And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
(Could you o'erlook but that) it is—to steal."
If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
Could you complain, my friend, he proved so bad?

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'Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
I think, Sir Godfrey should decide the suit;
Who sent the thief that stole the cash away,
And punish'd him that put it in his way.
Consider then, and judge me in this light:
I told you, when I went, I could not write;
You said the same; and are you discontent
With laws to which you gave your own assent?
Nay, worse, to ask for verse at such a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
In Anna's wars, a soldier, poor and old,
Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold;
Tired with a tedious march, one luckless night,
He slept, poor dog! and lost it, to a doit.
This put the man in such a desperate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, scaled a castle-wall,
Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
"Prodigious well!" his great commander cried,
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
Next, pleased his excellence a town to batter
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter):
"Go on, my friend," he cried; "see yonder walls!
Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
"D'ye think me, noble general, such a sot?
Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat."
Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.
Besides, my father taught me, from a lad,
The better art, to know the good from bad:
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points, we knew not half so well,
Deprived us soon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust,
Denied all posts of profit or of trust:

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Hopes after hopes of pious papists fail'd,
While mighty William's thundering arm prevail'd.
For right hereditary tax'd and fined,
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind:
And me the Muses help'd to undergo it;
Convict a papist he, and I a poet.
But—thanks to Homer!—since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would scribble, rather than repose.
Years following years, steal something every day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away;
In one our frolics, one amusements end,
In one a mistress drops, in one a friend:
This subtle thief of life, this paltry time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
If every wheel of that unwearied mill,
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still?
But after all, what would you have me do,
When out of twenty I can please not two?
When this heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg:
Hard task! to hit the palates of such guests,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests.
But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme: can London be the place?
Who there his muse, or self, or soul attends,
In crowds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends?
My counsel sends to execute a deed:
A poet begs me I will hear him read:
In Palace-yard at nine, you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, sir, in Bloomsbury-square—
Before the lords at twelve my cause comes on—
There's a rehearsal, sir, exact at one.
"Oh! but a wit can study in the streets,
And raise his mind above the mob he meets."

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Not quite so well, however, as one ought;
A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two aldermen dispute it with an ass?
And peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-r-v—nce in a car?
  Go, lofty poet! and in such a crowd,
Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
Alas! to grottoes and to groves we run,
To ease and silence, every Muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-court.
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?
  The man who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives seven years complete,
See! strow'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
He walks an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
So stiff, so mute! some statue, you would swear,
Stepp'd from its pedestal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers at their doors;
Shall I, in London, act this idle part,
Composing songs for fools to get by heart?
  The Temple late two brother-sergeants saw,
Who deem'd each other oracles of law;
With equal talents, these congenial souls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you split,
And shook his head at Murray as a wit.
'Twas, "Sir, your law,"—and "Sir, your eloquence,"—
"Yours, Cowper's manner,"—"And yours, Talbot's sense."
  Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
Yours, Milton's genius, and mine, Homer's spirit.
Call Tibbald Shakspeare, and he'll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber, never match'd one ode of thine.

Lord! how we strut through Merlin's Cave, to see
No poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel crowns, and take what names we please.
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you;
Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains,
And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."
Much do I suffer, much to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
To court applause by printing what I write:
But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.
  In vain bad rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themselves with most profound respect;
'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,
Each, praised within, is happy all day long:
But how severely with themselves proceed
The men who write such verse as we can read?
Their own strict judges, not a word they spare,
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay, though at court, perhaps, it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold, expressive phrase appears,
Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;
Command old words, that long have slept, to wake,
Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spake;
Or bid the new be English, ages hence
(For use will father what's begot by sense),
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But show no mercy to an empty line:
Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please:

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But ease in writing flows from art, not chance;
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better, say I, be pleased, and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
There lived *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no small fool, a lord;
Who, though the house was up, delighted sate,
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this, a man of sober life,
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
Not quite a madman, though a pasty fell,
And much too wise to walk into a well.
Him the damn'd doctors and his friends immured,
They bled, they supp'd, they purged; in short, they cured:
Whereat the gentleman began to stare—
"My friends!" he cried, "p—x take you for your care!
That from a patriot of distinguish'd note,
Have bled and purged me to a simple vote."
Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:
Wisdom (curse on it!) will come soon or late.
There is a time when poets will grow dull:
I'll ev'n leave verses to the boys at school;
To rules of poetry no more confined,
I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my mind,
Teach every thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal measure of the soul.
Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind resumes the thread it dropp'd before;
Thoughts which at Hyde-park corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive grot;
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I ask these sober questions of my heart:
If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal ease
Confess as well your folly as disease?

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The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the smart, but not the vice."
When golden angels cease to cure the evil,
You give all royal witchcraft to the devil:
When servile chaplains cry, that birth and place
Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breast, most dirty dean! be fair,
Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear these flatterers preach.
Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
If D*** loved sixpence more than he.
If there be truth in law, and use can give
A property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
All Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, sold to town,
His venison too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thousands, what with better wit
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit:
Now, or long since, what difference will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln-fen,
Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat;
Buy every pullet they afford to eat;
Yet these are wights who fondly call their own
Half that the devil o'erlooks from Lincoln-town.
The laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor a perpetuity should stand:
Estates have wings, and hang in fortune's power,
Loose on the point of every wavering hour,
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
Man? and for ever? wretch! what would'st thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.

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All vast possessions (just the same the case
Whether you call them villa, park, or chase),
Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?
Join Cotswood's hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let rising granaries and temples here,
There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable death shall level all,
And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.
Gold, silver, ivory, vases sculptured high,
Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye,
There are who have not—and, thank Heaven! there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun.
The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenors mines:
Why one like Bu—, with pay and scorn content,
Bows and votes on in court and parliament;
One, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole;
Is known alone to that directing Power,
Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
That God of nature, who, within us still.
Inclines our action, not constrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual; His great end the same.
Yes, sir; how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace,
A man so poor would live without a place:
But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free or frugal I shall pass my days:
I who at sometimes spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care.

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'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
Another, not to heed to treasure more:
Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleased, if sordid want be far away.
What is't to me (a passenger, God wot!)
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?
The ship itself may make a better figure;
But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.
I neither strut with every favouring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
In power, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, placed
Behind the foremost, and before the last.
"But why all this of avarice? I have none."
I wish you joy, sir, of a tyrant gone!
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the avarice of power?
Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appal?
Not the black fear of death that saddens all?
With terrors round, can reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleased to look forward, pleased to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your business done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and loved, and ate, and drank your fill:
Walk sober off, before a sprightlier age
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

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THE

SATIRES OF DOCTOR JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,

VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet Lucili scripta legentes.
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius?—Hor.

The wit, the vigour, and the honesty of Mr. Pope's satiric writings, had raised a great clamour against him, as if the *Supplement*, as he calls it, *to the Public Laws*, was a violation of morality and society. In answer to this charge, he had it in his purpose to show, that two of the most respectable characters in the modest and virtuous age of Elizabeth, Dr. Donne and Bishop Hall, had arraigned vice publicly, and shown it in stronger colours than he had done, whether they found it

"On the pillory, or near the throne."

In pursuance of this purpose, our poet hath admirably *versified*, as he expresses it, two or three Satires of Dr. Donne. He intended to have given two or three of Bishop Hall's likewise, whose force and classical elegance he much admired; but as Hall was a better versifier, and, as a mere academic, had not his vein vitiated like Donne's, by the fantastic language of courts, Mr. Pope's purpose was only to correct a little, and smooth the versification.

SATIRE II.

Yes; thank my stars! as early as I knew
This town, I had the sense to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in hell, there must be still
One giant-vice, so excellently ill,

SATIRE II.

Sir, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town: yet there's one state
In all ill things, so excellently best,
That hate tow'rds them, breeds pity tow'rds the rest.

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That all beside, one pities, not abhors:
As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.
I grant that poetry's a crying sin;
It brought (no doubt) th' excise and army in:
Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is starving, all allow.
Yet like the papist's, is the poet's state,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!
Here a lean bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an actor live:
The thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of some carved organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above,
Heaved by the breath, th' inspiring bellows blow:
Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below.
One sings the fair; but songs no longer move:
No rat is rhymed to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in nature's spite, the seige they hold,
And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all but gold.

Though poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
As I think, that brings dearth and Spaniards in:
Though like the pestilence and old-fashion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be starved out; yet their state
Is poor, disarm'd, like papists, not worth hate.
One (like a wretch, which at barre judged as dead,
Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,
And saves his life) gives idiot actors means
(Starving himself) to live by his labour'd scenes.
As in some organs puppets dance above,
And bellows pant below, which them do move,
One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms:
Rams and slings now are silly battery,
Pistolets are the best artillery.

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These write to lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.
Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.
Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others' wit:
'Tis changed, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digestion made it wit no more:
Sense, pass'd through him, no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.
I pass o'er all those confessors and martyrs,
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir;
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;
Wicked as pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's confessor scarce hears.
Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Of whose strange crimes no canonist can tell
In what commandment's large contents they dwell.

And they who write to lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like singers at doors for meat?
And they who write, because all write, have still
That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worst, who beggarly doth chaw
Other wits' fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth these things out-spue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true;
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.
But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
* * * * to out-usure Jews,
T' out-drink the sea, t' out-swear the Letanie,
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
As confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
Whose strange sins canonists could hardly tell
In which commandment's large receit they dwell.

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One, one man only, breeds my just offence;
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence.
Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an attorney of an ass.
No young divine, new-beneficed, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive than he
What further could I wish the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?
Pierce the soft labyrinth of a lady's ear
With rhymes of this per cent. and that per year?
Or court a wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich widows' hearts;
Call himself barrister to every wench,
And woo in language of the Pleas and Bench?
Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.
Cursed be the wretch, so venal and so vain:
Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.

But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of Coscus, only, breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a lawyer; which (alas!) of late;
But scarce a poet: jollier of this state,
Than are new-beneficed ministers, he throws
Like nets or lime-twigs wheresoe'er he goes
His title of barrister on every wench,
And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench.* *
* * * Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a maid's soft ear:
More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd abbeys roar.
Then sick with poetry, and possess'd with muse
Thou wast, and mad I hoped; but men which chuse
Law practice for mere gain; bold soul repute
Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.

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'Tis such a bounty as was never known,
If Peter deigns to help you to your own:
What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies!
And what a solemn face, if he denies!
Grave, as when prisoners shake the head, and swear
'Twas only suretyship that brought them there.
His office keeps your parchment fates entire,
He starves with cold to save them from the fire:
For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
For not in chariots Peter puts his trust;
For you he sweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
And lies to every lord in every thing,
Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
These are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters ev'n to godly **
Not more of simony beneath black gowns,
Not more of bastardy in heirs to crowns.
In shillings and in pence at first they deal;
And steal so little, few perceive they steal:
Till, like the sea, they compass all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand.
And when rank widows purchase luscious nights,
Or when a duke to Jansen punts at White's,

Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
His hand still at a bill; now he must talk
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear
That only suretyship hath brought them there,
And to every suitor lye in every thing,
Like a king's favourite—or like a king.
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre
Than carted whores, lye to the grave judge: for
Bastardy abounds not in king's titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in churchmen's lives,
As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,
From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand.

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Or city heir in mortgage melts away,
Satan himself feels far less joy than they.
Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole estate;
Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indenture, covenants, articles they draw,
Large as the fields themselves, and larger far
Than civil codes with all their glosses, are;
So vast, our new divines, we must confess,
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dextrously omits *ses heires;*
No commentator can more slily pass
O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place:
Or, in quotation, shrew'd divines leave out
Those words that would against them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the Pater-noster long,
When doom'd to say his beads and even-song:
But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause.

And spying heirs melting with luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins as he;
For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,
And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe
Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding cheer)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he dra-vs
Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
So huge that men (in our times' forwardness)
Are fathers of the church for writing less.
These he writes not; nor for these written payes,
Therefore spares no length (as in those first dayes
When Luther was profess'd, he did desire
Short Pater-nosters, saying as a fryer
Each day his beads: but having left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause:)

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The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods that shaded all the ground?
We see no new-built palaces aspire,
No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.
Where are those troops of poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hospitable door?
Well, I could wish that still in lordly domes
Some beasts were kill'd, though not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome bacchanals;
And all mankind might that just mean observe,
In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.
These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
But, oh! these works are not in fashion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence;
Let no court sycophant pervert my sense,
Nor sly informer watch these words to draw
Within the reach of treason, or the law.

But when he sells or changes land, he impaires
The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ses heires;*
As slily as any commenter goes by
Hard words, or sense; or in divinity,
As controverters in vouch'd texts, leave out
Shrewd words, which might against them clear the doubt.
Where are these spread woods which clothed heretofore
Those bought lands? not built, not burnt within door.
Where the old landlord's troops and almes? In halls
Carthusian fasts, and fulsome bacchanals
Equally I hate. Means bless'd. In rich men's homes
I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;
None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh!) we allow
Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
Like rich old wardrobes But my words none draws
Within the vast reach of the huge statutes jaws.

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SATIRE IV.

Well, if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace, at least, beyond the grave.
I've had my purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
The poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
With foolish pride my heart was never fired,
Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admired:
I hoped for no commission from his grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place:
Had no new verses, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to court!—the devil would have it so.
But, as the fool that, in reforming days,
Would go to mass in jest, as story says,
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;
So was I punish'd, as if full as proud,
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,

SATIRE IV.

Well; I may now receive, and die.
Indeed is great; but yet I have been in
A purgatory, such as fear'd hell is
A recreation, and scant map of this.
My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen;
I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
Yet went to court; but as Glare, which did go
To mass in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
Two hundred markes, which is the statute's curse,
Before he scaped; so it pleased my destiny
(Guilty of my sin of going) to think me

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As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as false, as they
Who live at court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been posed to name;
Noah had refused it lodging in his ark,
Where all the race of reptiles might embark:
A verier monster, than on Afric's shore
The sun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloan's, or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
Nay, all that lying travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
At night would swear him dropp'd out of the moon;
One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take;
And the wise justice, starting from his chair,
Cry, "By your priesthood, tell me what you are?"
Such was the wight; the apparel on his back,
Though coarse, was reverend, and though bare, was black

As prone to all ill, and good as forget-
Ful, as proud, lustful, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witless, and as false, as they
Which dwell in court, for once going that way.
Therefore I suffer'd this: towards me did run
A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came;
A thing which would have posed Adam to name:
Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies,
Than Africk monsters, Guinea's rarities,
Stranger than strangers: one who, for a Dane,
In the Danes' massacre had sure been slain,
If he had lived then; and without help dies,
When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise;
One, whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by:
One, to whom th' examining justice sure would cry,
"Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are?"
His clothes were strange, tho' coarse, and black, tho' bare;

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The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,
Was velvet in the youth of good queen Bess,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
So time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away.
This thing has travel'd, speaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for every state to do;
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refined.
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew,
Henley himself I've heard, and Budgel too.
The doctor's wormwood style, the hash of tongues
A pedant makes, the storm of Gonson's lungs,
The whole artillery of the terms of war,
And, all those plagues in one, the bawling bar;
These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil,
Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil;
A tongue that can cheat widows, cancel scores,
Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtle whores,

Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
Become tuff-taffaty; and our children shall
See it plain rash awhile, then nought at all.
The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, speaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what to all states belongs,
Made of the accents, and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;
But pedants' motley tongue, souldiers' bumbast,
Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this; yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd compliment:
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,

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With royal favourites in flattery vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.
He spies me out; I whisper, "Gracious God!
What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
That all the shot of dullness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharged on me!"
"Permit," he cries, "no stranger to your fame,
To crave your sentiment, if ——'s your name.
What speech esteem you most?" "The king's," said I;
"But the best words?"—"O, sir, the dictionary."
"You miss my aim! I mean the most acute
And perfect speaker?"—"Onslow, past dispute."
"But, sir, of writers?"—"Swift, for closer style,
But Hoadly for a period of a mile."
"Why, yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass;
Good common linguists, and so Panurge was;
Nay, troth, the apostles, though perhaps too rough,
Had once a pretty gift of tongues enough:
Yet these were all poor gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas travel made them what they were."
Thus, others' talents having nicely shown,
He came by sure transition to his own:

Outflatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God,
How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,
This fellow, chooseth me! He saith, "Sir,
I love your judgement; whom do you prefer
For the best linguist?" and I seelily
Said that I thought Calepine's dictionary.
"Nay, but of men, most sweet sir?" Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies, I named. Here
He stopp'd me, and said, "Nay your apostles were
Good pretty linguists; so Panurgas was,
Yet a poor gentleman; all these may pass
By travail." Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he praised it, and such wonders told,

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Till I cried out, "You prove yourself so able,
Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguist half so good,
I make no question but the tower had stood."
"Obliging sir! for courts you sure were made:
Why then for ever buried in the shade?
Spirits like you, should see and should be seen,
The king would smile on you—at least, the queen."
"Ah, gentle sir! your courtiers so cajole us—
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus:*
And as for courts, forgive me, if I say
No lessons now are taught the Spartan way;
Though in his pictures lust be full display'd,
Few are the converts Aretine has made;
And though the court show vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn virtue there."
At this, entranced, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lute-string, and replies:
"Oh! 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things,
To gaze on princes, and to talk of kings!"
"Then, happy man who shows the tombs!" said I,
"He dwells amidst the royal family;

That I was fain to say, "If you had lived, sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood."
He adds, "If of court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneness." I said, "Not alone
My loneness is; but Spartanes' fashion
To teach by painting drunkards doth not last
Now, Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
No more can princes' courts (though there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue."
He, like to a high-stretch'd lute-string, squeaks, "O, sir,
'Tis sweet to talk of kings." "At Westminister,"
Said I, "the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
And, for his price, doth with whoever comes

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He every day from king to king can walk,
Of all our Harrys, all our Edwards talk;
And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living—ease and bread."
"Lord, sir, a mere mechanic! strangely low,
And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.
How elegant your Frenchmen!" "Mine, d'ye mean
I have but one; I hope the fellow's clean."
"Oh! sir, politely so! nay, let me die,
Your only wearing is your Padua-soy."
"Not, sir, my only; I have better still,
And this you see is but my dishabille."—
Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.
But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse,
You only make the matter worse and worse.
He pass'd it o'er: affects an easy smile
At all my peevishness, and turns his style.

Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk:
Your ears shall hear nought but kings; your eyes meet
Kings only: the way to it is King's-street."
He smack'd, and cry'd, "He's base, mechanique, coarse,
So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
Are not your Frenchmen neat?" "Mine, as you see,
I have but one, sir; look, he follows me."
"Certes they are neatly clothed. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogaram."
"Not so, sir; I have more." Under this pitch
He would not fly: I chaff'd him: but as itch
Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron, ground
Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (fool!) found,
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
He to another key his style doth dress:

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He asks, "What news?" I tell him of new plays,
New eunuchs, harlequins, and operas.
He hears, and as a still with simples in it,
Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
Loath to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.
Mere household trash! of birth-nights, balls, and shows,
More than ten Hollinsheds, or Halls, or Stowes.
When the queen frown'd or smiled, he knows; and what
A subtle minister may make of that:
Who sins with whom: who got his pension rug,
Or quicken'd a reversion by a drug;
Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a bishop or a whore:
Who, having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a government:
Who, in the secret, deals in stocks secure,
And cheats th' unknowing widow and the poor:
Who makes a trust of charity a job,
And gets an act of parliament to rob:
Why turnpikes rise, and now no cit nor clown,
Can gratis see the country, or the town:

And asks what news; I tell him of new playes.
He takes my hand, and as a still, which stayes
A sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth t' enrich me, so tells many a ly.
More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial household trash, he knows. He knows
When the queen frown'd or smiled! and he knows what
A subtle statesman may gather of that:
He knows who loves whom: and who by poison
Hastes to an officer's reversion;
Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes;
Who loveth whores – – – – – – – –
He knows who sold his lands, and now doth beg
A license, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
Shells to transport; – – – – – –

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Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
But some excising courtier will have toll.
He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
What 'squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
At last (which proves him wiser still than all)
What lady's face is not a whited wall.
As one of Woodward's patients, sick and sore,
I puke, I nauseate;—yet he thrusts in more:
Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
And talks gazettes and postboys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat,
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
Then as a licensed spy, who nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great man:
Swears every place entail'd for years to come,
In sure succession to the day of doom:
He names the price of every office paid,
And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;

– – – – – – shortly boys shall not play
At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
Toll to some courtier; and, wiser than all us,
He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloys me. I belch, spue, spit,
Look pale and sickly, like a patient, yet
He thrusts on more, and as he had undertook,
To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
The Spaniards came to the loss of Amyens.
Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail: so I sigh and sweat
To hear this makaron talk: in vain, for yet,
Either my humour, or his own to fit,
He, like a privileged spie, whom nothing can
Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
He names the price of every office paid;
He saith our wars thrive ill, because delaid:
That offices are entailed, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, lasting as far

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Nay, hints, 'tis by connivance of the court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a port.
Not more amazement seized on Circè's guests,
To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
Than mine to find a subject staid and wise
Already half-turn'd traitor by surprise.
I felt th' infection slide from him to me;
As in the pox, some give it to get free:
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
One of our giant statues ope its jaw.
In that nice moment, as another lie
Stood just a-tilt, the minister came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train:
Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
When half his nose is in his prince's ear.

As the last day; and that great officers
Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.
I, more amazed than Circè's prisoners when
They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
Becoming traytor, and methought I saw,
One of our giant statues ope its jaw
To suck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venomous leachers do grow sound
By giving others their sores, I might grow
Guilty, and be free: therefore I did show
All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
I must pay mine, and my forefathers' sin
To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and stubbornly I bear; but the hour
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine to 'scape a torturing;
And says, "Sir, can you spare me—?" I said, "Willing y "
"Nay, sir; can you spare me a crown?" Thankfully I
Gave it, as ransom: but as fiddlers, still,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thrust one more jig upon you; so did he
With his long complimented thanks vex me.

Google

I quaked at heart: and, still afraid to see
All the court filled with stranger things than he,
Ran out as fast as one that pays his bail,
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.
  Bear me, some god, oh! quickly bear me hence
To wholesome solitude, the nurse of sense!
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free soul looks down to pity kings!
There sober thought pursued th' amusing theme,
Till fancy colour'd it, and form'd a dream.
A vision hermits can to hell transport,
And forced ev'n me to see the damn'd at court.
Not Dantè, dreaming all th' infernal state,
Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
Base fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits tyrants, plunderers, but suits not me:
Shall I, the terror of this sinful town,
Care, if a liveried lord or smile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
Tremble before a noble serving-man?
Oh, my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puff'd nobility?

But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the prerogative of my crown; scant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
All the court fill'd with more strange things than he)
Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one
Who fears more actions, doth haste from prison.
  At home in wholesome solitariness,
My piteous soul began the wretchedness
Of suitors at court to mourn; and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
Itself o'er me; such men as he saw there,
I saw at court, and worse and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not the accuser: then,
Shall I, none's slave, of high-born or raised men,
Fear frowns; and, my mistress Truth, betray thee
For the huffing, braggart, puft nobility?

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Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier sort,
Than such as swell this bladder of a court?
Now pox on those that show a court in wax!
It ought to bring all courtiers on their backs:
Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face!
Such waxen noses, stately staring things—
No wonder some folks bow, and think them kings.
See! where the British youth, engaged no more
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their last duty to the court, and come
All fresh and fragrant to the drawing-room;
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.
"That's velvet for a king!" the flatterer swears;
'Tis true; for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.

No, no; thou which since yesterday has been
Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
O Sun, in all thy journey, vanity,
Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
Think he which made your waxen garden, and
Transported it from Italy, to stand
With us, at London, flouts our courtiers; for
Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor
Tast have in them, ours are: and natural
Some of the stocks are; their fruits bastard all.
'Tis ten a clock and past; all whom the mues,
Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the stews
Had all the morning held, now the second
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the presence; and I (God pardon me!)
As fresh and sweet their apparels be, as be
Their fields they sold to buy them. For a king
Those hose are, cried the flatterers: and bring
Them next week to the theatre to sell.
Wants reach all states: me seems they do as well

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Our court may justly to our stage give rules,
That helps it both to fools' coats and to fools.
And why not players strut in courtier's clothes?
For these are actors too, as well as those:
Wants reach all states: they beg but better dress'd,
And all is splendid poverty at best.
  Painted for sight, and essenced for the smell,
Like frigates fraught with spice and cochineal.
Sail in the ladies: how each pirate eyes
So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim,
He boarding her, she striking sail to him:
  "Dear countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!"
And, "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"
Such wits and beauties are not praised for naught,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
'Twould burst ev'n Heraclitus with the spleen,
To see those antics, Fopling and Courtin:
The presence seems, with things so richly odd,
The mosque of Mahound, or some queer pagod.

At stage, as courts: all are players. Whoe'er looks
(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
Shall find their wardrobes' inventory. Now
The ladies come. As pirates (which do know
That there came weak ships fraught with cut-chanel)
The men board them: and praise (as they think) well
Their beauties; they the men's wits: both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
This cause, These men, men's wits for speeches buy.
And women buy all red which scarlets dye.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loose set:
Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,
As if the presence were a mosque; and lift
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
Making them confess not only mortal
Great stains and holes in them, but venial

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See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules,
Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools!
Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom or a straw:
But, oh! what terrors must distract the soul,
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole:
Or should one pound of powder less, bespread
Those monkey-tails that wag behind their head.
Thus finish'd and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the fair;
So first to preach a white-gloved chaplain goes,
With band of lily, and with cheek of rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immaculate trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.
Let but the ladies smile, and they are bless'd:
Prodigious! how the things protest! protest!
Peace, fools, or Gonson will for papist seize you,
If once he catch you at your Jesu! Jesu!
  Nature made every fop to plague his brother,
Just as one beauty mortifies another.

Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate;
And then by Durer's rules survey the state
Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes and symmetry
Perfect as circles, with such nicety
As a young preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
And unto her protests, protests, protests,
So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
Ten cardinals into the Inquisition:
And whispers by Jesu so oft, that a
Pursuevant would have ravish'd him away
For saying our lady's Psalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.

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But here's the captain that will plague them both,
Whose air cries, "Arm!" whose very look's an oath:
The captain's honest, sirs, and that's enough,
Though his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
Like battering rams, beats open every door:
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hangdogs in old tapestry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
Has yet a strange ambition to look worse;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jests like a licensed fool, commands like law.
Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
As men from jails to execution go;
For hung with deadly sins I see the wall,
And lined with giants deadlier than them all:
Each man an Askapart, of strength to toss
For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-cross.

But here comes Glorious that will plague 'em both,
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough carelessness, good fashion:
Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him; he rushes in, as if Arm, arm,
He meant to cry: and though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
He strives to look worse; he keeps all in awe;
Jests like a licensed fool, commands like law.
Tired, now, I leave this place, and but pleased so
As men from gaols to execution go,
Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the seven deadly sins?) being among
Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
Charing-cross for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but queen's man, and fine
Living: barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.

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Scared at the grisly forms, I sweat, I fly,
And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.
Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine;
Charge them with heaven's artillery, bold divine!
From such alone the great rebukes endure,
Whose satire's sacred, and whose rage secure;
'Tis mine to wash a few light stains; but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a court in tears.
Howe'er what's now Apocrypha, my wit,*
In time to come may pass for Holy Writ.

I shook like a spied spy—Preachers which are
Seas of wit and arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the sins of this place; but as for me
Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be
To wash the stains away: although I yet
(With Maccabees' modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my writs Canonical.

* The private character of Donne was very amiable and interesting; particularly so on account of his secret marriage with the daughter of Sir George More; of the difficulties he underwent on this marriage; of his constant affection to his wife, his affliction at her death, and the sensibility he displayed towards all his friends and relations.—WARTON.

"He was born," says Mr. Ellis, "at London in 1573, and educated at home till the eleventh year of his age. His academical residence then became divided between Oxford and Cambridge, and his studies between poetry and law. He accompanied the Earl of Essex in an expedition against Cadiz, was secretary some time to Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and, having taken orders, was promoted to be king's chaplain, preacher of the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and Dean of St. Paul's. He died in 1631." His life is written by Isaac Walton.—BOWLES.

The poetic talents of Donne were not confined to satire, but were displayed to equal advantage in lyric poetry. Many of his productions in this department breathe strongly of that poetic spirit which characterizes the age of Shakspeare, and in originality and vigour of sentiment are not exceeded by any passages in the foregoing satires.—ROSCOE.

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EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES,

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

PRELIMINARY.

It was manifestly the object of the poet, in the following pieces, to rouse his countrymen to a due sense of their own rights and dignity as a people; to show them the dangers by which they were surrounded; to exhibit vice and corruption in the darkest colours, and thereby to stimulate them to the attainment of public integrity, honour, and virtue. What effect was, in fact, produced by the remonstrances of the poet, and what share he may have had in attaining that great improvement in manners and morals which we are informed took place some years afterwards, it would not be an easy task to ascertain; but that these Dialogues forcibly exhibit

"The strong antipathy of good to bad;"

that they inculcate high and generous sentiments of public virtue and independence, and an abhorrence of political profligacy and of low and degrading pursuits, no one will be found to deny.

The first part of these Satires was published under the title of "One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight, a Dialogue, something like Horace. London: printed for T. Cooper, at the Globe, in Pater-noster Row:" (price one shilling.) The second part, printed for R. Dodsley, at Tully's Head, in Pall Mall, 1738: (price one shilling.) Considerable alterations occur in the subsequent editions.

DIALOGUE I.

Fr. Not twice a twelvemonth you appear in print,
And when it comes the court see nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a wit.
Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace: Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans in much better metre,
"To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter."

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But Horace, sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of vice:
Horace would say, Sir Billy served the crown,
Blunt could do business, Higgins knew the town,
In Sappho touch the failings of the sex,
In reverend bishops note some small neglects,
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropp'd our ears, and sent them to the king.
His sly, polite, insinuating style
Could please at court, and make Augustus smile:
An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.
But, 'faith! your very friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more—
And where's the glory? 'twill be only thought
The great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go see Sir Robert—

P. See Sir Robert!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill-exchanged for power;
Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come: at all I laugh, he laughs, no doubt;
The only difference is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why, yes: with Scripture you may still be free;
A horse-laugh, if you please, at honesty;
A joke on Jekyll, or some odd old Whig,
Who never changed his principle, or wig;
A patriot is a fool in every age,
Whom all lord chamberlains allow the stage:
These nothing hurts: they keep their fashion still,
And wear their strange old virtue as they will.

If any ask you, "Who's the man so near
His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?"

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Why answer, Lyttleton; and I'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case.
Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest Fleury,
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends, and, if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue balance all again.
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.
P. Dear sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
Come, harmless characters that no one hit;
Come, Henley's oratory, Osborn's wit!
The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The flowers of Bubo, and the flow of Young!
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipp'd cream of courtly sense
The first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then,
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once again.
Oh! come, that easy Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As, though the pride of Middleton and Bland,
All boys may read, and girls may uuderstand!
Then might I sing, without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the nation's sense;
Or teach the melancholy muse to mourn,
Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,
And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
All parts perform'd, and all her children bless'd!
So—satire is no more—I feel it die—
No gazeteer more innocent than I—

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And let, a-God's name, every fool and knave
Be graced through life, and flatter'd in his grave.
F. Why so? if satire knows its time and place,
You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace:
For merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all satire in all changes spare
Immortal S—k, and grave D—re.
Silent and soft, as saints removed to heaven,
All ties dissolved, and every sin forgiven,
These may some gentle ministerial wing
Receive, and place for ever near a king!
There, where no passion, pride, or shame transport,
Lull'd with the sweet nepenthe of a court;
There, where no father's, brother's, friend's disgrace
Once break their rest, or stir them from their place;
But past the sense of human miseries,
All tears are wiped for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a question, or a job.
P. Good Heaven forbid, that I should blast their glory,
Who know how like Whig ministers to Tory;
And when three sovereigns died could scarce be vex'd,
Considering what a gracious prince was next.
Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings;
And at a peer or peeress, shall I fret,
Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the dignity of vice be lost?
Ye Gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,
Swear like a lord, or Rich outwhore a duke?
A favourite porter with his master vie,
Be bribed as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's skill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his grace, a will?
Is it for Bond or Peter (paltry things)
To pay their debts, or keep their faith like kings?

If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man:
And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!
But shall a printer, weary of his life,
Learn, from their books, to hang himself and wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear:
Vice thus abused, demands a nation's care:
This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin.
Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well;
A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's wife,
Outdo Landaff in doctrine,—yea in life:
Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame:
Virtue may choose the high and low degree,
'Tis just alike to virtue and to me;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's still the same beloved, contented thing.
Vice is undone, if she forgets her birth,
And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth:
But 'tis the fall degrades her to a whore;
Let greatness own her, and she's mean no more:
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And hers the Gospel is, and hers the laws;
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our youth, all liveried o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance: behind her crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
Hear her black trumpet through the land proclaim,
That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME!

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In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in power,
'Tis avarice all, ambition is no more!
See, all our nobles begging to be slaves!
See, all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
All, all look up with reverential awe,
At crimes that 'scape or triumph o'er the law:
While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is sacred now but villany."
Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
Show there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

Fr. "'Tis all a libel!" Paxton (Sir) will say.
P. Not yet my friend! to-morrow, 'faith, it may;
And for that very cause I print to-day.
How should I fret to mangle every line,
In reverence to the sins of thirty-nine!
Vice with such giant-strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising genius sins up to my song.
F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash;
Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.
Spare then the person, and expose the vice.
P. How, sir! not damn the sharper, but the dice!
Come on then, satire! general, unconfined,
Spread thy broad wing, and souse on all the kind.
Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!
Ye tradesmen, vile, in army, court, or hall!
Ye reverend atheists!—*F.* Scandal! name them. Who?
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.

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Who starved a sister, who foreswore a debt,
I never named: the town's inquiring yet.
The poisoning dame—*F.* You mean—*P.* I don't.—
F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you!
The bribing statesman—*F.* Hold: too high you go.
P. The bribed elector—*F.* There you stoop too low
P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what:
Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which not?
Must great offenders, once escaped the crown,
Like royal harts, be never more run down?
Admit your law to spare the knight requires,
As beasts of nature, may we hunt the squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a bishop, may I name a dean?
F. A dean, sir? no; his fortune is not made;
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.
P. If not the tradesman who sets up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud satire! though a realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild·
Or, if a court or country's made a job,
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.
But, sir, I beg you, (for the love of vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great?
Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
Then better sure it charity becomes
To tax directors, who (thank God!) have plums;
Still better, ministers; or, if the thing
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a king.
F. Stop! stop!
P. Must satire, then, not rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogue at all.
F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:

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Who now that obsolete example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.
F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;
You make men desperate, if they once are bad,
Else might he take to virtue some years hence—
P. As Sherlock, if he lives, will love the prince.
F. Strange spleen to Sherlock!
P. Do I wrong the man?
God knows, I praise a courtier where I can.
When I confess there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarb'rough name?
Pleased let me own, in Esher's peaceful grove
(Where Kent and nature vie for Pelham's love),
The scene, the master, opening to my view,
I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!
Ev'n in a bishop I can spy desert;
Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart;
Manners with candour are to Benson given;
To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.
But does the court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love:
I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus Somers once, and Halifax, were mine.
Oft, in the clear still mirror of retreat,
I studied Shrewsbury, the wise and great;
Carleton's calm sense, and Stanhope's noble flame,
Compared, and knew their generous end the same:
How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!
How shined the soul, unconquer'd in the Tower!
How can I Pulteney, Chesterfield, forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit?
Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field?
Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
The master of our passions, and his own?
Names which I long have loved, nor loved in vain,
Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with their train.

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And if yet higher the proud list should end,
Still let me say, no follower, but a friend.
Yet think not, friendship only prompts my lays:
I follow virtue; where she shines, I praise;
Points she to priest or elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory:
I never (to my sorrow I declare)
Dined with the Man of Ross, or my Lord Mayor.
Some in their choice of friends (nay, look not grave)
Have still a secret bias to a knave:
To find an honest man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.
F. Then why so few commended?
P. Not so fierce;
Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse.
But random praise—the task can ne'er be done;
Each mother asks it for her booby son;
Each widow asks it for the best of men,
For him she weeps, for him she weds again.
Praise cannot stoop, like satire, to the ground;
The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the greatest of these days,
T' escape my censure, not expect my praise.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a poet for their friend?
What Richelieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain,
And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
No power the Muse's friendship can command;
No power, when virtue claims it, can withstand:
To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line:
Oh! let my country's friends illumine mine!—
What are you thinking? *F.* 'Faith, the thought's no sin:
I think your friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow.
P. I only call those knaves who are so now.

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Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie:
Cobham's a coward, Polwarth is a slave,
And Lyttleton a dark, designing knave;
St. John has ever been a wealthy fool—
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.
But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name!
Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
Oh, all-accomplish'd St. John! deck thy shrine?
What! shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day
When Paxton gives him double pots and pay,
Or each new-pension'd sycophant, pretend
To break my windows, if I treat a friend,
Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I spare the minister, no rules
Of honour bind me not to maul his tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said,
His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.
It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
To see a footman kick'd that took his pay;
But when he heard th' affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave;
The prudent general turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the rest:
Which not at present having time to do—
F. Hold, sir, for God's sake! where's th' affront to you?
Against your worship when had Sherlock writ?
Or Page pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the bard whose distich all commend
[*In power a servant, out of power a friend*]
To Walpole guilty of some venial sin;
What's that to you, who ne'er was out nor in?
The priest whose flattery bedropp'd the crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown.

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And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?
P. 'Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole House did afterwards the same.
Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly:
If one, through nature's bounty or his lord's,
Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin.
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit, not there confined,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind.
From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse;
The last full fairly gives it to the House.
F. This filthy simile, this beastly line,
Quite turns my stomach: *P.* So does flattery mine:
And all your courtly civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
But hear me further: Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read;
In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite:
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;
And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the deed he forged was not my own?
Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
Without a staring reason on his brows?
And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
Because the insult's not on man, but God?
Ask you what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.
When truth or virtue an affront endures,
Th' affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.

VARIATION.—Ver. 185 in the MS.:

I grant it, sir; and further 'tis agreed,
Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read.

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Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence,
Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
Mine, as a friend to every worthy mind;
And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.
F. You're strangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no slave:
So impudent, I own myself no knave:
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud: I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and shamed by ridicule alone.
Oh, sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but heaven-directed hands denied,
The Muse may give thee, but the gods must guide.
Reverent I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal,
To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate slumbering in his stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains,
That count your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his grace preaches, all his lordship sings,
All that makes saints of queens, and gods of kings;
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press,
Like the last gazette, or the last address.

VARIATION.—After ver. 227 in the MS.:

Where's now the star that lighted Charles to rise?—
With that which follow'd Julius to the skies.
Angels that watch'd the royal oak so well,
How chanced ye nod, when luckless Sorel fell?
Hence, lying miracles! reduced so low
As to the regal touch and papal toe;
Hence, haughty Edgar's title to the main,
Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!

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When black ambition stains a public cause,
A monarch's sword when mad vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide a nation's scar,
Not Boileau turn the feather to a star.
Not so, when, diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from virtue's shrine,
Her priestess muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of eternity.
There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Anstis casts into the grave;
Far other stars than * and ** wear,
And may descend to Mordington from Stair;
(Such as on Hough's unsullied mitre shine,
Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine;)
Let envy howl, while heaven's whole chorus sings,
And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let flattery, sickening, see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal verse as mean as mine.
Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
When truth stands trembling on the edge of law;
Here, last of Britons! let your names be read:
Are none, none living? let me praise the dead,
And for that cause which made your fathers shine,
Fall by the votes of their degenerate line.
F. Alas, alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Essays on Man.

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IMITATIONS OF HORACE.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

Dr. Warton informs us that "the colloquial and burlesque style and measure of Swift, here adopted, did not suit the genius and manner of our author, who frequently *falls back*, as was natural, from the familiar, into his own more laboured, high, and pompous manner."

On this, Mr. Bowles observes, that "the observation is so far just, that Pope certainly does not display, in his Imitations of Horace, the ease and familiarity of Swift; but this does not detract from their merit any further than as professed imitations of Swift;" to which he adds, that "neither are the least like Horace."

Whether the public will implicitly adopt the opinions of the above critics, whose observations seem generally intended to prēoccupy the judgment of the reader in a manner as unfavourable as possible to the author, may perhaps be doubted. Certain it is, however, that such decisions are perfectly irreconcileable with the degree of estimation in which these lighter imitations of Horace have been held by former editors, and perhaps by all who are capable of forming an unprejudiced judgment respecting them.

EPISTLE VII.

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF DR. SWIFT.

'Tis true, my lord, I gave my word,
I would be with you June the third;
Changed it to August, and (in short)
Have kept it—as you do at court.
You humour me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic?
In town, what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in every street,
And funerals blackening all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores:
And what a dust in every place!
And a thin court that wants your face,

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And fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in town!
"The dog-days are no more the case."
'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,
And you shall see, the first warm weather,
Me and the butterflies together.
My lord, your favours well I know;
'Tis with distinction you bestow;
And not to every one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his plums.
"Pray take them, sir"—Enough's a feast:
"Eat some, and pocket up the rest."—
What, rob your boys? those pretty rogues!
"No, sir; you'll leave them to the hogs."
Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell you wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is or should
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a difference in his thought
Between a guinea and a groat.
Now this I'll say, you'll find in me
A safe companion and a free;
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your honour's ear:
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my constitution!
The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
Th' engaging smile, the gayety,
That laugh'd down many a summer sun
And kept you up so oft till one!
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda raised my strain.

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A weasel once made shift to slink
In at a corn-loft through a chink;
But having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in;
Which one belonging to the house
('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
Observing, cried, "You 'scape not so;
Lean as you came, sir, you must go."
Sir, you may spare your application,
I'm no such beast, nor his relation;
Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans;
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine;
South-sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who praised my modesty, and smiled.
"Give me," I cried (enough for me,)
"My bread, and independency!"
So bought an annual rent or two,
And lived—just as you see I do;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking fund, my life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low.
There died my father, no man's debtor,
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.
To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story.
"Harley, the nation's great support—"
But you may read it; I stop short.

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SATIRE VI.*

I've often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 't would sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.
If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick, or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools;
As thus: "Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t'other acre;
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure:"
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits;†
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence:
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose;
Removed from all th' ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;

* The first part of this "imitation" was written in the year 1714 by Dr. Swift; and the latter part—commencing, "*Thus in a sea of folly toss'd*," verse 125—was afterwards added by Pope.

† An apprehension of the loss of intellect gave the dean great uneasiness through life. Some hereditary expectation, or some peculiarity of feeling caused a constant anticipation of that sad event, which finally befell him.

Nor cross the Channel twice a-year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
"Lewis, the dean will be of use;
Send for him up; take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas;
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found.
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er considered yet.
"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown;
Let my lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his Honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Checker'd with ribbons blue and green.
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the dean had been too proud,
To justle here among a crowd."
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit:
"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke."
I own, I'm pleased with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This, humbly offers me his case;
That, begs my interest for a place;

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A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on;
Without your help, the cause is gone."—
"The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two."—
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my warrant quickly sign'd;
Consider, 'tis my first request."—
Be satisfied; I'll do my best.
Then presently he falls to tease:
"You may be certain, if you please;
I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you."—
'Tis—let me see—three years and more,
(October next it will be four,)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, "What's o'clock?" and "How's the wind?"
"Who's chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnelle, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a-week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town.
Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me used so well:
"How think you of our friend the dean?
I wonder what some people mean;
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together, *tête à tête.*

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What, they admire him for his jokes—
See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arrived at court;
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechised in every street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
Inform us, will the emperor treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah, Doctor! how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret."—I protest
'Tis one to me.—"Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord-mayor,
They stand amazed, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus in a sea of folly toss'd,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country-seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.
Oh, charming noons! and nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all a-row,
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup served with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleased, and please,
And ev'n the very dogs at ease!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A neigbour's madness, or his spouse's,
Or what's in either of the houses:

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But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser?
Whether we ought to choose our friends
For their own worth, or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call,
And what the very best of all?
  Our friend Dan Prior told, you know,
A tale extremely *à-propos;*
Name a town-life, and in a trice
He had a story of two mice.
Once on a time (so runs the fable)
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Received a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouse, upon the whole:
Yet loved his friend, and had a soul,
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, "*coû qui coûte.*"
He brought him bacon, (nothing lean;)
Pudding that might have pleased a dean;
Cheese such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He ate himself the rinds and paring.
Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cried, "I vow you're mighty neat;
But, Lord, my friend, this savage scene!
For God's sake come, and live with men:
Consider, mice, like men, must die,
Both small and great, both you and I:
Then spend your life in joy and sport;
This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court."
  The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.

Away they come, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's-inn:
('Twas on a night of a debate,
When all their lordships had sat late.)
Behold the place, where, if a poet
Shined in description, he might show it:
Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it, in a word, be said,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red;
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sat, *tête à tête.*
Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law:
"*Que ça est bon! Ah, goûtez ça!*
That jelly's rich, the malmsey healing,
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
Was ever such a happy swain?
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
"I'm quite ashamed: 'tis mighty rude
To eat so much; but, all's so good,
I have a thousand thanks to give.
My lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all:
"A rat, a rat! clap to the door."—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
Oh, for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd stucco has no chink.)
"An't please your honour," quoth the peasant,
"This same desert is not so pleasant:
Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread and liberty!"

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BOOK IV.—ODE. I.*

TO VENUS.

Again? new tumults in my breast?
Ah, spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.
Ah! sound no more thy soft alarms,
Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms!
Mother too fierce of dear desires!
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires:
To number five† direct your doves,
There spread round Murray all your blooming loves;
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With every sprightly, every decent part;
Equal the injured to defend,
To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
He, with a hundred arts refined,
Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
To him each rival shall submit,
Make but his riches equal to his wit,‡
Then shall thy form the marble grace,
(Thy Grecian form) and Chloé lend the face;
His house, embosom'd in the grove,
Sacred to social life and social love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:

---

* Pope has shown in this, and in the unfinished imitation of the ninth Ode of the Fourth Book, which follows, as happy a vein for managing the Odes of Horace as the Epistles. It may be worth observing, that the measure he has here chosen, is precisely the same that Ben Jonson used in a translation of this very Ode.

† The number of Murray's lodging in King's Bench walks.

‡ Seward has an anecdote of Lord Mansfield, respecting the difficulties of his early life, but does not state on what authority it is founded. He says that Murray, acquainting Lord Foley that he feared he must give up the law, and go into orders, on account of his slender income, Lord Foley generously requested his acceptance of two hundred pounds a-year.

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Thither, the silver-sounding lyres
  Shall call the smiling loves and young desires;
There, every grace and muse shall throng,
  Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
There youths and nymphs in concert gay,
  Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
  For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
  The still-believing, still-renew'd desire:
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
  And all the kind deceivers of the soul!
But why? ah, tell me, ah, too dear!
  Steals down my cheek th' involuntary tear?
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
  Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
Thee, dress'd in Fancy's airy beam,
  Absent I follow through th' extended dream;
Now, now I cease, I clasp thy charms,
  And now you burst—ah, cruel!—from my arms;
And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
  Or softly glide by the canal;
Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
  And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

PART OF ODE IX. OF BOOK IV.

A FRAGMENT.

Lest you should think that verse shall die,
  Which sounds the silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of truth to fly
  Above the reach of vulgar song;

Though daring Milton sits sublime,
  In Spenser native muses play;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
  Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay:

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Sages and chiefs long since had birth,
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton named;
These raised new empires o'er the earth,
And those new heavens and systems framed.

Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride!
They had no poet, and they died;
In vain they schemed, in vain they bled!
They had no poet, and are dead.*

EPISTLES OF HORACE.—EPISTLE IV. BOOK I.†

A MODERN IMITATION.

Say, St. John, who alone peruse
With candid eye, the mimic Muse,
What schemes of politics, or laws,
In Gallic lands the patriot draws!
Is then a greater work in hand,
Than all the tomes of Haines's band?
"Or shoots he folly as it flies?
Or catches manners as they rise?"
Or urged by unquench'd native heat,
Does St. John Greenwich sports repeat?
Where (emulous of Chartres' fame)
Ev'n Chartres' self, is scarce a name.

---

* It will be observed that Spenser is mentioned in this "imitation," in conjunction with Milton, Cowley, and Waller, whose fame is considered deathless. How much this author was Pope's favourite, from his earlier to his latter years, will appear from what he said to Mr. Spence, from whose Anecdotes the following passage is literally transcribed: "There is something in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the *Fairy Queen*, when I was about twelve, with a vast deal of delight; and I think it gave me as much when I read it over about a year or two ago."

† This satire on Lord Bolingbroke, and the praise bestowed on him in a letter to Mr. Richardson, where Mr. Pope says,

"The sons shall blush their fathers were his foes,"

being so contradictory, probably occasioned the former to be suppressed.—S.

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To you (th' all-envied gift of Heaven)
Th' indulgent gods, unask'd have given
A form complete in every part,
And to enjoy that gift, the art.
What could a tender mother's care
Wish better, for her favourite heir,
Than wit, and fame, and lucky hours,
A stock of health, and golden showers,
And graceful fluency of speech,
Precepts before unknown to teach?
Amidst thy various ebbs of fear,
And gleaming hope, and black despair,
Yet let thy friend this truth impart,
A truth I tell with bleeding heart,
(In justice for your labours past)
That every day shall be your last;
That every hour you life renew
Is to your injured country due.
In spite of fears, of mercy spite,
My genius still must rail, and write.
Haste to thy Twickenham's safe retreat,
And mingle with the grumbling great:
There, half-devour'd by spleen, you'll find
The rhyming bubbler of mankind;
There (objects of our mutual hate)
We'll ridicule both church and state

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THE DUNCIAD;

IN FOUR BOOKS.

WITH

THE PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS,

THE HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS,

AND NOTES VARIORUM.

EDITORS' PRELIMINARIES.

When the first complete and correct edition of the Dunciad was published in quarto, 1729, it consisted of three books; and had for its hero Tibbald, a cold, plodding, and tasteless writer and critic, who, with great propriety, was chosen, on the death of Settle, by the Goddess of Dullness, to be the chief instrument of that great work which was the subject of the poem; namely "the introduction," as our author expresses it, "of the lowest diversions of the rabble of Smithfield, to be the entertainment of the court and town; the action of the Dunciad being, the removal of the imperial seat of Dullness from the city to the polite world; as that of the Æneid is the removal of the empire of Troy to Latium." This was the primary subject of the piece. Our author adds: "As Homer, singing only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war, in like manner our poet hath drawn into this single action the whole history of Dullness and her children. To this end, she is represented, at the very opening of the poem, taking a view of her forces, which are distinguished into these three kinds: party-writers, dull poets, and wild critics. A person must be fixed upon to support this action, who (to agree with the design) must be such a one as is capable of being all three. This phantom in the poet's mind must have a name. He seeks for one who hath been concerned in the journals, written bad plays or poems, and published low criticisms. He finds his name to be Tibbald, and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

This design is carried on, in the first book, by a description of the goddess fixing her eye on Tibbald; who, on the evening of a Lord-mayor's-day, is represented as sitting pensively in his study, and apprehending the period of her empire, from the old age of the present monarch Settle; and also by an account of a sacrifice he makes of his unsuccessful works; of the goddess's

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revealing herself to him, announcing the death of Settle that night, anointing and proclaiming him successor. It is carried on in the second book, by a description of the various games instituted in honour of the new king, in which booksellers, poets, and critics contend. This design is lastly completed in the third book, by the goddess's transporting the new king to her temple, laying him in a deep slumber on her lap, and conveying him in a vision to the banks of Lethe, where he meets with the ghost of his predecessor Settle; who, in a speech that begins at line 35, to almost the end of the book, shows him the past triumphs of the empire of Dullness, then the present, and lastly the future: enumerating particularly by what aids, and by what persons, Great Britain shall be forthwith brought to her empire, and prophesying how first the nation shall be overrun with farces, operas, shows, and the throne of Dullness advanced over both the theatres: then, how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences; till, in conclusion, all shall return to their original chaos. On hearing which,

> "Enough! enough!" the raptured monarch cries;
> And through the Ivory Gate the vision flies.

With which words, the design above recited being perfected, the poem concludes.—Warton.

* * * * * * * * *

To the account of the plan of the Dunciad; as it originally was conceived, with a most appropriate personage than Theobald for its king, nothing can be added. The fourth book, subjoined by the advice of Warburton, though it is not certainly of the same texture or piece with the others, yet I by no means think so meanly of as Dr. Warton. The objects of satire are more general than just. That can be confined to persons, and those of the most insignificant sort; the other is directed chiefly to things, such as faults of education, false knowledge, and false taste. In polished and pointed satire, in richness of versification and imagery, and in the happy introduction of characters, speeches, figures, and every sort of poetical ornament adapted to the subject, this book yields, in my opinion, to none of Pope's writings of the same kind.—Bowles.

If we were to give implicit credit to the assertions of that arch-critic *Martinus Scriblerus*, the Dunciad had not only been preceded by a poem of a similar nature, but such poem was of the highest antiquity and authority, anterior even to the Iliad and Odyssey, being no other than the *Margites* of Homer himself, by which appellation we are to understand "the personage whom antiquity recordeth to have been Dunces the First, and surely not unworthy to have been the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity." We are also informed, that "forasmuch as our poet hath translated those facetious works of Homer, which are yet left, he did conceive it to be his part to imitate that also which was lost; and was therefore minded to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have

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had, namely, that of an epic poem; with a title also framed after the Greek manner, to wit: that of DUNCIAD." This idea of the antiquity of the subject on which the poem is founded, and the celebration of the most ancient of things—chaos, night, and dullness—is admirably calculated to throw an air of ludicrous mystery over the performance; which is supported with infinite gravity, not only through the poem itself, but by the notes and observations that accompany it; forming a whole that imposes upon the imagination, and from which, as from all other works of fancy we derive a pleasure, in proportion as we resign ourselves to the impressions it is calculated to produce.

In order, however, to derive either pleasure or instruction from the Dunciad, it is requisite it should be read in the same spirit, in some degree, with which it was written. Its object is to ridicule vice and folly, and to throw contempt on ignorant pretension, affected learning, and false taste. This is accomplished by a continual, severe, and well-supported *irony*, in which every thing is described as exactly the reverse of what (in just and correct estimation) it ought to be; and it is for want of sufficient attention to this, that so many captious objections have been made against the poem, both in parts and in the whole, as is sufficiently apparent in the remarks of some of the former editors.

With regard to the poem itself, it is here given as finally corrected and completed, in four books, together with the notes and observations, as either written or approved by the author, and which may be considered as embodied with, and forming a constituent part of the work.

It is very remarkable, observes Mr. ROSCOE, that in the preceding editions of Dr. Warton and Mr. Bowles, the greater part of the notes of Pope on the Dunciad are erroneously attributed to Warburton; in the former, by being marked with a W.; in the latter, by the name of Warburton at length. This mistake is the more extraordinary, as Warburton has, in his editions, precisely defined the marks by which the notes were to be distinguished: those marked with an asterisk (*) being Warburton's; those marked with a P. and an asterisk being written by Pope and Warburton in conjunction; and all the rest being Pope's. Of the reality of this important error, which deprives Pope of a great share of his own work, and frequently weakens the effect, by attributing to the commentator what ought to be received on the higher authority of the poet, any one may be convinced who will take the trouble of comparing the editions of Warton or of Bowles with any of the editions of 1729—long before Warburton undertook to comment upon the Dunciad—where he will find the very notes which in the two last editions are almost uniformly attributed to Warburton. So extensive is this error, that it leads one to suppose that in Warton's edition the editor had taken it for granted, that the notes in the former editions *without* a mark were all by Warburton, in contradiction to the information of Warburton himself; an error which seems to have been adopted without examination in the subsequent edition of Mr. Bowles.

It is further observable, that this mistake has, in all probability, been the cause of the *omission*, in the two last editions, of many remarks on the Dunciad, which were, perhaps, supposed by the editors to be Warburton's, and

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are therefore discarded; but which are, in fact, the *original notes* of Pope, and are necessary to complete the work *as he gave it*. In the present edition all these notes possessing any general interest are carefully restored from the second edition of the Dunciad, with additional notes, in 1729, which Pope considered as the best, and which was the standard of all that followed it, until the complete edition in four books, published in quarto in 1743. In these notes Pope had the assistance of several of his friends, particularly of Cleland, Arbuthnot, and Gay; but as their contributions have never been appropriated to their different authors, they are here given as the remarks of Pope. The reader is therefore requested to observe, that—

The notes marked with the letter P. are those published by Pope in the octavo edition of 1729.

The subsequent notes of Pope, as they appeared in the joint edition of Pope and Warburton, in 1743, are marked P.†

The notes with the letters P. W. were written by Pope and Warburton in conjunction.

Those marked W. are by Warburton, as they appeared in the edition of 1743, and were consequently approved by Pope; and those marked W.† did not appear till after the death of Pope, in the general edition of his works by Warburton, in 1751.

To the remainder, the names of the authors are affixed, except to the few by the present editor.

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A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER;

OCCASIONED BY THE

FIRST CORRECT EDITION OF THE DUNCIAD.

It is with pleasure I hear that you have procured a correct copy of "The Dunciad," which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a commentary: a work so requisite, that I cannot think the author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this poem.

Such notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity to take some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to truth than to him or any man living, engaged me in inquiries, of which the enclosed notes are the fruit.

I perceive that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: nobody was either concerned or surprised if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery: a stratagem which, would they fairly own it, might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they daily abuse, only, as I charitably hope, to get that *by* them which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all: ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers; and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now, what had Mr. Pope done before to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the Dunciad. What has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull; and

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what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase, room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his writings; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his country:—but when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent—in a manner which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers—I mean by authors without names—then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who for several years past have made free with the greatest names in church and state, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other party, in the unhappy division of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exiled, and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr. Pope; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character), but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies as he is himself.

"I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their writings, I have sought them, on this one occasion, in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behooves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it by preserving at least their titles,* and discovering, as far as you can depend on the truth of your information, the names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the poem is, that the persons are too *obscure* for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassinates, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: law can pronounce judgment only on open facts; morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow

* See a list of them, printed in the Appendix.

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flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey, for lesser crimes than defamation, (for it is the case of almost all who are tried there,) but sure it can be none here; for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation, supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But poverty is here the accident, not the subject: he who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice or villany. The Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burthen, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals than in their writings, must poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of a hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter; it is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough to hear our authors crying out, on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire, and the public objecting, on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed, our author, by and in this poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three who, by their rank or fortune, have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good; and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked, they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely, they are their enemies who say so; since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs; that had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance. But would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance in the author of the *Essay on Criticism*? Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting; for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another which would probably

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be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, "That his own have found too much success with the public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what, in my opinion, might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If obscurity or poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should folly or dullness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must dullness, when he sets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed, because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find, that, in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the *Codrus* of Juvenal to the *Damon* of Boileau.

Having mentioned Boileau, the greatest poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them, I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author, in qualities, fame, and fortune: in the distinction shown them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation among foreigners; in the latter of which, ours has met with a better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations.* But the resemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times, of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What Boileau has done in almost all his poems, our author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by Boileau.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power without

* *Essay on Criticism*, in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, counsellor and privy secretary to King George I.; after by the Abbe Reynel, in verse, with notes. *Rape of the Lock*, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris, 1728; and in Italian verse by the Abbe Conti, a noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, envoy extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Essay and Dissertations on Homer, several times translated into French.—*P.*

Essay on Man, by the Abbe Reynel, in verse; by Monsieur Silhoute, in prose, 1737, and since by others, in French, Italian, and Latin.—*P.*†

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pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received, no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them; I mean when out of power or out of fashion.* A satire, therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely, the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear—through variety of fortune, or change of interests—he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking, what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity to see, all along, that our author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice, who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) *vetustis dare novitatem, obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucem, fastiditis gratiam.*

I am your most humble servant,

WILLIAM CLELAND.†

St. James's, Dec. 22d, 1728.

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* As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the town declaimed against his book of poems; Mr Walsh, after his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he had resigned the office of secretary of state; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-sea year, and after his death: others only in epitaphs.—*P.*

† This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the University of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the commissioners of the customs in Scotland, and then of taxes in England; in which, having shown himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible (though without any other assistance of fortune), he was suddenly displaced by the minister, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and died in about two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country.—*P.*†

Many reasons have been alleged to prove it was written by our author himself.—WARTON.

I believe there is now no doubt of the circumstance; it is of a piece with Pope's other modes of describing his own virtues; but, if supposed to be written by Pope, the self-love and assumed virtues are disgusting; if written by another, the arguments are neither well founded nor the conclusions just.—BOWLES.

Mr. ROSCOE considers that, whoever the writer was, it can make no difference in the validity of the arguments or in the justice of the conclusions.

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MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,

HIS

PROLEGOMENA AND ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE DUNCIAD;

WITH THE

HYPER-CRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS.

DENNIS, REMARKS ON PRINCE ARTHUR.

I CANNOT but think it the most reasonable thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them a little the sooner of a short profit and a transitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

CHARACTER OF MR. P., 1716.

The persons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings have been for the most part authors, and most of those authors, poets; and the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, PREFACE TO HIS NEW REHEARSAL.

It is the common cry of the poetasters of the town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expose the pretenders to wit and poetry. The judges and magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with ill-nature for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor.—The same will hold in the republic of letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to scribbling pass on the world.

THEOBALD, LETTER TO MIST, JUNE 22, 1728.

Attacks may be levelled, either against failures in genius, or against the pretensions of writing without one.

CONCANEN, DEDICATION TO THE AUTHOR OF THE DUNCIAD.

A satire upon dullness is a thing that has been used and allowed in all ages.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked scribbler!—P.

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TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS,

CONCERNING

OUR POET AND HIS WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS LECTORI S.

BEFORE we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable poem (drawn from the many volumes of our Adversaria on modern authors), we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our poet; various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the testimonies of such eminent wits, as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise, with incredible labour, seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never at the distance of a few months appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayest not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but of a moral nature, by being led into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit of our author: in which, if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him, I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious; allow me to take the same pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We purposed to begin with his life, parentage, and education: but as to these, even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith,[1] he was educated at home; another,[2] that he was bred at St. Omer's by Jesuits; a third,[3] not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth,[4] that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his tutor. One saith,[5] he was kept by his father on purpose; a second,[6] that he was an itinerant priest; a third,[7] that he was a parson; one[8]

1 Giles Jacob's *Lives of the Poets*, vol. i. in his *Life*.
2 Dennis's *Reflections on the Essay on Criticism*, p. 4.
3 *Dulness Dissected*, p. 4. 4 *Guardian*, No. 40. 5 Jacob's *Lives*, &c vol. ii
6 *Dunciad Dissected*, p. 4. 7 Farmer P. and his son. 8 *Dunciad Dissected*.—P.

calleth him a secular clergyman of the church of Rome; another,[1] a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom one[2] supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another,[3] a husbandman; another,[4] a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely, a demon. For thus Mr. Gildon:[5]—"Certain it is, that his original is not from Adam, but the devil; and that he wanted nothing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal father." Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours, of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the Life of our poet, till authors can determine among themselves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his works, though not less uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his *Essay on Criticism*, of which hear first the most ancient of critics,

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

"His precepts are either false or trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes trivial and common:—instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean; instead of gravity, something that is very boyish; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion." And in another place: "What rare numbers are here! Would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated muse, who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner, upon account of impotence, and who, being poxed by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepid age, which makes her hobble so damnably."[6]

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical historian,

MR. OLDMIXON.

"I dare not say any thing of the *Essay on Criticism* in verse; but if any more curious reader has discovered in it something new which is not in Dryden's prefaces, dedications, and his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, not to mention the French critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery."[7]

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded

MR. LEONARD WELSTED;

who, out of great respect to our poet not naming him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the Criticisms of Mr.

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1 *Characters of the Times*, p. 45. 2 *Female Dunciad*, p. ult. 3 *Dunciad Dissected*. 4 Roome, Paraphrase on ivth of Genesis, printed 1729.

5 *Character of Mr. P. and his Writings*, in a Letter to a Friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curll, in his *Key to the Dunciad* (first edition, said to be printed for A. Dodd), in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be author of that libel; though in the subsequent editions of his *Key* he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the *Curlliad*, pp. 4 and 8), that it was written by Dennis only.—*P.*

6 Reflections, critical and satirical, on a Rhapsody, called an *Essay on Criticism*, printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.—*P.*

7 *Essay on Criticism*, in prose, octavo, 1728, by the author of *The Critical History of England*.—*P.*

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Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth:"[1] "As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c., both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this ground-work, they do but hackney the same thoughts over again, making them still more trite. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid heap of common-place. Horace has, even in his *Art of Poetry*, thrown out several things which plainly show he thought an art of poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one."

To all which great authorities, we can only oppose that of

MR. ADDISON.

"The *Art of Criticism*,"[2] saith he, "which was published some months since, is a masterpiece in its kind. The observations follow one another, like those in Horace's *Art of Poetry*, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose-writer. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that ease and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty; and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the preface to his works: that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us, who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or in any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others; we have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's *Art of Poetry*, he will find but few precepts in it which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

"Longinus, in his reflections, has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them: I cannot but take notice that our English author has, after the same manner, exemplified several of the precepts in the very precepts themselves." He then produces some instances of particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with saying, that "there are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a masterpiece in its kind: the *Essay on Translated Verse;* the *Essay on the Art of Poetry;* and the *Essay on Criticism.*"

Of *Windsor Forest*, positive is the judgment of the affirmative

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

That "it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ in emulation of the *Cooper's Hill* of Sir John Denham: the author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous!"[3]

1 Preface to his Poems, pp. 18. 53.—*P.* 2 *Spectator*, No. 253. *P*
3 *Letter to B. B.*, at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717.—*P.*

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But the author of the *Dispensary*,

DR. GARTH,

in the preface of his poem of *Claremont*,[1] differs from this opinion: "Those who have seen these two excellent poems of *Cooper's Hill* and *Windsor Forest*—the one written by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope—will show a great deal of candour if they approve of this."

Of the *Epistle* of *Eloisa*, we are told by an obscure writer of a poem called *Sawney*, "That because Prior's *Henry and Emma* charmed the finest tastes, author writ his *Eloise* in opposition to it, but forgot innocence and virtue: If you take away her tender thoughts and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value." In which, methinks, his judgment resembleth that of a French tailor on a villa and gardens by the Thames: "All this is very fine, but take away the river, and it is good for nothing."

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

MR. PRIOR

himself, saying in his *Alma*:[2]

"Oh, Abelard![3] ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth.
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song:
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune grieved,
With kind concern and skill hath weaved
A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours: gently lay he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless," &c.

Come we now to his translation of the *Iliad*, celebrated by numerous pens; yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, *Kt.*

who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet styleth this "a laudable translation."[4]—That ready writer,

MR. OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned *Essay*, frequently commends the same.—And the painful

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it:[5] "The spirit of Homer breathes all through this translation.—I am in doubt, whether I should most admire the justness to the original, or the force and beauty of the language, or the sounding variety of the numbers;

1 Printed 1728, p. 12.—*P.* 2 *Alma*, Cant. ii.—*P.*

3 Prior's is a beautiful, delicate, and poetical compliment. Pope never returned it in kind, or by the least notice, I believe, on any occasion.—Bowles.

This is one of Bowles' not infrequent mistakes. *Pope* has noticed *Prior* several times, among his nearest friends, particularly in the *Dunciad*, Book ii. ver. 128

Three wicked imps of her own Grub-street child,
She dress'd like *Congreve*, *Addison*, and *Prior*.

And again, in the same Book, ver. 138:

Cook shall be *Prior*, and Concanen *Swift*.

4 In his *Essays*, vol. i. printed for E. Curll.—*P.*

5 *Censor*, vol. ii. No. 23.—*P.*

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but when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes, That he alone raised and flung with ease a weighty stone, that two common men could not lift from the ground: just so, one single person has performed in this translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands." Indeed, the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his *Essay on the Art of Sinking in Reputation* (printed in *Mist's Journal*, March 30, 1728), where he says thus: "In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into *Homer* (let the world wonder as it will how the devil he got there), and pretend to do him into English, so his version denote his neglect of the manner how." Strange variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8,

"That this translation of the *Iliad* was not, in all respects, conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr. Addison; insomuch, that he employed a younger muse in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised himself." Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste, or not, best appears from his own testimony, in the year following its publication, in these words:

MR. ADDISON, *Freeholder*, No. 40.

"When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translations of old Greek and Latin authors. We have already most of their historians in our own tongue, and, what is more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's *Virgil* of the most perfect epic performance. And those parts of *Homer* which have been published by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the *Iliad* will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem."

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake; for this younger muse was an elder; nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr. Addison to translate it after him, since he saith himself that he did it before,[1] Contrariwise, that Mr. Addison engaged our author in this work appeareth by the declaration thereof in the preface to the *Iliad*, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares it as his opinion, that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his *Shakspeare* on the stage: "Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be

MR. THEOBALD, *Mist's Journal*, June 8, 1728.)

publish such an author as he has least studied, and forget to discharge even the dull duties of an editor. In this project, let him lend the bookseller his name (for a competent sum of money) to promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription." Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the proposal below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same journalist of June 8: "The bookseller proposed the book by subscription, and raised some thousands of pounds for the same: I believe the gentleman did not share in the profits of this extravagant subscription.

1 *Vide* preface to Mr Tickell's translation of the first Book of the *Iliad*, &c.—P.

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"After the *Iliad*, he undertook (saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728)

the sequel of that work, the *Odyssey;* and having secured the success by a numerous subscription, he employed some underlings to perform what, according to his own proposals, should come from his own hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

MR. POPE'S PROPOSAL FOR THE ODYSSEY (printed for J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1726).

"I take this occasion to declare, that the subscription for *Shakespeare* belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson; and that the benefit of this proposal is not solely for my own use, but for that of two of my friends, who have assisted me in this work." But these very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himself in another of *Mist's Journals*, March 30, 1728, saying, "That he would not advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of getting a great part of a book done by assistants, lest those extraneous parts should unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the declension of the whole. Behold! these underlings are become good writers!"

If any say, that before the said proposals were printed, the subscription was begun without declaration of such assistance, verily those who set it on foot, or (as the term is) secured it, to wit, the right honourable the Lord Viscount Harcourt, were he living, would testify, and the right honourable the Lord Bathurst, now living, doth testify, the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728:

"Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interests with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied by that measure unusual contributions on the public." Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of the *Dunciad Dissected* reporteth, Mr. Wycherley had before "introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the greatest peers and brightest wits then living."

"No sooner (saith the same journalist) was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and, what was still more heinous, made the scandal public." Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused, no witness in his own cause! the person, in whose regard accused, the dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship—yea, any one gentleman whose subscription Mr. Addison procured to our author, let him stand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.* In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lie; witness those persons of integrity who, several years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke, sent privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public, till after their own journals and Curll had printed the same. One name alone, which I am here authorized to declare, will sufficiently evince this truth, that of the right honourable the Earl of Burlington.

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Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt more heinous than any in morality), to wit: plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES MOORE SMITH, *Gent.*

"Upon reading the third volume of Pope's *Miscellanies*, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and, happening to praise them, a gentleman procured a modern comedy (the *Rival Modes*), published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

"These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiaries, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own life-time, and out of a public print."[1] Let us join to this what is written by the author of the *Rival Modes*, the said Mr. James Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that, "These verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them," &c. Surely, if we add the testimonies of the Lord Bolingbroke, of the lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, Esq., and others, who knew them as our author's, long before the said gentleman composed his play, it is hoped, the ingenuous that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his emnity both to church and state, which could come from no other informer than the said

MR. JAMES MOORE SMITH.

"*The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk* was a very dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence of our religion and constitution, and who has been dead many years."[2] This seemeth also most untrue; it being known to divers that these memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person's (Bishop Burnet) death, and many years before the appearance of that history, of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is, that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who pressed Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those memoirs from our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but a single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well rembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the "contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it." This noble person is the Earl of Peterborough.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the foresaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in

1 *Daily Journal*, March 18, 1728.—*P.*

2 *Daily Journal*, April 3, 1728.—*P.*

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the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our author; the former are those who speak well, and the other, those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

sums up his character in these lines:

"And yet so wond'rous, so sublime a thing,
As the great *Iliad*, scarce could make me sing:
Unless I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natured deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed."[1]

So also is he deciphered by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT:

"Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou choose,
What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant muse?
Though each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
Though every laurel through the dome be thine,
Go to the good and just, an awful train!
Thy soul's delight."[2]——

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

MR. WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe:

"Oh! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise!
Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays!
Add, that the Sisters every thought refine,
And ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line:
Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse.
A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
Views with just scorn the malice of mankind."[3]

The witty and moral satirist,

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth upon our poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue:

"Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muses' train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain."[4]

MR. MALLET,

in his epistle on *Verbal Criticism:*

"Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends his lays;
For wit supreme is but his second praise."

MR. HAMMOND,

that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his *Love Elegies*, Elegy xiv.

1 Verses to Mr. P. on his translation of Homer.—*P.*
2 Poem prefixed to his works.
3 In his Poems, printed for B. Lintot.—*P.*
4 *Universal Passion*, Sat. I.—*P*

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"Now, fired by *Pope* and *Virtue*, leave the age,
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song."

MR. THOMSON,

in his elegant and philosophical poem of the *Seasons:*

"Although not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song."

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of Suffolk,

MR. WILLIAM BROOME.

"Thus, nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws."[1]

And, to close all, hear the reverend Dean of St. Patrick's:

"A soul with every virtue fraught,
By patriots, priests, and poets taught;
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells;
A genius for each bus'ness fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit," &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and showing his character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him; First again commencing with the high-voiced and never-enough-quoted

MR. JOHN DENNIS,

who, in his *Reflections on the Essay on Criticism*, thus describeth him: "A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that whenever he has a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands them with some defect which is just contrary to some good quality, for which all their friends and acquaintance commend them. He seems to have a particular pique to people of good quality, and authors of that rank.—He must derive his religion from St. Omer's."—But in the *Character of Mr. P. and his Writings* (printed by S. Popping, 1716), he saith: "Though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet he laughs at it;" but that "nevertheless he is a virulent papist; and yet a pillar for the church of England."

Of both which opinions

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring, in *Mist's Journal* of June 22, 1718, "That if he is not shrewdly abused, he made it his business to cackle to both parties in their own sentiments." But as to his pique against people of quality, the same journalist doth not agree, but saith (May 8, 1728), "He had by some means or other, the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, "That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions: he is a beast and a man; a whig and a

1 In his Poems, at the end of the *Odyssey*.

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tory; a writer (at one and the same time) of *Guardians* and *Examiners*;[1] an asserter of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings; a Jesuitical professor of truth; a base and a foul pretender to candour." So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whose wrath is perilous; for one declares he ought to have a price set on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beast.[2] Another protests that he does not know what may happen; advises him to insure his person; says he has bitter enemies, and expressly declares it will be well if he escapes with his life.[3] One desires he would cut his own throat, or hang himself.[4] But Pasquin seemeth rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a lord of Parliament, then under prosecution.[5] Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a minister, that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdom;[6] and assureth the public, that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monster, that will, one day, show as daring a soul as a mad Indian, who runs a muck to kill the first Christian he meets.[7] Another gives information of treason discovered in his poem.[8] Mr. Cuffl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with kings and princesses:[9] and one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the two most SACRED NAMES in this nation, as members of the Dunciad![10]

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange that, in the midst of these invectives, his greatest enemies have (I know not how) borne testimony to some merit in him.

MR. THEOBALD,

in censuring his *Shakspeare*, declares, "He has so great an esteem for Mr. Pope, and so high an opinion of his genius and excellences, that notwithstanding he professes a veneration almost rising to idolatry for the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loath even to do him justice, at the expense of that other gentleman's character."[11]

MR. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, "That Mr. Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's *Epistles* by his hand; for it is certain we see the original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version, than in that of Sir Car. Scrope.

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1 The names of two weekly papers.—*P.*†

2 Theobald, Letter in *Mist's Journal*, June 22, 1728.—*P.*

3 Smedley, Preface to *Gulliveriana*, pp. 14. 16.—*P.*

4 *Gulliveriana*, p. 332.—*P.* 5 Anno 1723.—*P.* 6 Anno 1729.—*P.*

7 Pref. to Rem. on *Rape of the Lock*, p. 12, and in the last page of that treatise.—*P.*

8 Page 6, 7, of the Preface (by Concanen) to a book entitled, *A Collection of all the Letters Essays, Verses, and Advertisements occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies.* Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1712.—*P.*

9 *Key to the Dunciad*, 3d edit. p. 18.—*P.*

10 *A List of Persons*, &c. at the end of the fore-mentioned *Collection of all the Letters Essays*, &c.—*P.*

11 Introduction to his *Shakspeare Restored*, in quarto, p. 3.—*P.*

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And this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in the English tongue we have scarce any thing truly and naturally written upon love.[1] He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

MR. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares "the purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer; and, saying there are more good verses in Dryden's *Virgil* than in any other work, excepts this of our author only."[2]

THE AUTHOR OF A LETTER TO MR. CIBBER

says: "Pope was so good a versifier [once] that his predecessor, Mr. Dryden, and his contemporary, Mr. Prior, excepted, the harmony of his numbers *is* equal to any body's; and that he had all the merit that a man can have that way."[3] And

MR. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth out:

"But in his other works what beauties shine,
While sweetest music dwells in every line!
These he admired, on these he stamp'd his praise,
And bade them live to brighten future days."[4]

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell,[5] in that poem, which is wholly a satire upon Mr. Pope, confesseth,

"'Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
(Tuned justly high or regularly low)
That we should fame to these mere vocals give,
Pope more than we can offer should receive:
For when some gliding river is his theme,
His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream," &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728,

Although he says, "The smooth numbers of the *Dunciad* are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit;" yet that same paper hath these words: "The author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy and elegant versification. In all his works, we find the most happy turns, and natural similes, wonderfully short and thick sown."

The *Essay on the Dunciad* also owns, p. 25, it is very full of beautiful images. But the panegyric which crowns all that can be said on this poem, is bestowed by our laureate,

MR. COLLEY CIBBER,

who "grants it to be a better poem of its kind than ever was writ;" but adds "it was a victory over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost cowardice to conquer.—A man might as well triumph for having killed so many silly flies that offended him. Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor

1 Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's *Essays*, octavo, 1721, pp. 97, 98.—*P.*
2 In his prose *Essay on Criticism*.—*P.*
3 Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.—*P.*† 4 *Battle of Poets*, folio, p. 15.—*P*
5 Printed under the title of the *Progress of Dullness*, duodecimo, 1728.—*P.*†

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souls! they had all been buried in oblivion."[1] Here we see our excellent laureate allows the justice of the satire on every man in it but himself; as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The said

MR. DENNIS AND MR. GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works, the fore-cited *Character* (p. 5), do in concert[2] confess, "that some men of good understanding value him for his rhymes." And (p. 17) "that he has got, like Mr. Bays in the *Rehearsal* (that is, like Mr. Dryden), a notable knack at rhyming, and writing smooth verse."

Of his *Essay on Man*, numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sung of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS:

"Auspicious bard! while all admire thy strain—
All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain—
I, whom no bribe to servile flatt'ry drew,
Must pay the tribute to thy merit due:
Thy muse sublime, significant, and clear,
Alike informs the soul, and charms the ear."

And

MR. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote[3] to the unknown author, on the first publication of the said *Essay*: "I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surprised to see what I had long despaired, a performance deserving the name of a poet. Such, sir, is your work. It is, indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it. If my testimony be of weight any where, you are sure to have it in the amplest manner," &c. &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies; and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the *Essay on Criticism* to this day of the *Dunciad!* "A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste, the approbation this Essay meets with.[4]—I can

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1 Cibber's *Letter to Mr. Pope*, pp. 9. 12.—*P.*†

2 *In concert*] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place: "As to my writing in concert with Mr. Gildon, I declare, upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line in concert with any one man whatsoever And these two letters from Gildon will plainly show that we are not writers in concert with each other:

"'Sir: ——The height of my ambition is to please men of the best judgment; and finding that I have entertained my master agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of my labour.'

"'Sir: I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent pamphlet till this day I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves, &c. 'CH. GILDON.'

"Now, is it not plain that any one who sends such compliments to another, has not been used to write in partnership with him to whom he sends them?"—*Dennis, Rem. on the Dunc.* p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.—*P.*†

3 In a letter under his hand, dated March 12, 1733.—*P.*

4 Dennis, Preface to his *Reflections on the Essay on Criticism.*—*P.*

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safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had success infinitely beyond their merit.—This, though an empty, has been a popular scribbler. The epidemic madness of the times has given him reputation.[1] —If, after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this country, for these last hundred years, I should shift the scene, and show all that penury changed at once to riot and profuseness; and more squandered away upon one object, than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men; the reader to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art and nature, would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centered in him alone: But if I should venture to assure him, that the people of England had made such a choice—the reader would either believe me a malicious enemy, and slanderer, or that the reign of the last (Queen Anne's) ministry was designed by fate to encourage fools."[2]

But it happens that this our poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious queen, or any of her ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription for his *Homer* of two hundred pounds from King George I. and one hundred pounds from the prince and princess.

However, lest we imagine our author's success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort Mr. Dennis[3] ascribes to him two farces,[4] whose names he does not tell, but assures us that there is not one jest in them; and an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us it is much more execrable than all his works.[5] The *Daily Journal*, May 11, 1728, assures us, "He is below Tom Durfey in the drama, because (as that writer thinks) the *Marriage-Hater Matched*, and the *Boarding-School*, are better than the *What-d'ye call it;*" which is not Mr. P.'s, but Mr. Gay's. Mr. Gildon assures us, in his *New Rehearsal*, p. 48, "That he was writing a *play* of the Lady Jane Grey;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another, "He wrote a pamphlet, called *Dr. Andrew Tripe;*"[6] which proved to be one Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. Theobald assures us, in *Mist* of the 27th of April, "That the treatise of the *Profound* is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it." The writer of *Gulliveriana* is of another opinion; and says, "the whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise, must and can only be ascribed to *Gulliver*."[7] [Here, gentle reader, cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men; knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are assured in *Mist* of June 8, "That his own plays and farces would better have adorned the *Dunciad*, than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither genius for tragedy nor comedy." Which, whether true or not, it is not easy to judge; inasmuch as he had attempted neither. Unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a

1 Pref. to his *Rem. on Homer*.—*P.* 2 *Rem. on Homer*, pp. 8, 9.—*P.* 3 *Ibid.* p. 8.—*P.*
4 Dennis, Preface to his *Reflections on the Essay on Criticism*.—*P.*
5 *Character of Mr. Pope*, p. 7.—*P.* 6 Ditto, p. 6.—*P.* 7 *Gulliv.* p. 336.—*P.*

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friend's play abused, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: "Now let any man judge (saith he) by this concern, who was the true mother of the child?"[1]

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our author to have any candour, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy:[2] if he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public.[3] The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, and even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which had not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: if it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character! of which, let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and from the testimony of his very enemies would affirm, that his capacity was boundless, as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect master of all styles, and all arguments; and that there was in those times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to choose whether thou wilt incline to the testimonies of authors avowed, or of authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not.—*P.*

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1 Cibber's *Letter to Mr. P.*, p. 19.—*P.*†

2 Burnet's *Homerides*, p. 1, of his translation of the *Iliad*.—*P.*

3 The *London* and *Mist's Journals*, on his undertaking the *Odyssey*.—*P.*

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MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS OF THE POEM.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dullness; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the *form*, and (saith Horace) who adapted the *measure* to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our poet. For of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned archbishop Eustathius, in *Odyss.* x. And accordingly Aristotle, in his *Poetics*, chap. iv., doth further set forth, that as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* gave example to tragedy, so did this poem to comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem, that the hero or chief personage of it was no less obscure, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our poem. Margites was the name of this personage, whom Antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce the first; and surely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree and so numerous a posterity. The poem, therefore, celebrating him was properly and absolutely a *Dunciad;* which, though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first *Dunciad* was the first epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*.

Now, forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost; and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of epic poem; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of *Dunciad*.

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some *Dunciad;* since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an imitation of the greater epic. But possible it is, also, that on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of printing, as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land; whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea, of his money, by such as would neither earn the one nor deserve the other. At the same time, the license of the press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either: for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers—a set of men who never scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the town would call for it.

Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, the only way that was left.[1] In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt or being slain) to render his dear country. First taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such authors, namely, dullness and poverty; the

1 *Vide* Bossu du Poeme Epique, ch. viii.—*P.*

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one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an allegory[1] (as the construction of epic poesy requireth), and feigns that one of these goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works. He proceedeth to show the qualities they bestow on these authors,[2] and the effects they produce:[3] then the materials or stock with which they furnish them;[4] and, above all, that self-opinion[5] which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandize. The great power of these goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Industry, so is the other of Plodding) was to be exemplified in some one great and remarkable action;[6] and none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, viz: the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dullness, their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world; as the action of the *Æneid* is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singeth only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war, in like manner our author hath drawn into this single action the whole history of Dullness and her children.

A person must next be fixed upon to support this action. This phantom in the poet's mind must have a name:[7] he finds it to be——; and he becomes of course the hero of the poem.

The fable being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition; the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of Dullness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into episodes, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second book, demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to some or other vile class of writers: the first concerneth the plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the second, the libellous novelist, whom he styleth Eliza; the third, the flattering dedicator; the fourth, the bawling critic, or noisy poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty party-writer; and so of the rest: assigning to each some proper name or other, such as he could find.

As for the characters, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn: the manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages, would be exceedingly difficult; and certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them "a parcel of poor wretches, so many silly flies:"[8] but adds, our author's wit "is remarkably more bare and barren, whenever it would fall foul on Cibber, than upon any other person whatever."

The descriptions are singular, the comparisons very quaint, the narration various, yet of one colour. The purity and chastity of diction is so preserved, that, in the places most suspicious, not the words, but only the images, have been censured, and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical authority (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up), yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors and approved critics.

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1 Bossu, ch. vii —*P.* 2 Book i. ver. 32, &c.—*P.* 3 Book i. 45 to 54.—*P.*
4 Ver. 57 to 77.—*P.* 5 Ver. 80.—*P.* 6 *Ibid.* ch. vii. viii.—*P.*
7 Bossu, ch. viii. *Vide Aristot. Poetic.* ch. ix.—*P* 8 Cibber's *Letters to Mr. P.* pp. 9, 12. 41.—*P.*

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As it beareth the name of epic, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all neoterics, a strict imitation of the ancients; insomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself; yea, divers by his exceeding diligence are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment, without diminishing the imagination: which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at forty. For at that season it was that Virgil finished his *Georgics;* and Sir Richard Blackmore, at the like age, composing his *Arthurs*, declared the same to be the very acme and pitch of life for epic poesy: though, since, he hath altered it to sixty, the year in which he published his *Alfred*.[1] True it is, that the talents for criticism, namely, smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed, all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age: but it is far otherwise in poetry: witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who, beginning with criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason, therefore, did our author choose to write his essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the *Dunciad*.—*P.*

RICHARDUS ARISTARCHUS OF THE HERO OF THE POEM

Of the nature of *Dunciad* in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated. But when he cometh to speak of the PERSON of the hero fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates: for, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putid conceit! as if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a war and a wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them, that, in the greater epic, the prime intention of the Muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and consequently that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For, this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, a hero, and put upon such action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight. For sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these suns of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the goose and serpent kind. For we apply to the Muse, in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom

1 See his *Essays*.—*P.*

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affirmeth of the gods in general: *Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, aut in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit.* Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: "If the gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just. For contrary objects must either excite contrary affections, or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good men, must, at the same time, hate the bad; and he who hateth not bad men, cannot love the good: because to love good men proceedeth from an aversion to evil, and to hate evil men, from a tenderness to the good." From this delicacy of the Muse arose the *little Epic*, more lively and choleric than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the phlegmatic: and for this, some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out, to make thereof an EXAMPLE. An early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the father of epic poem himself affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets, his offspring; who, in the composition of their tetralogy, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a satiric tragedy. Happily, one of these ancient *Dunciads* (as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongst the tragedies of the poet Euripides. And what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why, in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contest of an old, dull, debauched, buffoon Cyclops, with the heaven-directed favourite of Minerva; who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excused, if, for the future, we consider the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete tetralogy; in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the satiric piece?

Proceed we, therefore, in our subject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the hero of the *greater Epic* should be an honest man; or, as the French critics express it, *un honnête homme*:[1] but it never admitted of a doubt, but that the hero of the *little Epic* should be just the contrary. Hence, to the advantage of our *Dunciad*, we may observe, how much juster the moral of that poem must needs be, where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit subject for a *Dunciad*. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance of qualities, between the heroes of the two poems; and this, in order to admit what neoteric critics call the parody, one of the liveliest graces of the little epic. Thus it being agreed that the constituent qualities of the great epic hero, are wisdom, bravery, and love, from whence springeth heroic virtue; it followeth, that those of the lesser epic hero should be vanity, assurance, and debauchery, from which happy assemblage resulteth heroic dullness, the never-dying subject of this our poem.

This being settled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true wisdom to seek its chief support and confidence within itself; and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will. And are the advantages of vanity, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? Nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? "Let the world," will such a one say, "impute to me what folly or weakness they please: but till wisdom can give me something that will make me more heartily happy, I am content to be gazed at."[2] This, we see, is vanity according to the heroic gage or measure; not

1 Si un Heros Poetique doit etre un honnete homme.—*Bossu, du Poeme Epique*, liv. v. ch. 5.
2 Dedication to the *Life* of C. C.

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that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to virtues we have not; but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in those vices which every body knows we have. "The world may ask," says he, "why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my time very pleasantly with them."[1] In short, there is no sort of vanity such a hero would scruple to exult in, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our *Dunciad;* namely, "whether it would not be vanity in him, to take shame to himself for not being a wise man?"[2]

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is courage, manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent virtue, in the mock hero, is that same courage all collected into the face. And as power, when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only men, but gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the bravest character in all the Æneis: but how? His bravery, we know, was a high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man's? who, having told us that he placed "his *summum bonum* in those follies which he was not content barely to possess, but would likewise glory in," adds, "If I am misguided, 'tis Nature's fault, and I follow her.[3] Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of courage, when we consider those illustrious marks of it, which made his *face* "more known (as he justly boasteth) than most in the kingdom;" and his language to consist of what we must allow to be the most daring figure of speech, that which is taken from the name of God.

Gentle love, the next ingredient in the true hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shakspeare calls it) "summer-teeming lust," and evaporates in the heat of youth; doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those certain strainers which our poet somewhere speaketh of. But when it is let alone to work upon the lees, it acquireth strength by old age; and becometh a lasting ornament to the little epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such a use; for not only the ignorant may think it common, but it is admitted to be so, even by him who best knoweth its value. "Don't you think," argueth he, "to say only a man has his whore,[4] ought to go for little or nothing? Because *defendit numerus:* take the first ten thousand men you meet, and I believe you would be no loser if you betted ten to one that every single sinner of them, one with another, had been guilty of the same frailty."[5] But here he seemeth not to have done justice to himself: the man is sure enough a hero who hath his lady at fourscore. How doth his modesty herein lessen the merit of a whole well-spent life! not taking to himself the commendation (which Horace accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very dregs the same he was from the beginning,

"——————Servetur ad IMUM
Qualis ab incepto processerat."——

But here, in justice both to the poet and the hero, let us further remark, that the calling her *his* whore, implieth that she was his own, and not his neighbour's. Truly, a commendable continence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded. For how much self-denial was necessary not to covet his neighbour's whore! and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where (according to this political calculator) nine in ten of all ages have their concubines!

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either hero. But it is not in any, nor in all of these, that heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the

1 *Life*, p. 2, octavo edit.—*W.* 2 *Ibid.* 3 *Ibid.* p. 23.
4 Alluding to these lines in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot:
"And has not Colley still his lord and whore?
His butchers Henley? his Free-masons Moore?"—*W.*
5 *Letter to Mr. P.* p. 46.—*W.*

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collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from wisdom bravery, and love, ariseth magnanimity, the object of admiration, which is the aim of the greater epic; so from vanity, assurance, and debauchery, springeth buffoonry, the scource of ridicule, that "laughing ornament," as he well termeth it,[1] of the little epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character; who deemeth that not reason, but risibility, distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. "As Nature," saith this profound philosopher, "distinguished our species from the mute creation by our risibility, her design must have been by that faculty as evidently to raise our happiness, as by our *os sublime* (our erected faces) to lift the dignity of our form above them."[2] All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth not barely in his muscles, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very spirits? and whose *os sublime* is not simply an erect face, but a brazen head; as should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late king of Sweden?[3]

But whatever personal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas show us, that all those are of small avail, without the constant assistance of the gods; for the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly soever then we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of Dullness. So weighty an achievement must require the particular favour and protection of the great; who being the natural patrons and supporters of letters, as the ancient gods were of Troy, must first be drawn off, and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed favourite and *intimado* of the great. And look, of what force ancient piety was to draw the gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger, is modern incense, to engage the great in the party of Dullness.

Thus have we essayed to portray or shadow out this noble imp of fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, "If so many and various graces go to the making up a hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character?" Ill hath he read, who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that individual, ALL-ACCOMPLISHED PERSON, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and concentre, with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus, indeed, nay, the world itself, might be imposed on, in the late spurious editions, by I can't tell what sham-hero or phantom; but it was not so easy to impose on HIM whom this egregious error most of all concerned. For no sooner had the fourth book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognised his own heroic acts; and when he came to the words,

"Soft on her lap her laureate son reclines,"

(though laureate imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as befitteth any associate or consort in empire), he loudly resented this indignity to violated majesty. Indeed, not without cause, he being there represented as fast asleep; so misbeseeming the eye of empire, which, like that of Jove, should never doze nor slumber. "Hah!" saith he, "fast asleep, it seems! that's a little too strong. Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me, but as seldom asleep as any fool."[4] However, the injured laureate may comfort himself with this reflection, that though it be a sleep, yet it is not the sleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will[5] live at least, though not awake; and in no worse condition than many an enchanted hero before him. The famous Durandarte, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by Merlin the Britan

1 *Letter* p. 31.—*W.* 2 *Life*, pp. 23, 24. 3 *Letter* p. 8. 4 *Ibid.* p. 53. 5 *Ibid.* p. 1.

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bard and necromancer; and his example, for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of service to our hero: for that disastrous knight being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several persons of quality, only replied, with a sigh, "Patience, and shuffle the cards."[1]

But now, as nothing in this world, no, not the most sacred and perfect of things, either of religion or government, can escape the stings of envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our hero's title.

"It would never," say they, "have been esteemed sufficient to make a hero for the *Iliad* or *Æneis*, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess-born and princes-bred. What then did this author mean, by erecting a player, instead of one of his patrons, (a person "never a hero even on the stage,"[2]) to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dullness, and achiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden, could entirely bring to pass?

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ:* that every man is the smith of his own fortune. The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still further and affirmeth, that a man needeth but to believe himself a hero, to be one of the worthiest: "Let him," saith he, "but fancy himself capable of the highest things, and he will of course be able to achieve them." From this principle it followeth, that nothing can exceed our hero's prowess, as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragons himself: at one time to Alexander the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden, for the excess and delicacy of his ambition;[3] to Henry IV. of France, for honest policy;[4] to the first Brutus, for love of liberty;[5] and to Sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power:[6] at another time, to the godlike Socrates, for his diversions and amusements;[7] to Horace, Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity, that maketh them for ever read and admired;[8] to two lord chancellors, for law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of eloquence;[9] and, to say all in a word, to the right reverend the Lord Bishop of London himself, in the art of writing pastoral letters.[10]

Nor did his actions fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he met the Revolution[11] face to face in Nottingham, at a time when his betters contented themselves with following her. It was here he got acquainted with Old Battle-array, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal odes. But he shone in courts as well as in camps; he was called up when the nation fell in labour of this Revolution;[12] and was a gossip at her christening, with the bishop and the ladies.[13]

As to his birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to heathen god or goddess; but, what is as good, he was descended from a maker of both.[14] And that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault: for his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power to be thought nobody's son at all.[15] And what is that but coming into the world a hero?

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be had: even for this we have a remedy. We can easily derive our hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men; and legitimate and install him after the right classical and authentic fashion; for, like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior; a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman; a son of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of Fortune in an artful gamester. And who fitter than the offspring of Chance, to assist in restoring the empire of Night and Chaos?

1 *Don Quixote*, Part ii. Book ii. ch. 22.—*W.* 2 See *Life*, p. 148. 3 P. 149. 4 P. 424. 5 P. 366. 6 P. 457. 7 P. 18. 8 P. 425. 9 Pp. 436, 437. 10 P. 52. 11 P. 47. 12 P. 57. 13 Pp. 58, 59. 14 A statuary 15 *Life*, p. 6.

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There is, in truth, another objection of greater weight, namely: "That this hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if Solon said well,

'——————————Ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini: dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet!'

if no man can be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a hero: this species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of fortune and humour." But to this also we have an answer, that will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from himself; who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that he will never change or amend.

With regard to his vanity, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. "Nature," saith he, "hath amply supplied me in vanity; a pleasure which neither the pertness of wit, nor the gravity of wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with."[1] Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it: but he telleth us plainly, "My superiors perhaps may be mended by him; but for my part I own myself incorrigible. I look upon my follies as the best part of my fortune."[2] And with good reason; we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly; as to buffoonry. "Is it," saith he, "a time of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up a new character? I can no more put off my follies than my skin; I have often tried, but they stick too close to me; nor am I sure my friends are displeased with them, for in this light I afford them frequent matter of mirth,"[3] &c., &c. Having then so publicly declared himself incorrigible, he is become dead in law (I mean the law Epopœian), and devolveth upon the poet as his property; who may take him, and deal with him as if he had been dead as long as an old Egyptian hero: that is to say, embowel and embalm him for posterity.

Nothing, therefore, (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see, alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, "MY DULLNESS WILL FIND SOMEBODY TO DO IT RIGHT."[4]

"Tandem Phœbus adest, morsusque inferre parantem
Congelat, et patulos, ut erant INDURAT hiatus."[5]—*W.*

By Authority.

BY VIRTUE OF THE AUTHORITY IN US VESTED *by the* Act for subjecting Poets to the power of a Licenser, *we have revised this piece; where finding the style and appellation of* KING *to have been given to a certain* Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, *or* Phantom, *of the name of* TIBBALD; *and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a Reflection on* Majesty, *or at least an Insult on that Legal Authority which has bestowed on another Person the* Crown of Poesy: *We have ordered the said* Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, *or* Phantom, *utterly to* vanish *and* evaporate *out of this work: And do declare the said* Throne of Poesy *from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the* LAUREATE himself. *And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same.* C. Ch.

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1 *Life*, p. 424.—*W.* 2 P. 19. 3 P. 17. 4 P. 243, octavo edit.
5 Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.—*W.*

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THE DUNCIAD.

TO DOCTOR JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.—The proposition, the invocation, and the inscription. Then the original of the great empire of Dullness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The College of the Goddess in the city, with her private Academy for Poets in particular: the governors of it, and the four Cardinal Virtues. Then the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her on the evening of a Lord-mayor's-day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glorious past and to come. She fixes her eye on Bays to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the poem. He is described pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire. After debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out by casting upon it the poem of *Thulé*. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then, announcing the death of Eusden, the poet laureate, anoints him, carries him to court, and proclaims him successor.

THE mighty mother, and her son, who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of kings,

VARIATION.—Ver. 1. "The mighty mother," &c. In the first edition thus:

Books and the man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of kings.
Say, great patricians! since yourselves inspire
These wondrous works (so Jove and Fate require),
Say, for what cause, in vain decried and cursed,
Still——

REMARKS.

The DUNCIAD, sic MS. It may well be disputed whether this be a right reading. Ought it not rather to be spelled *Dunceiad*, as the etymology evidently demands? *Dunce* with an *e*; therefore *Dunceiad* with an *e*. That accurate and punctual man of letters, the restorer of *Shakespeare*, constantly observes the preservation of this very letter *e*, in spelling the name of his beloved author, and not like his common careless editors, with the omission

I sing. Say you, her instruments, the great!
Called to this work by Dullness, Jove, and Fate;

REMARKS.

of one—nay, sometimes of two *ee*'s—as *Shakspear*, which is utterly unpardonable. "Nor is the neglect of *a single letter* so trivial as to some it may appear; the alteration whereof in a learned language is an achievement that brings honour to the critic who advances it; and Dr. Bentley will be remembered to posterity for his performances of this sort, as long as the world shall have any esteem for the remains of Menander and Philemon." THEOBALD.—*P.*

I have a just value for the letter *e*, and the same affection for the name of this poem as the fore-cited critic for that of his author; yet cannot it induce me to agree with those who would add yet another *e* to it, and call it the *Dunceiade;* which, being a French and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely English and vernacular. One *e* therefore in this case is right, and two *ee*'s wrong. Yet, upon the whole, I shall follow the manuscript, and print it without any *e* at all; moved thereto by authority (at all times with critics equal, if not superior to reason). In which method of proceeding I can never enough praise my good friend, the exact Mr. Thomas Hearne; who, if any word occur, which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the text with due reverence, and only remarks in the margin *sic MS.* In like manner, we shall not amend this error in the title itself, but only note it *obiter*, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention. SCRIBL.—*P.*†

This poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin and another at London in octavo; and three others in twelves the same year. But there was no perfect edition before that of London in quarto, which was attended with notes. We are willing to acquaint posterity that this poem was presented to King George the Second and his queen, by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9. SCHOL. VET.—*P.*†

It was expressly confessed, in the preface to the first edition, that this poem was not published by the author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign country. And what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where, finding blanks only, instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.—The very *hero* of the poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we were obliged to open our notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn, from the former editor, that this piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now, the author directly tells us his hero is the man

"————————Who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of kings."

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this prince conferred the honour of the laurel.—It appears as plainly, from the *apostrophe* to the *great* in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an author in fashion, or caressed by the great; whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true hero; who, above all other poets of his time, was the *peculiar delight* and *chosen companion* of the nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the *earnest desire of persons of quality!*—Lastly, the sixth verse affords full proof: this poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a son so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral capacities, that it could justly be said of him:

"Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first." BENTLEY.—*P.*†

Ver. 1. *The mighty mother, and her son*, &c.] The reader ought here to be cautioned that the mother, and not the son, is the principal agent of this

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You, by whose care, in vain decried and cursed,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;
Say, how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.
In eldest time, ere mortal writ or read,
Ere Pallas issued from the Thunderer's head,
Dullness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She ruled, in native anarchy, the mind,

REMARKS.

poem; the latter of them is only chosen as her colleague, (as was anciently the custom in Rome before some great expedition,) the main action of the poem being by no means the coronation of the laureate, which is performed in the very first book, but the restoration of the empire of Dullness in Britain, which is not accomplished till the last.—*W.*

Ver. 1. *Her son, who brings,* &c.] Wonderful is the stupidity of all the former critics and commentators on this work! It breaks forth at the very first line. The author of the critique prefixed to *Sawney*, a poem, p. 5, hath been so dull as to explain *the man who brings,* &c., not of the hero of the piece, but of our poet himself, as if he vaunted that *kings* were to be his readers; an honour which though this poem hath had, yet knoweth he how to receive it with more modesty.

We remit this Ignorant to the lines of the *Æneid,* assuring him that Virgil there speaketh not of himself, but of *Æneas:*

"Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
Littora: multum ille et terris jactatus et alto," &c.

I cite the whole three verses, that I may by the way offer a *conjectural emendation,* purely my own, upon each: First, *oris* should be read *aris,* it being, as we see, *Æn.* ii. 513, from the *altar* of *Jupiter Hercæus* that *Æneas* fled, as soon as he saw *Priam* slain. In the second line I would read *flatu* for *fato,* since it is most clear it was by *winds* that he arrived at the *shore* of Italy. *Jactatus,* in the third, is surely as improperly applied to *terris* as proper to *alto;* to say a man is *toss'd on land,* is much at one with saying *he walks at sea: Risum teneatis amici?* Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be, *vexatus.* SCRIBL.—*P.*

Ver. 2. *The Smithfield Muses.*] Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew fair was kept, whose shows, machines, and dramatic entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the rabble, were by the hero of this poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the theatres of Covent-Garden, Lincoln's Inn-Fields, and the Haymarket, to be the reigning pleasures of the court and town. This happened in the reigns of Kings George I. and II. See Book iii.—*P.*

Ver. 4. *By Dullness, Jove, and Fate.*] i. e. by their judgments, their interests, and their inclinations.

Ver. 15. *Laborious, heavy, busy, bold,* &c.] I wonder the learned Scriblerus has omitted to advertise the reader, at the opening of this poem, that Dullness here is not to be taken contractedly for mere stupidity, but in the

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Still her old empire to restore she tries,
For, born a goddess, Dullness never dies.
Oh, thou! whatever title please thine ear—
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind,
From thy Bœotia, though her power retires,
Mourn not, my Swift, at aught our realm acquires.
Here pleased, behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.

VARIATION.—After ver. 22, in the MS.:

Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
Or silent, let thy morals tell thy mind.

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enlarged sense of the word, for all slowness of apprehension, shortness of sight, or imperfect sense of things. It includes, as we see by the poet's own words, labour, industry, and some degree of activity and boldness; a ruling principle not inert, but turning topsy-turvy the understanding, and inducing an anarchy or confused state of mind. This remark ought to be carried along with the reader throughout the work; and without this caution he will be apt to mistake the importance of many of the characters, as well as of the design of the poet. Hence it is that some have complained, he chooses too mean a subject, and imagined he employs himself, like Domitian, in killing flies; whereas those who have the true key will find he sports with nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compass; or, as one saith on a like occasion,

"Will see his work, like Jacob's ladder, rise,
Its foot in dirt, its head amid the skies." BENTL.—*P.*†

Ver. 22. *Laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair.*] The imagery is exquisite; and the equivoque in the last words, gives a peculiar elegance to the whole expression. The easy chair suits his age: Rabelais' easy chair marks his character; and he filled and possessed it as the right heir and successor of that original genius.

Ver. 23. *Or praise the court, or magnify mankind.*] *Ironicè*, alluding to Gulliver's representations of both. The next line relates to the papers of the Drapier against the currency of Wood's copper coin in Ireland, which, upon the great discontent of the people, his majesty was most graciously pleased to recall.—*P.*

Ver. 26. *Mourn not, my Swift, at aught our realm acquires.*] *Ironicè iterum.* The politics of England and Ireland were at this time by some thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other. Dr. Swift, of course, was in the interest of the latter, our author of the former.—*P.*

Ver. 28. *To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.*] The ancient *golden age* is by the poets styled *Saturnian*; but in the chemical language, *saturn* is *lead*.—*P.*

Ver. 28. *To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.*] For the *old* Saturnian

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his famed father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;
One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.
Keen, hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
Emblems of music caused by emptiness.
Hence bards, like Proteus, long in vain tied down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the town.
Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:

VARIATION.—Ver. 29. "Close to those walls," &c. In the former ed. thus:

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of rag-fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air.
Keen, hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
Emblems of music caused by emptiness;
Here in one bed two shivering sisters lie,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.

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age was of *gold*. So Hall, Book iii. Sat. 1, from Juvenal, vi. 1, in very polished verses for that age:

"Time was, and that was term'd the time of *gold*,
When world and time were young, that now are old:
When quiet *Saturne* sway'd the mace of *lead*,
And pride was yet unborn, and yet unbred."

Our Poet further developes this thought in the Dunciad, iv. 15.

"Of *dull* and *venal* a new world to mould,
And bring *Saturnian days* of *lead* and *gold*."—WAKEFIELD.

Ver. 31. *By his famed father's hand.*] Mr. Caius Gabriel Cibber, father of the poet-laureate. The two statues of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hospital were done by him, and, as the son justly says of them, are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist.—*P.*†

Ver. 34. *Poverty and Poetry.*] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our author to every one who shall attentively observe that humanity and candour, which every where appears in him towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhymes, scurrilous weekly papers, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs, and verses, even from those sung at court, to ballads in the street, not so much to malice or servility, as to dullness; and not so much to dullness, as to necessity. And thus, at the very commencement of his satire, makes an apology for those to be satirized.—*P.*†

Ver. 40. *Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post.*] Two booksellers, of whom see Book ii. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.—*P.*

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Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
Hence journals, medleys, mercuries, magazines;
Sepulchral lies, our holy walls to grace,
And new-year odes, and all the Grub-street race.
In clouded majesty here Dullness shone;
Four guardian virtues round, support her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling sake:
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail:
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.
Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,

VARIATION.—Ver. 41. In the former edition:

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day.

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Ver. 41. *Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines.*] It is an ancient English custom for the malefactors to sing a psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.—*P.*

Ver. 43. *Sepulchral lies.*] Is a just satire on the flatteries and falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of churches, in epitaphs.—*P.*

Which occasioned the following epigram:

"Friend! in your epitaphs, I'm grieved
So very much is said;
One half will never be believed,
The other never read."

The epigram here inserted, alludes to the too long, and sometimes fulsome epitaphs, written by Dr. Friend, in pure Latinity indeed, but full of antitheses. —WARTON.

Ver. 44. *New-year odes.*] Made by the poet-laureate for the time being, to be sung at court every new-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments. The new-year odes of the hero of this work were of a cast distinguished from all that preceded him, and made a conspicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtless induced our author to mention them here so particularly.—*P.*†

Ver. 45. *In clouded majesty here Dullness shone.*] See this cloud removed or rolled back, or gathered up to her head, Book iv. ver. 17, 18. It is worth while to compare this description of the majesty of Dullness in a state of peace and tranquillity, with that more busy scene where she mounts the throne in triumph, and is not so much supported by her own virtues, as by the princely consciousness of having destroyed all other.

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Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third day,
Call forth each mass, a poem or a play:
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie;
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry.
Maggots, half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn'd to crawl upon poetic feet:
Here one poor word a hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dullness new meanders takes;
There motley images her fancy strike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and similes unlike.
She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
Pleased with the madness of the mazy dance;
How tragedy and comedy embrace,
How farce and epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land;
Here gay description Egypt glads with showers,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers;
Glittering with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted valleys of eternal green,
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.
All these, and more, the cloud-compelling queen
Beholds through fogs that magnify the scene.

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Ver. 57. *Genial Jacob.*] Tonson. The famous race of booksellers of that name.

Ver. 63. *Here one poor word a hundred clenches makes.*] It may not be amiss to give an instance or two of these operations of *Dullness* out of the works of her sons, celebrated in the poem. A great critic formerly held these clenches in such abhorrence, that he declared, "he that would pun, would pick a pocket." Yet Mr. Dennis's works afford us notable examples in this kind; "*Alexander Pope* has sent abroad into the world as many *bulls* as his namesake Pope *Alexander*.——Let us take the initial and final letters of his name, viz.: *A. P—E*, and they give you the idea of an *Ape.—Pope* comes from the Latin wore *Popa*, which signifies a little wart: or from *poppysma*, because he was continually *popping* out squibs of wit, or rather *Popysmata*, or *Popisms*." Dennis on *Hom.* and daily Journal, June 11, 1728.—*P.*

The aversion of this learned and indignant critic to so innocent an amusement, which drew from him the unworthy comparison of *punsters* to *pick-pockets*, plainly arose from the supposed original of both; that a certain poverty of spirit, which first tempted men to *pun*, that is, to falsify current sounds, was analogous to that poverty of purse, which first made men venture to *coin*, or falsify the current specie.—*W.*†

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She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fool's colours gilds them all.
'Twas on the day, when Thorold, rich and grave,
Like Cimon triumph'd both on land and wave;
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces,)
Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But lived in Settle's numbers, one day more.
Now mayors and shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful queen the feast recalls,
What city swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days.
She saw with joy, the line immortal run,
Each sire impress'd and glaring in his son:

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Ver. 85. *'Twas on the day when Thorold,*] Sir George Thorold, Lord-mayor of London in the year 1720. The procession of lord-mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water—Cimon, the famous Athenian general, obtained a victory by sea, and another by land on the same day, over the Persians and Barbarians.

Ver. 88. *Glad chains.*] The ignorance of these moderns! This was altered in one edition to *gold chains*, showing more regard to the metal of which the chains of aldermen are made, than to the beauty of the Latinism and Græcism, nay, of figurative speech itself: *Lætas segetes*, glad, for making glad, &c. SCRIBL.—*P.*

Ver. 90. *But lived, in Settle's numbers, one day more.*] A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with poets, in praise of poetry, in which kind nothing is finer than those lines of Mr. Addison:

"Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalized in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry;
Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still."

Ver. 90. *But lived, in Settle's numbers, one day more.*] Settle was poet to the city of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the lord-mayors, and verses to be spoken in the pageants. But that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of the city-poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place.

Ver. 98. John Heywood, whose interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

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So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line:

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Ver. 103. *Old Pryn in restless Daniel.*] The first edition had it,

"She saw in *Norton* all his father shine:"

A great mistake! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote verses, as well as politics; as appears by the poem "*De jure divino,*" &c., of De Foe, and by some lines on Cowley's Miscellanies on the other.

"————————One lately did not fear
(Without the Muses' leave) to plant verse here;
But it produced such base, rough, crabbed, hedge-
Rhymes, as e'en set the hearers' ears on edge:
Written by William Prynn, Esqui-re, the
Year of our Lord, six hundred thirty-three.
Brave *Jersey* Muse! and he's for his high stile
Call'd to this day the *Homer* of the Isle."

And both these authors had a resemblance in their fates, as well as their writings, having been alike sentenced to the pillory.—*P.*

Ver. 103. *Restless Daniel.*] I am sorry to find De Foe placed in such company. He was a writer of uncommon genius and fertility of fancy. Witness his Robinson Crusoe, in which a wonderful reach of invention is displayed; his History of the Plague in London, which for a long time imposed on Dr. Mead, who thought it genuine; and his Memoirs of a Cavalier, a favourite book of the great Earl of Chatham, who spoke of it as the best account of the civil wars extant; and who, when he was at last convinced that it was all a fiction, cried out,

————————Sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

Among other entertaining works, De Foe wrote, in prison, 1703, a Review, consisting of a Scandal Club, as he entitled it, on questions of theology, morals, politics, trade, language, poetry, love, &c., which Mr. Chalmers thinks gave a hint for the plan of the Tatler and Spectator.—WARTON.

Ver. 104. *And Eusden eke out,* &c.] Lawrence Eusden, poet laureate. Mr. Jacobs gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr. Cooke, in his Battle of Poets, saith of him,

"Eusden, a laurel'd bard by fortune raised,
By very few was read, by fewer praised."

Mr. Oldmixon, in his *Arts of Logic and Rhetoric,* p. 413, 414, affirms, "That of all the Galimatias he ever met with, none comes up to some verses of this poet, which have as much of the ridiculum and the fustian in them as can well be jumbled together, and are all of that sort of nonsense, which so perfectly confounds all ideas, that there is no distinct one left in the mind." Farther, he says of him, "That he hath prophesied his own poetry shall be sweeter than Catullus, Ovid, and Tibullus: but we have little hope of the accomplishment of it, from what he hath lately published." Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not spared a reflection, "That the putting on the laurel on the head of one who writ such verses, will give futurity a very lively idea of the judgment and justice of those who bestowed it."—Ibid. p. 417. But the well-known learning of that noble person, who was then lord chamberlain, might have screened him from this unmannerly reflection. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, so long after, that the laurel would have better become his own

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She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.

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brows, or that of any other's: it were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham in this matter:

"—In rushed Ensden, and cried, Who shall have it,
But I the true laureate, to whom the king gave it?
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name:"
Session of Poets:

The same plea might also serve for his successor, Mr. Cibber; and is further strengthened in the following epigram, made on that occasion:

"In merry old England it once was a rule,
The king had his poet, and also his fool;
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet:"

Of Blackmore, see Book ii. Of Philips, Book i. ver. 262, and Book iii. *prope fin.*

Nahum Tate was poet laureate, a cold writer, of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of Absalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.—*P.*

Ver. 106. *And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.*] Mr. Theobald, in the Censor, vol. ii. No. 33, calls Mr. Dennis by the name of Furius. "The modern Furius is to be looked upon more as an object of pity, than of that which he daily provokes, laughter and contempt. Did we really know how much this poor man" [I wish that reflection on poverty had been spared] "suffers by being contradicted, or, which is the same thing in effect, by hearing another praised, we should, in compassion, sometimes attend to him with a silent nod, and let him go away with the triumphs of his ill-nature.—Poor Furius, (again) when any of his contemporaries are spoken well of, quitting the ground of the present dispute, steps back a thousand years to call in the succour of the ancients. His very panegyric is spiteful, and he uses it for the same reason as some ladies do their commendation of a dead beauty, who would never have had their good word, but that a living one happened to be mentioned in their company. His applause is not the tribute of the heart, but the sacrifice of his revenge," &c. Indeed, his pieces against our poet are somewhat of an angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a taste of this style may be satisfactory to the curious. "A young, squab, short gentleman, whose outward form, though it should be that of a downright monkey, would not differ so much from the human shape as his unthinking immaterial part does from human understanding. He is as stupid and as venomous as a hunchbacked toad. A book through which folly and ignorance, those brethren so lame and impotent, do ridiculously look big and very dull, and strut and hobble, cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, being led and supported, and bully-backed by that blind Hector, Impudence." —*Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism*, p. 26. 29, 30.

It would be unjust not to add his reasons for this fury, they are so strong and so coercive. "I regard him," saith he, "as an enemy, not so much to me, as to my king, to my country, to my religion, and to that very liberty which has been the sole felicity of my life. A vagary of fortune, who is sometimes pleased to be frolicsome, and the epidemic madness of the times, have given him reputation, and "reputation," as Hobbes says, "is power," and that has made him dangerous. Therefore I look on it as my duty to King George

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In each she marks her image full express'd,
But chief in Bays's monster-breeding breast:

VARIATION.—Ver. 108. "But chief in Bays," &c. In the former edition thus:

But chief in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast;
Sees gods with demons in strange league engage,
And earth, and heaven, and hell her battles wage.
She eyed the bard, where supperless he sate,
And pined, unconscious of his rising fate;
Studious he sate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, &c.

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whose faithful subject I am; to my country, of which I have appeared a constant lover; to the laws, under whose protection I have so long lived; and to the liberty of my country, more dear to me than life, of which I have now for forty years been a constant asserter, &c. I look upon it as my duty, I say, to do—you shall see what—to pull the lion's skin from this little ass, which popular error has thrown around him; and to show that this author, who has been lately so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expression."—*Dennis, Rem. on Hom. Pref.* p. 2. 91, &c.

Besides these public-spirited reasons, Mr. D. had a private one; which, by his manner of expressing it in p. 92, appears to have been equally strong. He was even in bodily fear of his life, from the machinations of the said Mr. P. "The story," says he, "is too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with it may hear it from Mr. Curll, my bookseller. However, what my reason has suggested to me, that I have with a just confidence said, in defiance of his two clandestine weapons, his slander and his poison." Which last words of his book plainly discover Mr. D.'s suspicion was that of being poisoned, in like manner as Mr. Curll had been before him; of which fact, see a full and true account of the horrid and barbarous revenge, by poison, on the body of Edmund Curll, printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein these remarks of Mr. Dennis were published. But what puts it beyond a question, is a passage in a very warm treatise, in which Mr. D. was also concerned, price two-pence, called, "A True Character of Mr. Pope and his Writings," printed for S. Popping, 1716; in the tenth page whereof, he is said "to have insulted people on those calamities and diseases which he himself gave them, by administering poison to them;" and is called (p. 4) a lurking, way-laying coward, and a stabber in the dark." Which, with many other things most lively set forth in that piece, must have rendered him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all Christian people. This charitable warning only provoked our incorrigible poet to write the following epigram:

"Should Dennis publish you had stabb'd your brother,
Lampoon'd your monarch, or debauch'd your mother;
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad:
On one so poor, you cannot take the law;
On one so old, your sword you cannot draw;
Uncaged then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dullness, madness, want, and age:"

For the rest; Mr. John Dennis was the son of a saddler, in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden; and having obtained some correspondence with Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged the

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Bays, form'd by nature stage and town to bless,
And act, and be, a coxcomb with success.
Dullness with transport eyes the lively dunce,
Rememb'ring she herself was Pertness once.
Now (shame to fortune!) an ill run at play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin Third day:
Swearing and supperless the hero sate,
Blasphemed his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate;

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public with their letters. He made himself known to the government by many admirable schemes and projects, which the ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character as a writer, it is given us as follows: "Mr. Dennis is excellent at Pindaric writings, perfectly regular in all his performances, and a person of sound learning. That he is master of a great deal of penetration and judgment, his criticisms, particularly on Prince Arthur, do sufficiently demonstrate." From the same account it also appears that he writ plays, "more to get reputation than money." Dennis of himself. See *Giles Jacob's Lives of Dramatic Poets*, p. 68, 69, compared with p. 286.—*P.*

Ver. 109. *Bays, formed by nature*, &c.] It is hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity; he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a letter he wrote to our author: "Pert and dull, at least, you might have allowed me. What! am I only to be dull, and dull still, and again, and for ever?" He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, "that he could not think himself so, nor believe that our poet did; but that he spoke worse of him than he could possibly think; and concluded it must be merely to show his wit, or for some profit or lucre to himself." Life of C. C., chap. vii., and Letter to Mr. P. pages 15. 40. 53.—*P.*†

And to show his claim to what the poet was so unwilling to allow him, of being pert as well as dull, he declares he will have the last word; which occasioned the following epigram:

> Quoth Cibber to Pope, "Though in verse you foreclose,
> I'll have the last word; for by G—, I'll write prose."
> Poor Colly, thy reas'ning is none of the strongest,
> For know, the last word is the word that lasts longest.—*W.*†

It is a singular fact in the history of the English stage, that the very first comedy acted after the libertine times of the Restoration, in which any decency, purity of manners, and respect to the honour of the marriage-bed, were preserved, was this very Cibber's *Love's Last Shift*. It was received with the greatest applause, particularly the scene of reconcilement in the last act.—WARTON.

Ver. 115. *Supperless the hero sate.*] It is amazing how the sense of this hath been mistaken by all the former commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply that the hero of the poem wanted a supper. In truth, a great absurdity. Not that we are ignorant that the hero of Homer's Odyssey is frequently in that circumstance, and, therefore, it can no way derogate from the grandeur of epic poem to represent such hero under a calamity, to which the greatest, not only of critics and poets, but of kings and warriors, have been subject. But much more refined, I will venture to say, is the meaning of our author; it was to give us obliquely a curious precept, or what

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Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plunged for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair.
Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
Much future ode, and abdicated play:
Nonsense precipitate, like running lead,
That slipp'd through cracks and zig-zags of the head:
All that on Folly Phrensy could beget,
Fruits of dull heat, and sooterkins of wit.
Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole,
How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
The frippery of crucified Moliere:

VARIATION.—Ver. 121. "Round him much embryo," &c. In former ed. thus:

He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
Where yet unpawn'd much learned lumber lay;
Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
Or which fond authors were so good to gild,
Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
The page admires new beauties not its own.
Here swells the shelf, &c.———

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Bossu calls a disguised sentence, that "Temperance is the life of study." The language of poesy brings all into action; and to represent a critic encompassed with books, but without a supper, is a picture which lively expresseth how much the true critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always castigates, and often totally neglects, for the greater improvement of the other. SCRIBL.—*P.*

But since the discovery of the true hero of the poem, may we not add, that nothing was so natural, after so great a loss of money at dice, or of reputation by his play, as that the poet should have no great stomach to eat a supper? Besides, how well has the poet consulted his heroic character, in adding that he swore all the time. BENTL.—*P.*†

Ver. 118. *Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!*] Besides an allusion to Satan's precipitation in the second book of Paradise Lost, our poet probably consulted Rochester also, at a vigorous passage in his Satire against Mankind:

"Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong down
Into Doubt's boundless sea; where, like to drown,
Books bear him up awhile, and make him try
To swim with bladders of philosophy"—WAKEFIELD.

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There hapless Shakspeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.
The rest on outside merit but presume,
Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room;
Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond parents dress'd in red and gold:
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is saved by beauties not his own.
Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the Great:
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:
Here all his suffering brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire.

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Ver. 131. *Poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes.*] A great number of them taken out to patch up his plays.—*P.*†

Ver. 133. *Hapless Shakspeare,* &c.] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakspeare. He was frequently liberal this way; and, as he tells us, "subscribed to Mr. Pope's Homer out of pure generosity and civility; but when Mr. Pope did so to his Nonjuror, he concluded it could be nothing but a joke." Letter to Mr. P. p. 24.

This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakspeare, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of Mist's Journals, June 8, "That to expose any errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That whatever care might for the future be taken by any other editor, he would still give about five hundred emendations that shall escape them all."—*P.*†

Ver. 134. *Wish'd he had blotted.*] It was a ridiculous praise which the players gave to Shakspeare, "that he never blotted a line." Ben Jonson honestly wished he had blotted a thousand; and Shakspeare would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which not the actors only (and especially the daring hero of this poem) have made on the stage, but the presumptuous critics of our days in their editions. —*P.*†

Ver. 135. *The rest on outside merit,* &c.] This library is divided into three parts; the first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for show, or adorned with pictures: the third class our author calls solid learning, old bodies of divinity, old commentaries, old English printers, or old English translations; all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dullness.—*P.*†

Ver. 141. *Ogilby the Great.*] John Ogilby was one who, from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time! sending into the world many large volumes! His translations of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures! and (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on special good paper, and in a very good letter." WINSTANLY, *Lives of Poets.*—*P.*

Ver. 142. *Newcastle shines complete.*] "The duchess of Newcastle was one who busied herself in the ravishing delights of poetry; leaving to posterity to print three ample volumes of her studious endeavours."—WINSTANLY, *ibid.* Langbaine reckons up eight folios of her grace's, which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.—*P.*

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A Gothic library! of Greece and Rome
Well purged, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.
But, high above, more solid learning shone,
The classics of an age that heard of none;
There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide; 150

VARIATION.—Ver. 146. In the first edition it was,

Well purged, and worthy W—y, W—s, and Bl—.

And in the following altered to Withers, Quarles, and Blome, on which was the following note: It was printed in the surreptitious editions W—ly and W—s, who were persons eminent for good life; the one writ the Life of Christ in verse, the other some valuable pieces in the lyric kind on pious subjects The line is here restored according to its original.

"George Withers was a great pretender to poetical zeal against the vices of the times, and abuses the greatest personages in power, which brought upon him frequent correction. The Marshalsea and Newgate were no strangers to him."—WINSTANLY. Quarles was as dull a writer, but an honest man. Blome's books were remarkable for their cuts.—*P.*

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Ver. 146. *Worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.*] The poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in his three capacities; 1. Settle was his brother laureate; only indeed upon half-pay, for the city instead of the court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, birth-days, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in tragedy, though more successful in one of his tragedies, the *Earl of Essex*, which is yet alive: *Anna Boleyn*, the *Queen of Scots*, and *Cyrus the Great*, are dead and gone. These he dressed in a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick fustian and thin prosaic; exactly imitated in *Perolla and Isidora*, *Cæsar in Egypt*, and the *Heroic Daughter*. 3. Broome was a serving-man of Ben Jonson, who once picked up a comedy from his betters, or from some cast scenes of his master, not entirely contemptible.—*P.*†

Ver. 147. *More solid learning.*] Some have objected, that books of this sort suit not so well the library of our Bays, which they imagined consisted of novels, plays, and obscene books: but they are to consider that he furnished his shelves only for ornament, and read these books no more than the dry bodies of divinity, which, no doubt, were purchased by his father when he designed him for the gown. See note on ver. 200.—*P.*†

Ver. 149. *Caxton.*] A printer in the time of Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII.; Wynkyn de Worde, his successor, in that of Henry VII. and VIII. The former translated into prose Virgil's Æneis, as a history; of which he speaks, in his proeme, in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly known. "Happened that to my hande cam a lytyl book in frenche, whiche late was translated out of latyn by some noble clerke of fraunce, whiche booke is named *Eneydos*, (made in latyne by that noble poete & grete clerke Vyrgyle): whiche booke I sawe over and redde therein, How after the generall destruccyon of the grete Troy, Eneas departed berynge his old fader anchises upon his sholdres, his lytyl son yolas on his hands, his wyfe with moche other people followynge, and how he shipped and departed; wythe all thy storye of his adventures that he had er he came to the atchievement of his conquest of ytalye, as all alonge shall be shewed in this present booke. In whiche booke I had grete playsyr, by cause of the fayr and honest termes

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There, saved by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Dry bodies of divinity appear:
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.
  Of these, twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspired he seizes: these an altar raise:
A hecatomb of pure unsullied lays
That altar crowns: a folio common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base:
Quartos, octavos, shape the lessening pyre;
A twisted birth-day ode completes the spire.
  Then he: great tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dullness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my muse began, with whom shall end,
E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig was praise,
To the last honours of the butt and bays:

VARIATION.—Ver. 162. "A twisted," &c. In the former edition:

And last a little Ajax tips the spire.—*W.*

Var. *A little Ajax.*] In *duodecimo*, translated from Sophocles by Tibbald. —*P.*

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& wordes in frenche, whiche I never sawe to fore lyke, ne none so playsaunt ne so well ordred; whiche booke as me semed sholde be moche requysite to noble men to see, as wel for the eloquence as the historyes. How wel that many hondred yeryes passed was the sayd booke of Eneydos wyth other workes made and lerned dayly in scolis, especyally in ytalye, and other places, which hystorye the sayd Vyrgyle made in metre." *Tibbald* quotes a rare passage from him in *Mist's Journal* of *March* 16, 1728, concerning a *straunge* and *mervyllouse beaste called Sagittarye*, which he would have *Shakspeare* to mean rather than *Teucer*, the archer celebrated by *Homer.*—*P.*

Ver. 153. *De Lyra there.*] Nich de Lyra, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.

Ver. 154. Philemon Holland, doctor in physic. "He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else; insomuch that he might be called translator-general of his age. The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a country gentleman a complete library. WINSTANLY.—*P.*

Ver. 167. *E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig.*] The first visible cause of the passion of the town for our hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottomed periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his first play of the *Fool in Fashion.* It attracted, in a particular manner, the friendship of Col. Brett, who wanted to purchase it. "Whatever contempt," says he, "philosophers may have for a fine periwig, my friend, who was not to despise the world, but to live in it, knew very well, that so material an article of dress upon the head of a man of sense, if it

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O thou! of bus'ness the directing soul!
To this our head like bias to the bowl,
Which, as more ponderous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
And, lest we err by wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the sure barrier between that and sense;

VARIATION.—Ver. 177. "Or, if to wit," &c. In the former edition:

Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,
She does but show her coward face, and dies;
There thy good Scholiasts, with unwearied pains,
Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains:
Here studious I unlucky moderns save,
Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave;
Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
And crucify poor Shakspeare once a-week;
For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays.
Not that my quill to critics was confined,
My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind:
So gravest precepts may successless prove,
But sad examples never fail to move.
As, forced from wind-guns, &c.—W.

These lines appear to be better than those in the present text.—WARTON.

Var. *And crucify poor Shakspeare once a-week.*] For some time, once a-week or fortnight, he printed in *Mist's Journal* a single remark, or poor con-

REMARKS.

became him, could never fail of drawing to him a more partial regard and benevolence, than could possibly be hoped for in an ill-made one. This, perhaps, may soften the grave censure which so youthful a purchase might otherwise have laid upon him. In a word, he made his attack upon this periwig, as your young fellows generally do upon a lady of pleasure, first by a few familiar praises of her person, and then a civil inquiry into the price of it; and we finished our bargain that night over a bottle."—See Life 8vo. p. 303. This remarkable periwig usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience.—P.

Or quite unravel all the reasoning thread,
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead!
As forced from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And ponderous slugs cut swiftly through the sky:
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urged by the load below:
Me Emptiness and Dullness could inspire,
And were my elasticity and fire.
Some demon stole my pen (forgive th' offence!)
And once betray'd me into common sense:
Else all my prose and verse were much the same;
This, prose on stilts; that, poetry fall'n lame.
Did on the stage my fops appear confined?
My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
The brisk example never fail'd to move.
Yet sure, had Heaven decreed to save the state,
Heaven had decreed these works a longer date.

VARIATION, CONTINUED.

jecture on some *word* or *pointing* of *Shakspeare*, either in his own name, or in letters to himself as from others, without a name. Upon these somebody made this epigram:

"'Tis generous, Tibbald! in thee and thy brothers,
To help us thus to read the works of others:
Never for this can just returns be shown;
For who will help us e'er to read thy own?"—*P.*

Var. *Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays.*] As to Cook's *Hesiod*, where sometimes even a note, and sometimes even *half* a note are carefully owned by him: and to More's comedy of the *Rival Modes*, and other authors of the same rank. These were the people who writ about the year 1726.—*P.*

Ver. 195. "Yet sure, had Heaven," &c. In the former ed.:

Had Heaven decreed such works a longer date,
Heaven had decreed to spare the Grub-street-state.
But see great Settle to the dust descend,
And all thy cause and empire at an end!
Could Troy be saved, &c.—*W.*†

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Ver. 181. *As, forced from wind-guns,* &c.] The thought of these four verses is found in a poem of our author's, of a very early date (namely written at fourteen years old, and soon after printed), to the author of a poem called *Successio.*—*W.*†

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Could Troy be saved by any single hand,
This gray-goose weapon must have made her stand.
What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide?
Or tread the path by venturous heroes trod,
This box my thunder, this right hand my god?
Or, chair'd at White's, amidst the doctors sit,
Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit?
Or bid'st thou rather party to embrace?
(A friend to party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the same rope at different ends they twist;
To Dullness Ridpath is as dear as Mist).
Shall I, like Curtius, desperate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the common weal?
Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?

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Ver. 198. *Gray-goose weapon.*] Alluding to the old English weapon, the arrow of the long-bow, which was fletched with the gray-goose.—*W.*†

Ver. 199. *My Fletcher.*] A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as justly speak thus of Fletcher, as a French wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library, *Ah! mon cher Cicéron! je le connois bien: c'est le même que Marc Tulle.* But he had a better title to call Fletcher his own, having made so free with him.—*P.*

Ver. 200. *Take up the Bible, once my better guide.*] When, according to his father's intention, he had been a clergyman, or, as he thinks himself, a bishop of the church of England. Hear his own words: "At the time that the fate of King James, the Prince of Orange, and myself, were on the anvil, Providence thought fit to postpone mine, till theirs were determined: but had my father carried me a month sooner to the university, who knows but that purer fountain might have washed my imperfections into a capacity of writing, instead of plays and annual odes, sermons and pastoral letters?" *Apology for his Life,* chap. iii.—*P.*†.

Ver. 203. *At White's, amidst the doctors.*] These doctors had a modest and upright appearance, no air of overbearing; but, like true masters of arts, wore only habited in black and white; they were justly styled subtiles and graves, but not always irrefragible, being sometimes examined, and by nice distinction, divided and laid open. Scribl.—*W.*

The learned critic is to be understood allegorically. The doctors in this place mean no more than false dice, a cant phrase used among gamesters. So the meaning of these four sonorous lines is only this, "Shall I play fair or foul?"—*P*†.

Ver. 208. *Ridpath—Mist.*] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying-post; Nathaniel Mist, of a famous Tory journal.—*P.*†

Ver. 211. *Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories.*] Relates to the well-known story of the geese that saved the capitol; of which Vir., *Æn.* viii.

"Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat."

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Hold! to the minister I more incline;
To serve his cause, O queen! is serving thine.
And, see! thy very Gazetteers give o'er;
Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains? Ourself. Still, still remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
This brazen brightness, to the 'squire so dear;
This polish'd hardness, that reflects the peer;
This arch absurd, that wit and fool delights;
This mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;

VARIATION.—Ver. 213. "Hold! to the minister." In the former edition:

Yes, to my country I my pen consign;
Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist! am thine.—*P.*

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A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the Virgilian majesty? And what absurdity to say a goose sings? *canebat.* Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird, in Ecl. ix.

"——Argutos inter strepere anser olores."

Read it, therefore, *adesse strepebat.* And why *auratis porticibus?* does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

"Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo."

Is this thatch in one line, and gold in another, consistent? I scruple not (*repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis*) to correct it *auritis.* Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

"Auritas fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus."

And to say the walls have ears is common even to a proverb. SCRIBL.—*P.*

Ver. 212. *And cackling save the monarchy of Tories?*] Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes so ingeniously confesses of himself, is true of all ministerial writers whatsoever: "That he defends the supreme powers, as the geese by their cackling defended the Romans, who held the capitol; for they favoured them no more than the Gauls, their enemies; but were as ready to defend the Gauls, if they had been possessed of the capitol." *Ep. Ded. to the Leviathan.*—*W.*

Ver. 215. *Gazetteers.*] A band of ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on Book ii. ver. 316, who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in politics.—*P.*†

Ver. 218. *Cibberian forehead.*] So indeed all the MSS. read; but I make no scruple to pronounce them all wrong, the laureate being elsewhere celebrated by our poet for his great modesty—modest Cibber.—Read, therefore, at my peril, Cerberian forehead. This is perfectly classical, and, what is more, Homerical; the dog was the ancient, as the bitch is the modern symbol of impudence (*Κυνὸς ὄμματ' ἔχων*, says Achilles to Agamemnon): which, when in a superlative degree, may well be denominated from Cerebus, the dog with three heads. But, as to the latter part of this verse, Cibberian brain, that is certainly the genuine reading.—*W.*

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Where dukes and butchers join to wreathe my crown,
At once the bear and fiddle of the town.
Oh, born in sin, and forth in folly brought!
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd (your father's fault),
Go, purified by flames, ascend the sky,
My better and more Christian progeny!
Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets.
Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a pass, and vagrant through the land:
Nor sail with Ward, to ape-and-monkey climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:

VARIATION.—Ver. 225. "Oh, born in sin," &c. In the former edition:

Adieu, my children! better thus expire
Unstall'd, unsold; thus glorious mount in fire,
Fair without spot, than greased by grocers' hands,
Or shipp'd with Ward to ape-and-monkey lands,
Or wafting ginger, rounds the streets to run,
And visit ale-house, where ye first begun.
With that, he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
And thrice he dropp'd it, &c.—*W.*†

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Ver. 225. *Oh, born in sin*, &c.] This is a tender, passionate apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction; and reflecting, like a parent, on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.—*P.*

Ver. 228. *My better and more Christian progeny.*] "It may be observable, that my muse and my spouse were equally prolific! that the one was seldom the mother of a child, but in the same year the other made me father of a play. I think we had a dozen of each sort between us; of both which kinds, some died in their infancy," &c.—Life of C. C. p. 217, 8vo. edition. Not withstanding all our author's or his commentator's efforts, to reduce to contempt Cibber's Apology for his Life, they will never be able to convince sensible and dispassionate readers, that it is not a work abounding in curious anecdotes, and in characters nicely and accurately drawn, though in a style indeed singular and affected. Swift was so highly pleased with Cibber's Life, that he sat up all night to read it, and would not quit it till he had finished the volume; of which, when Cibber was informed, he shed tears of joy.—WARTON.

Ver. 231. *Gratis-given Bland—Sent with a pass.*] It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and ministerial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer), and to send them post-free to all the towns in the kingdom.—*P.*†

Ver. 233. *With Ward to ape-and-monkey climes.*] "Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept a public house in the city (but in a gen-

Not, sulphur-tipp'd, emblaze an ale-house fire;
Nor wrap up oranges to pelt your sire!
O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
To the mild limbo of our father Tate:
Or perceably forgot, at once be bless'd
In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest!
Soon to that mass of nonsense to return,
Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.
With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace)!
Stole from the master of the seven-fold face;
And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand,
And thrice he dropp'd it from his quiv'ring hand:
Then lights the structure, with averted eyes:
The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames the "Cid," and now "Perolla" burns;
"Great Cæsar" roars, and hisses in the fires;
"King John" in silence modestly expires:
No merit now the dear "Nonjuror" claims,
Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.

VARIATION.—Ver. 250. "Now flames the Cid," &c. In the former edition:

Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flash, see Proserpine expire,
And last, his own cold Eschylus took fire.
Then gush'd the tears as from the Trojan's eyes,
When the last blaze, &c.—*W.*†

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teel way), and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale) afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the high-church party." JACOB, *Lives of Poets*, vol. ii. p. 225. Great numbers of his works were yearly sold into the Plantations. Ward, in a book called *Apollo's Maggot*, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public house was not in the city, but in Moorfields.—*P.*

Ver. 238, 240. *Tate—Shadwell.*] Two of his predecessors in the laurel.—*P.*†

Ver. 250. *Now flames the Cid,* &c.] In the first notes on the Dunciad, it was said, that this author was particularly excellent at tragedy. "This," says he, "is as unjust as to say I could dance on a rope." But certain it is, that he had attempted to dance on this rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four tragedies (the names of which the poet preserves in these few lines); the three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth suppressed, in fear of the like treatment.—*P.*†

Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.
Roused by the light, old Dullness heaved the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulé from her bed;
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.
Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:

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Ver. 253, 254. *The dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old stubble.*] A comedy threshed out of Moliere's *Tartuffe*, and so much the translator's favourite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from disaffection to the government. He assures us, that, "when he had the honour to kiss his majesty's hand, upon presenting his dedication of it, he was graciously pleased out of his royal bounty to order him two hundred pounds for it. And this, he doubts not, grieved Mr. P."—*P.*†

Ver. 256. *When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.*] See Vir. *Æn.* ii. where I would advise the reader to peruse the story of Troy's destruction rather than in *Wynkin*. But I caution him alike in both to beware of a most grievous error, that of thinking it was brought about by I know not what *Trojan Horse;* there having never been any such thing. For first, it was not *Trojan*, having been made by the Greeks; and secondly, it was not a *horse*, but a *mare*. This is clear from many verses in Virgil:

—"Uterumque armato milite complent."
"Inclusos utero Danaos."——

Can a horse be said *utero gerere?*

Again,

——————"Uteroque recusso,
Insonuere cavæ."——————
"Atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere."

Nay, is it not expressly said,

"Scandit fatalis machina muros,
Fœta armis?"

How is it possible the word *fœta* can agree with a *horse?* And, indeed, can it be conceived that the chaste and virgin goddess *Pallas*, would employ herself in forming and fashioning the male of that species? But this shall be proved to a demonstration in our Virgil restored.—*P.*

Priam lived to see the beginning of the conflagration, but not the end of it; having been murdered, according to Virgil, not very late in the fatal evening. A cursory recollection of Dryden's version, at *Æn.* ii. 692, might possibly be the cause of Pope's mistake.—WAKEFIELD.

Ver. 258. *Thulé.*] An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Ambrose Philips, a northern author. It is a usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this sheet was of the nature of the asbestos, which cannot be consumed by fire; but I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.—*P.*

Philips certainly deserved not to be treated with such acrimonious contempt, if we consider his Epistle from Denmark; his imitation of Strada; his translation of Sappho and Pindar; and his Distrest Mother; though copied indeed from Racine. Pope himself commends the Epistle from Denmark in his Letters.—WARTON.

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Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and mayors
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her sacred dome:
Well pleased he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
So spirits, ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognise their native place.
This the great mother dearer held than all
The clubs of *quid nuncs*, or her own Guildhall:
Here stood her opium, here she nursed her owls,
And here she plann'd th' imperial seat of fools.
Here to her chosen all her works she shows;
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loitering into prose:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind:
How prologues into prefaces decay,
And these to notes are fritter'd quite away;
How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail:
How, with less reading than makes felon's 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, revived, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakspeare, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

VARIATION.—After ver. 268, in the former ed., followed these two lines:

Raptured, he gazes round the dear retreat,
And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.—*W.*†

Var. *And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.*] Tibbald writ a poem called the *Cave of Poverty*, which concludes in a very extraordinary wish, "That some great genius, or man of distinguished merit, may be *starved*, in order to celebrate her power and describe her Cave." It was printed in octavo, 1715.—*P.*

REMARKS.

Ver. 269. *Great mother.*] *Magna mater* here applied to Dullness. The *quid nuncs*, a name given to the ancient members of several political clubs, who were constantly inquiring *quid nunc?* What news?

Ver. 286. *Tibbald.*] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an attorney, and son to an attorney, says Mr. Jacob, of Sittenburn, in Kent. He was the author of some forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the *Censor*, and a

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The goddess then, o'er his annointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred opium shed;
And, lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a heideggre and owl)
Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
My son! the promised land expects thy reign.

REMARKS.

Translation of Ovid. "There is a notorious Idiot, one Hight Wachum, who from an under spur-leather to the law, is become an under-strapper to the play-house, who has lately burlesqued the *Metamorphoses of Ovid* by a vile translation, &c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper called the *Censor*." DENNIS, *Rem. on Pope's Homer*, p. 9, 10.—*P.*†

Ver. 286. *Ozell.*] "Mr. John Ozell, if we credit Mr. Jacob, did go to school in Leicestershire, where somebody left him something to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood; but he choose rather to be placed in an office of accounts, in the city, being qualified for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and writing the necessary hands. He has obliged the world with many translations of French plays." JACOB, *Lives of Dram. Poets*, p. 198.—*P.*

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell seems vastly short of his merits, and he ought to have further justice done him, having since confuted all sarcasms on his learning and genius, by an advertisement of Sept. 20, 1729, in a paper called the *Weekly Medley*, &c. "As to my learning, this envious wretch knew, and every body knows, that the whole bench of bishops, not long ago, were pleased to give me a purse of guineas, for discovering the erroneous translations of the *Common-prayer* in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, &c. As for my genius, let Mr. Clelland show better verses in all Pope's works, than *Ozell's version of Boileau's Lutrin*, which the late Lord Halifax was so pleased with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. Let him show better and truer poetry in the *Rape of the Lock*, than in *Ozell's Rape of the Bucket* (*la Secchia rapita*). And Mr. Topham and Mr. Gildon publicly declared *Ozell's translation of Homer* to be, as it was prior, so likewise superior to Pope's. Surely, surely, every man is free to deserve well of his country!"—JOHN OZELL.

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies, as those of the bench of bishops, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.—*P.*†

Ver. 287. *The goddess then.*] There was a poem published, 1712, entitled *Bibliotheca*, by Thomas Newcomb, a friend of Dr. Young, and reprinted in the fifth volume of *Nicols's Collection*, p. 19, in which the Goddess *Oblivion* is introduced, speaking and acting so very like the Goddess *Dullness*, and which throughout bears so close and striking a resemblance to the *Dunciad*, that it is impossible Pope should not have seen and copied it, though with exquisite improvements. The expression, "o'er his annointed head," is from Mac Fleckno:

"That for annointed Dullness he was made."

As also in the preceding line, 262:

"His brows thick fogs, instead of glories grace."—WARTON.

Ver. 290. *A heideggre.*] A strange bird from Switzerland, and not, as some have supposed, the name of an eminent person, who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius, *arbiter elegantiarum*.—*P.*†

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Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,
And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
With Fool of Quality completes the quire.
Thou, Cibber! thou, his laurel shall support,
Folly, my son, has still a friend at court.
Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come!
Sound, sound, ye viols, be the cat-call dumb!

VARIATION.—Ver. 293. "Know, Eusden," &c. In the former edition:

Know, Settle, cloy'd with custard and with praise,
Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,
Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest.
I see a king! who leads my chosen sons
To lands that flow with clenches and with puns:
Till each famed theatre my empire own;
Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my throne!
I see! I see!——Then rapt she spoke no more.
God save King Tibbald! Grub-street alleys roar.
So when Jove's block, &c.—*W.*†

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Ver. 296. *Gildon.*] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels in the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits; but, renouncing popery, he published Blount's books against the *Divinity of Christ*, the *Oracles of Reason*, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the *Life of Mr. Wycherley*, printed by Curll; in another, called the *New Rehearsal*, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled the *Complete Art of English Poetry*, in two volumes; and others.—*P.*

Ver. 297. *Howard.*] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the *British Princes*, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.—*P.*

Ver. 301. *Lift up your gates.*] I know not what can excuse this very profane allusion to a sublime passage in the *Psalms* which was added to the last editon of the *Dunciad* in four books; and this too under the auspices and direction of Dr. Warburton. So again in Book iii. ver. 126. And also again Book iv. ver. 562:

"Dove-like she gathers to her wings again."

And in the *Arguments*, he talks of giving a Pisgah-sight of the future fullness of her glory: and even of sending priests, and comforters.—WARTON.

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Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.
And thou, his aid-de-camp, lead on my sons,
Light-arm'd with points, antitheses, and puns.
Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the king.
"Oh! when shall rise a monarch all our own,
And I, a nursing-mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw,
Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band,
And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land;
Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
And all be sleep, as at an ode of thine!"
She ceased. Then swells the chapel-royal throat:
God save King Cibber! mounts in every note.
Familiar White's, God save King Colly! cries;
God save King Colly! Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropp'd the name of God;

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Ver. 309, 310. *Under Archer's wing,– Gaming,* &c.] When the statute against gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the king, by ancient custom, plays at hazard one night in a year; and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exception as to that particular. Under this pretence, the groom-porter had a room appropriated to gaming all the summer the court was at Kensington, which his majesty accidentally being acquainted of, with a just indignation prohibited. It is reported the same practice is yet continued wherever the court resides, and the hazard-table there open to all the professed gamesters in town.

"Greatest and justest sovereign! know you this?
Alas! no more than Thames' calm head can know,
Whose meads his arms drown, or whose corn o'erflow."
DONNE *to Queen Elizabeth.*—*P.*†

Ver. 319. *Chapel-royal.*] The voices and instruments used in the service of the chapel-royal being also employed in the performance of the birth-day and new-year odes.—*P.*†

Ver. 324. *But pious Needham.*] A matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was, that she might "get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God." But her fate was not so happy; for being convicted, and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great friends and votaries), so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days.—*P.*†

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Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,
And Coll! each butcher roars at Hockley-hole.
So when Jove's block descended from on high
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby),
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, "God save King Log."

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Ver. 325. *Back to the Devil.*] The Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, where these odes are usually rehearsed before they are performed at court. Upon which a wit of those times makes this epigram:

"When laureates make odes, do you ask of what sort?
Do you ask if they're good, or are evil?
You may judge—from the Devil they come to the court,
And go from the court to the Devil."—*W.*

Ver. 328. *Ogilby—God save King Log.*] See *Ogilby's Æsop's Fables*, where, in the story of the Frogs and their king, this excellent hemistic is to be found.

Our author manifests here, and elsewhere, a prodigous tenderness for the bad writers. We see he selects the only good passage, perhaps, in all that ever Ogilby writ; which shows how candid and patient a reader he must have been.

But how much all indulgenee is lost upon these people may appear from the just reflection made on their constant conduct and constant fate, in the following epigram:

"Ye little wits, that gleam'd a while,
When Pope vouchsafed a ray,
Alas! deprived of his kind smile,
How soon ye fade away!

"To compass Phœbus' car about,
Thus empty vapours rise;
Each lends his cloud, to put him out,
That rear'd him to the skies.

"Alas! those skies are not your sphere;
There he shall ever burn:
Weep, weep, and fall! for earth ye were,
And must to earth return."—*P*

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BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.—The king being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but, for greater honour, by the goddess in person (in like manner as the games of Pythia, Isthmia, &c., were anciently said to be ordained by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyss., xxiv., proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles). Hither flock the poets and critics, attended, as is but just, with their patrons and booksellers. The goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Then follow the exercises for the poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving; the first holds forth the arts and practices of dedicators, the second of disputants and fustian poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty party-writers. Lastly, for the critics, the goddess proposes, with great propriety, an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, the one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping: the various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth: till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,

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Two things there are, upon the supposition of which the very basis of all verbal criticism is founded and supported: The first, that an author could never fail to use the best word on every occasion: the second, that a critic cannot choose but know which that is. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first, that the author could never have used it; and secondly, that he must have used that very one which we conjecture in its stead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus, for his alteration of the text in the two last verses of the preceding book, which in all the former editions stood thus:

"Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the loud nation croak'd, 'God save King Log!'"

He has, with great judgment, transposed the two epithets; putting hoarse to the nation, and loud to the thunder; and this being evidently the true reading, he vouchsafed not so much as to mention the former: for which assertion of the just right of a critic he merits the acknowledgment of all sound commentators.—*P.*

Ver. 2. *Henley's gilt tub.*] The pulpit of a dissenter is usually called a tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with

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Or that where on her Curlls the public pours,
All bounteous, fragrant grains and golden showers,
Great Cibber sate: the proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: all eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their Dullness, and new bronze their face.
So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns,
Heaven's twinkling sparks draw light, and point their horns.
Not with more glee, with hands pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats wide waving circled round,
Rome in her capitol saw Querno sit,
Throned on seven hills, the Antichrist of wit.

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gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription: "The Primitive Eucharist." See the history of this person, Book iii.—*P.*

Ver. 2. *Or Fleckno's Irish throne.*] Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not, our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the *Æneid* from the *Iliad*, or the *Lutrin* of Boileau from the *Défaite des Bouts rimées* of Sarazin.—*P.*

It may be just worth mentioning, that the eminence from whence the ancient sophists entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a throne. Themistius, *Orat.* i.—*P.*

Ver. 3. *Or that whereon her Curlls the public pours.*] Edmund Curll stood in the pillory at Charing-cross, in March, 1727-8. "This," saith Edmund Curll, "is a false assertion—I had, indeed, the corporal punishment of what the gentlemen of the long robe are pleased jocosely to call mounting the rostrum for one hour: but that scene of action was not in the month of March, but in February." [*Curliad*, 12mo. p. 19]. And of the history of his being tossed in a blanket, he saith, "Here, Scriblerus! thou leeseth in what thou assertest concerning the blanket: it was not a blanket, but a rug," p. 25. Much in the same manner Mr. Cibber remonstrated, that his brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned Book i., were not brazen, but blocks; yet our author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationship.—*P.*†

We should think, gentle reader, that we but ill performed our part, if we corrected not as well our own errors now, as formerly those of the printer; since what moved us to this work, was solely the love of truth, not in the least any vain-glory, or desire to contend with great authors. And further, our mistakes, we conceive, will rather be pardoned, as scarce possible to be avoided in writing of such persons and works as do ever shun the light. However, that we may not any how soften or extenuate the same, we give them thee in the very words of our antagonists; not defending, but retracting them from our very heart, and craving excuse of the parties offended: for surely in this work, it hath been above all things our desire to provoke no man.—Scribl.

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And now the queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
By herald hawkers, high heroic games.
They summon all her race: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots:
All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those Dunces to reward.
Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
But now (so Anne and piety ordain)
A church collects the saints of Drury-lane.
With authors, stationers obey'd the call:
The field of glory is a field for all.
Glory and gain th' industrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dullness ever loves a joke.
A poet's form she placed before their eyes,
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize:
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin,
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starv'ling bards of these degenerate days.

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Ver. 15. *Rome in her capitol saw Querno sit.*] Camilla Querno was of Apulia, who, hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the laurel; a jest which the court of Rome and the pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the poet himself was so transported as to weep for joy [see *Life of C. C.* chap. vi. p. 149]. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. PAULUS JOVIUS, *Elog. Vir. doct.* cap. lxxxii. Some idea of his poetry is given by FAM. STRADA in his *Prolusions.*—*P.*

Ver. 18. *High heroic games.*] It is impossible to read without smiling, the gravity with which Dennis attacks these games, and the reasons he gives for their impropriety. "Is it not monstrous to imagine they could take place in the master-street of a great city; a street eternally crowded with carriages, carts, coaches, chairs, and men, passing in the greatest hurry about private and public affairs?" *Remarks on Dunciad*, p. 19, 1729.—WARTON.

Ver. 39. *But such a bulk.*] Parodies are the chief and constant ornament

All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
She form'd this image of well-bodied air;
With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead:
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless! idol void and vain!
Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool, so just a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More. 50

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of a mock-heroic poem. The many introduced by our author are made with singular pleasantry, happiness, and judgment. The ancients, particularly the Athenians, were fond of parodies; especially such as were made on passages of Homer, with whose works they were so familiarly acquainted. In the fourth book of Athenæus, p. 134, of Casaubon's excellent edition, is a parody, consisting of more than one hundred verses, of Matron, whom Eustathius frequently quotes and praises. It is a ridiculous description of a supper. See FABRICIUS, *Bib. Græc.* p. 354. B. I. It is well known how many parodies Aristophanes has given us on Euripides, and other tragedians. Hegemon, says Athenæus, in his ninth book, p. 406, was the first author very famous for parodies; he was called φακὴ, Lenticula. He was also an excellent actor; and the Athenians were so fond of him, that one day when news was brought of their defeat in Sicily, they would not quit the theatre, but insisted that Hegemon should finish the piece. He was a great favourite of Alcibiades, of whom and Hegemon, Athenæus relates a story worth the reader's perusal: p. 407 of Casaubon's edition. There are some excellent parodies in the *Rehearsal*, in Bramston's *Art of Politics*, in the *Scribleriad*, in the *Battle of the Wigs*, in the *Tale of a Tub*, and in the works of Fielding.—WARTON.

Ver. 47. *Never was dash'd out at one lucky hit.*] Our author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of Dullness making a wit which could be done no other way than by chance. The fiction is the more reconciled to probability by the known story of Apelles, who, being at a loss to express the form of Alexander's horse, dashed his pencil in despair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate stroke.—*P.*

Ver. 50. *And call'd the phantom More.*] Curll, in his *Key to the Dunciad*, affirm'd this to be James Moore Smith, Esq., and it is probable, considering what is said of him in the testimonies, that some might fancy our author obliged to represent this gentleman as a plagiary, or to pass for one himself. His case, indeed, was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stolen his handkerchief: "Sir," said the thief, finding himself detected, "do not expose me, I did it for mere want; be so good but to take it privately out of my pocket again, and say nothing." The honest man did so, but the other cried out, "See, gentlemen, what a thief we have among us! look, he is stealing my handkerchief!"

Some time before he had borrowed of Dr. Arbuthnot a paper called an *Historico-physical account of the South-Sea;* and of Mr. Pope the *Memoirs of a Parish Clerk*, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev. Dr. Young, F. Billers, Esq., and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were lost; but there happening to be another copy

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All gaze with ardour: some a poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and laced suit inflame.
But lofty Lintot in the circle rose:
"This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes:

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of the latter, it came out in *Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies.* Upon this, it seems, he was so far mistaken as to confess his proceeding by an endeavour to hide it: unguardedly printing, in the *Daily Journal* of April 3, 1728, "That the contempt which he and others had for those pieces" (which only himself had shown and handed about as his own), "occasioned their being lost, and for that cause only not returned,"—a fact, of which as none but he could be conscious, none but he could be the publisher of it. The plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the following epigram:

"More always smiles whenever he recites;
He smiles (you think) approving what he writes.
And yet in this no vanity is shown;
A modest man may like what's not his own."

This young gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a passion to be thought a wit. Here is a very strong instance attested by Mr. Savage, son of the late Earl Rivers; who, having shown some verses of his in manuscript to Mr. More, wherein Mr. Pope was called first of the tuneful train, Mr. More the next morning sent to Mr. Savage to desire him to give those verses another turn, to wit: "That Pope might now be the first, because More had left him unrivalled, in turning his style to comedy." This was during the rehearsal of the *Rival Modes*, his first and only work; the town condemned it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7 with this modest motto:

"Hic cæstus, artemque repono."

The smaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author are, *An Epigram on the Bridge at Blenheim*, by Dr. Evans: *Cornelia*, by Mr. Pitt, Mr. Jones, &c. The *Mock Marriage of a mad Divine, with a Cl— for a Parson*, by Dr. W. The *Saw-pit, a Simile*, by a Friend. Certain *Physical Works of Sir James Baker;* and some unowned *Letters, Advertisements*, and *Epigrams* against our author in the *Daily Journal.*

Notwithstanding what is here collected of the person imagined by Curll to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion; since our poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verses to himself, which every reader had done for him; since the name itself is not spelled Moore, but More; and, lastly, since the learned Scriblerus has so well proved to the contrary.—*P.*

Of this note, which is entirely Pope's, from the editions of 1729, Mr. Bowles has attributed the former part to Warburton, and the latter to Warton.

Ver. 50. *The phantom More.*] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious. More from *μῶρος, stultus, μωρία, stultitia*, to represent the folly of a plagiary. Thus Erasmus: *Admonuit me Meri cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Moriæ vocabulum accedit quam es ipse a re alienus.* Dedication of *Moriæ Encomium* to Sir Thomas More; the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiary, *Vale*, More! *et moriam tuam gnaviter defende.* Adieu, More! and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly. SCRIBL.—*P.*

Ver. 53. *But lofty Lintot.*] We enter here upon the episode of the booksellers; persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in *Virgil*, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a bull. This eminent bookseller printed the *Rival Modes*, before mentioned.—*P.*

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With me began this genius, and shall end."
He spoke: and who with Lintot shall contend?
Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curll: "Behold that rival here!
The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won:
So take the hindmost, hell!" he said, and run.
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and out-stripp'd the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops:
So labouring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.

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Ver. 58. *Stood dauntless Curll.*] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curll. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever: he caused them to write what he pleased; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the state, the church, and the law, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all possible dignity. He speaks like the intrepid Diomed; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Nisus; and, what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises, he is favoured of the gods; he says but three words, and his prayer is heard; a goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter. Though he loses the prize, he gains the victory; the great mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus), at once instructive and prophetical: after this, he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations; many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curll some thousands. He was every day extending his fame and enlarging his writings: witness innumerable instances; but it shall suffice only to mention the *Court Poems*, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a lady of quality; but being threatened first, and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from her to him, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that he ever spoke to Mr. C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours since received from him: so true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, "that any one shall be, at some time or other, the better or the worse, for having but seen or spoken to a good or bad man."—*P.*

Ver. 67. *With arms expanded*, &c.] That is Jacob Tonson; to whom Dryden, on being refused the price ask'd for his *Virgil*, sent the following verses

Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
Which Curll's Corinna chanced that morn to make
Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop);
Here fortuned Curll to slide; loud shout the band,
And Bernard! Bernard! rings through all the Strand.
Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:
Then first, if poets aught of truth declare,
The caitiff vaticide conceived a prayer:
"Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any gods or more;
And him and his if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the pope's arms."

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"With leering look, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
With two left legs, with Judas-colour'd hair,
And frowsy pores, that taint the ambient air:"

adding to the messenger, "Tell the dog that he who wrote them, can write more." The money was paid accordingly.

The couplet before us stood thus in a former edition:

With *legs* expanded Bernard *urged the* race,
And *seem'd* to emulate *great* Jacob's *pace*.—WAKEFIELD.

Ver. 70. *Curll's Corinna.*] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. Thomas, who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them, without the consent of either of those gentlemen, to Curll, who printed them in 12mo. 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher in his *Key*, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of, as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer. *P.*

Ver. 75. *Obscene.*] All this, and the following, is as nauseous as it is stupid. Warburton defends it by a note still more nauseous, if possible.—BOWLES.

The note referred to by Mr. Bowles is not Warburton's, but Pope's, who defends the passage by comparing it with the grosser language of Dryden; to which he adds: "But our author is more grave; and (as a fine writer says of Virgil in his Georgics), *tosses about his dung with an air of majesty.* If we consider that the exercises of his authors could with justice be no higher than tickling, chattering, braying, or diving, it was no easy matter to invent such games as were proportioned to the meaner degree of booksellers. In Homer and Virgil, Ajax and Nisus, the persons drawn in this plight, are heroes; whereas here they are such as with whom it had been great impropriety to have joined any but vile ideas; besides the natural connexion there is between libellers and common nuisances. Nevertheless, I have heard our author own, that this part of his poem was, as it frequently happens, what cost him most trouble, and pleased him least; but that he hoped that it was excusable, since levelled at such as understood no delicate satire. Thus the politest men are obliged sometimes to swear when they happen to have to do with porters and oyster-wenches."

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A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where, from ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind;
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply;
Amused he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that ichor which from gods distils.
In office here fair Cloacina stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
Forth from the heap she pick'd her votary's prayer,
And placed it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft had the goddess heard her servant's call,
From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
Listening delighted to the jest unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene;
Where, as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
Vig'rous he rises; from th' effluvia strong
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along:
Rëpasses Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.
And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
To seize his papers, Curll, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverse, toss'd in air:

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Ver. 82. *Down with the Bible, up with the pope's arms.*] The Bible, Curll's sign; the Cross Keys, Lintot's.—*P.*

Ver. 101. *Where, as he fish'd,* &c.] See the preface to *Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies.*

Ver. 104. *As oil'd with magic juices.*] Alluding to the opinion that there are ointments used by witches to enable them to fly in the air, &c.—*P.*

Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whisk them back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
Th' embroidered suit at least he deem'd his prey,
That suit an unpaid tailor snatch'd away.
No rag, no scrap, of all the beau or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.
Heaven rings with laughter; of the laughter vain,
Dullness, good queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-street choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;
Mears, Warner, Wilkins, run! delusive thought!
Breval, Bond, Besaleel, the varlets caught.
Curll stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:

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Ver. 116. *Evans, Young and Swift.*] Some of those persons, whose writings, epigrams, or jests he had owned.—*P.*

Ver 118. *An unpaid tailor.*] This line has been loudly complained of in Mist, June 8, dedicated to Sawney, and others, as a most inhuman satire on the poverty of poets; but it is thought our author will be acquitted by a jury of tailors. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen; if it be a satire on any body, it must be on a bad paymaster, since the person to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as non-payment; which Mr. Dennis so far asserts, as boldly to pronounce, that, "if Homer himself was not in debt, it was because nobody would trust him."—*Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock*, p. 15.—*P.*

Ver. 124. *Like Congreve, Addison, and Prior.*] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necesssary. Besaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers. "Bond writ a satire against Mr. P. Capt. Breval was author of *The Confederates*, an ingenious dramatic performance, to expose Mr. P., Mr. Gay, Dr. Arbuthnot, and some ladies of quality," says Curll, *Key*, p. 11.—*P.*

Ver. 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins.*] Booksellers, and printers of much anonymous stuff.—*P.*

Ver. 126. *Breval, Bond, Besaleel.*] I foresee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our assertion on ver. 50 of this book, that More was a fictitious name, since these persons are equally represented by the poet as phantoms. So at first sight it may seem; but be not deceived, reader; these also are not real persons. It is true, Curll declares Breval a captain, author of a piece called *The Confederates;* but the same Curll first said it was written by Joseph Gay. Is his second assertion to be credited any more than his first? He likewise affirms Bond to be one who writ a satire on our poet: but where is such a satire to be found? where was such a writer ever heard of? As for Besaleel, it carries forgery in the very name: nor is it, as the others are, a surname. Thou mayest depend upon it, no such authors ever lived: all phantoms. SCRIBL.—*P.*

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So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seized, a puppy or an ape.
To him the goddess: "Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town:
As the sage dame, experienced in her trade,
By names of toasts retails each batter'd jade
(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris,
Of wrongs from duchesses and lady Maries);
Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift:
So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our Garth and Addison."

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Ver. 128. *Joseph Gay.*] A fictitious name, put by Curll before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's.—*P.*

The ambiguity of the word Joseph, which likewise signifies a loose upper coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea.—*W.*†

Ver. 132. *And turn this whole illusion on the town.*] It was a common practice of this bookseller to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors.—*P.*

Ver. 138. *Cook shall be Prior.*] The man here specified writ a thing called *The Battle of Poets*, in which Philips and Welsted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the *British*, *London*, and *Daily Journals;* and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of *Hesiod*, in which Theobald writ notes and half notes, which he carefully owned.—*P.*†

Ver. 138. *And Concanen, Swift.*] In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place, but the names were since inserted merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.—*P.*†

Ver. 140. *And we too boast our Garth and Addison.*] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addison; in a word, almost every man of his time who deserved it; even Cibber himself, presuming him to be the author of the *Careless Husband*. It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet he has found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even Dullness out of her own mouth pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his constant friend, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire. The *Dispensary* attacked the whole body of apothecaries, a much more useful one, undoubtedly, than that of the bad poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It also did, what Mr. Theobald says is unpardonable, drew in parts of private character, and introduce persons independent of his subject. Much more would Boileau have incurred his censure, who left all subjects whatever, on all occasions, to fall upon the bad poets, which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern. But certainly next to commending good writers, the greatest service to

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With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face,)

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learning is to expose the bad, who can only that way be made of any use to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines, addressed to our author:

"The craven rook, and pert jackdaw
(Though neither birds of moral kind),
Yet serve, if hang'd or stuff'd with straw,
To show us which way blows the wind.

"Thus dirty knaves, or chattering fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
And point instruction every way.

"With Egypt's art thy pen may strive,
One potent drop let this but shed,
And every rogue that stunk alive,
Becomes a precious mummy dead."—*P.*

Ver. 142. *Rueful length of face.*] "The decrepit person or figure of a man are no reflection upon his genius. An honest mind will love and esteem a man of worth, though he be deformed or poor. Yet the author of the *Dunciad* hath libelled a person for his rueful length of face!"—*Mist's Journal*, June 8. This genius and man of worth, whom an honest mind should love, is Mr. Curll. True it is, he stood in the pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man, though it were ever so comely, and therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curll. But as to reflections on any man's face or figure, Mr. Dennis saith excellently: "Natural deformity comes not by our fault; it is often occasioned by calamities and diseases, which a man can no more help than a monster can his deformity. There is no one misfortune, and no one disease, but what all the rest of mankind are subject to. But the deformity of this author is visible, present, lasting, unalterable, and peculiar to himself. 'Tis the mark of God and nature upon him, to give us warning that we should hold no society with him, as a creature not of our original, nor of our species: and they who have refused to take this warning which God and nature have given them, and have, in spite of it, by a senseless presumption, ventured to be familiar with him, have severely suffered, &c. 'Tis certain his original is not from Adam, but from the devil," &c.—DENNIS, *Character of Mr. P.*, octavo, 1716.

Admirably is it observed by Mr. Dennis against Mr. Law, p. 33, "That the language of Billingsgate can never be the language of charity, nor consequently of Christianity." I should else be tempted to use the language of a critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator, than to behold his author thus portrayed? Yet I consider it really hurts not him; whereas to call some others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it. Therefore, though Mr. D. may call another a little ass, or a young toad, far be it from us to call him a toothless lion, or an old serpent. Indeed, had I written these notes, as once was my intent, in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of *balatro, calceatum caput, scurra in tribus*, being phrases in good esteem and frequent usage among the best learned: but in our mother-tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the *Dunciad*, surely it would be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby Christian charity, decency, and good accord among authors, might be preserved. SCRIBL. —*P.*

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occasions, eminently shows his humanity. But it was far otherwise with the gentlemen of the *Dunciad*, whose scurrilities were always personal, and of that nature which provoked every honest man but Mr. Pope; yet never to be lamented, since they occasioned the following amiable verses:

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A shaggy tap'stry, worthy to be spread,
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed:
Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.
Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgel'd might ye view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue. 150

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"While malice, Pope, denies thy page
Its own celestial fire;
While critics, and while bards in rage,
Admiring, won't admire:

"While wayward pens thy worth assail,
And envious tongues decry;
These times, though many a friend bewail,
These times bewail not I.

"But when the world's loud praise is thine,
And spleen no more shall blame,
When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
In one established fame:

"When none shall rail, and every lay
Devote a wreath to thee:
That day (for come it will), that day
Shall I lament to see"—*P.*

Ver. 143. *A shaggy tap'stry.*] A sorry kind of tapestry frequent in old inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff; like that which is spoken of by Donne. Faces as frightful as theirs who whip Christ in old hangings. The imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in *Æn.* v.—*P.*

Ver. 144. *On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed.*] Of Codrus the poet's bed, see Juvenal, describing his *poverty* very copiously. Sat. iii. ver. 103, &c. *Lectus erat Codro*, &c.

"Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out.
His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers graced,
Beneath them was his trusty tankard placed;
And to support this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron, cast from honest clay.
His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd,
Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd,
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,
And on heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
'Tis true poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost."—DRYDEN.

But Mr. Concanen, in his dedication of the *Letters, Advertisements*, &c., to the author of the *Dunciad*, assures us, "that Juvenal never satirized the poverty of Codrus."

John Dunton was a broken bookseller and abusive scribbler: he writ *Neck or Nothing*, a violent satire on some ministers of state, a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.—*P.*

Ver. 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge.*] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called the *Observator*. He was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.—*P.*

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Himself among the storied chiefs he spies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
And, "Oh!" he cried, "what street, what lane, but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows!
In every loom our labours shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green!"
See in the circle, next, Eliza placed,
Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;
Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
In flowers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd. 160

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Ver. 149. *There Ridpath, Roper.*] Authors of the *Flying-post* and *Post-boy*, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.—*P.*

Ver. 149. *Cudgel'd.*] It is painful to reflect, that even Dryden once underwent this discipline. Mr. Nelson, whose truth cannot be questioned, writes thus to Dr. Mapleloft, Jan. 2, 1679: "Your friend and school-fellow Mr. Dryden has been severely beaten for being the supposed author of a late very abusive lampoon. There has been a good sum of money offered to find who set them on work; 'tis said they received their orders from the Duchess of Portsmouth, who is concerned in the lampoon."—WARTON.

Ver. 151. *Himself among the storied chiefs he spies.*] The history of Curll's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminister, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see *A full and true account of a Horrid Revenge on the Body of Edmund Curll*, &c., in *Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies.—P.*

Ver. 157. *See in the circle, next, Eliza placed.*] In this game is exposed, in the most contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiousness of those shameless scribblers (for the most part of that sex which ought least to be capable of such malice or impudence) who, in libellous memoirs and novels, reveal the faults and misfortunes, of both sexes, to the ruin of public fame, or disturbance of private happiness. Our good poet, (by the whole cast of his work, being obliged not to take off the irony,) where he could not show his indignation, hath shown his contempt, as much as possible, having here drawn as vile a picture as could be represented in the colours of epic poesy. SCRIBL.—*P.*

Ver. 157. *Eliza Haywood.*] This woman was authoress of the most scandalous books, called the *Court of Carimania* and the *New Utopia*. For the two babes of love, see CURLL, *Key*, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleased to throw upon this lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated Curll's undertakings for reformation of manners, and declared herself "to be so perfectly acquainted with the sweetness of his disposition, and that tenderness with which he considered the errors of his fellow-creatures, that, though she should find little inadvertencies of her own life recorded in his papers, she was certain it would be done in such a manner as she could not but approve.—MRS. HAYWOOD, *Hist. of Clar.* printed in the *Female Dunciad.*

Ver. 160. *Kirkall.*] The name of an engraver. Some of this lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo., with her picture thus dressed up before them.—*P.*

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The goddess then: "Who best can send on high
The salient spout, far streaming to the sky;
His be yon Juno of majestic size,
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
This China jordan let the chief o'ercome,
Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."
Osborne and Curll accept the glorious strife
(Though this his son dissuades, and that his wife),
One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and superior size.
First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post:
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
So Jove's bright bow displays its watery round
(Sure sign that no spectator shall be drown'd).
A second effort brought but new disgrace,
The wild meander wash'd the artist's face:
Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless Curll; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head.
So (famed like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;

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Ver. 167. *Osborne, Thomas.*] A bookseller in Gray's-Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here instead of a less deserving predecessor. [Chapman, the publisher of *Mrs. Haywood's New Utopia*, &c.] This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's subscription books of *Homer's Iliad* at half the price: of which book he had none, but cut to the size of them, which was quarto, the common books in folio, without copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertisement the *Gazetteer* harangued thus, July 6, 1739: "How melancholy must it be to a writer to be so unhappy as to see his works hawked for sale in a manner so fatal to his fame! How, with honour to yourself, and justice to your subscribers, can this be done? What an ingratitude to be charged on the only honest poet that lived in 1738! and than whom virtue has not had a shriller trumpeter for many ages! that you were once generally admired and esteemed, can be denied by none; but that you and your works are now despised, is verified by this fact;" which being utterly false, did not indeed much humble the author, but drew this just chastisement on the bookseller.—*P.*

This Osborne was the bookseller who purchased the great library of the Earl of Oxford for 13,000*l.*, which, says Mr. Oldys, was not more than the binding of the books had cost. Dr. Johnson wrote the preface to the catalogue, and is reported, during this employment, to have knocked Osborne

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Through half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn,
His rapid waters in their passage burn.
Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes:
Still happy impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleased dame, soft smiling, lead'st away.

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down with a folio in his shop. But Johnson himself used to say, "I beat him for being impertinent to me; but it was in my own chamber, and not in his *shop*."—WARTON.

Ver. 183. *Through half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn.*] In a manuscript *Dunciad* (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time deceased) I have found another reading of these lines: thus,

"And lifts his urn, through half the heavens to flow;
His rapid waters in their passage *glow*."

This I cannot but think the right: for, first, though the difference between burn and glow may seem not very material to others, to me I confess the latter has an elegance, a *je ne sais quoi*, which is much easier to be conceived than explained. Secondly, every reader of our poet must have observed how frequently he uses this word, glow, in other parts of his works: to instance only in his Homer:

(1.) Iliad ix. ver. 726.—With one resentment glows.
(2.) Iliad xi. ver. 625.—There the battle glows.
(3.) Ibid. ver. 984.—The closing flesh that instant ceased to glow.
(4.) Iliad xii. ver. 55.—Encompass'd Hector glows.
(5.) Ibid. ver. 475.—His beating breast with generous ardour glows.
(6.) Iliad xviii. ver. 591.—Another part glow'd with refulgent arms.
(7.) Ibid. ver. 654.—And curl'd on silver props in order glow.

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could stretch this catalogue to a great extent; but these are enough to prove his fondness for this beautiful word, which, therefore, let all future editions replace here.

I am aware, after all, that burn is the proper word to convey an idea of what was said to be Mr. Curll's condition at this time; but from that very reason I infer the direct contrary. For surely every lover of our author will conclude that he had more humanity than to insult a man on such a misfortune or calamity, which could never befall him purely by his own fault, but from an unhappy communication with another. This note is half Mr. Theobald, half Scriblerus.—*P*

Warton justly adds, "It reflects shame *on whoever wrote it*."—BOWLES.

Warton says, "It reflects shame on *both of them*;" entertaining no doubt, it seems, that *Theobald* and *Scriblerus* were the authors!

Ver. 187. *The high-wrought day.*] Some affirm that this was originally the well-p—t day; but the poet's decency would not suffer it.—*P*.

Here the learned Scriblerus manifests great anger. He exclaims against all such conjectural emendations in this manner. "Let it suffice, O Pallas! that every noble ancient *Greek* or *Roman*, hath suffered the impertinent correction of every *Dutch*, *German*, and *Switz* schoolmaster! Let our English at least escape, whose intrinsic is scarce of marble so solid, as not to be impaired or soiled by such rude and dirty hands. Suffer them to call their works their own, and after death, at least to find rest and sanctuary from such critics. When these men have ceased to rail, let them not begin to do worse—*to comment*. Let them not conjecture into nonsense, correct out of all correctness, and restore into obscurity and confusion. Miserable fate! which can

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Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the jordan, walks contented home.
But now for authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my lord! three jockeys in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His honour's meaning Dullness thus express'd,
"He wins this patron who can tickle best."
He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taste directs our operas:
Bentley his mouth with classic flattery opes,
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.
But Welsted most the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm;

VARIATION.—Ver. 207 in the first edition:

But Oldmixon the poet's healing balm, &c.

And again in ver. 509. "Unlucky Oldmixon!"

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befall only the sprightliest wits that have written, and will befall them only from such dull ones as could never write."—SCRIBL.—*P.*†

It has been thought expedient here to restore this prophetic appeal of the learned Scriblerus, which has been omitted in the two last editions of the works of our author, for reasons best known to the editors.

Ver. 203. *Rolli.*] Paulo Antonio, an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.—*P.*

Ver. 205. *Bentley his mouth*, &c.] Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a little *Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford: for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son, the Lord Harley.—*P.*†

Ver. 207. *Welsted.*] Leonard Welsted, author of the *Triumvirate, or a Letter in Verse from Palæmon to Celia at Bath*, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends about the year 1718. He writ other things, which we cannot remember. Smedley in his *Metamorphoses of Scriblerus*, mentions one, the *Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator*: and there was

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Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster. 210

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another, in praise either of a Cellar or a Garret. L. W. characterized in the treatise Περι Βαθους, *or the Art of Sinking*, as a didapper, and after as an eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis, *Daily Journal* of May 11, 1728. He was also characterized under another animal, a mole, by the author of the ensuing simile, which was handed about at the same time:

"Dear Welsted, mark, in dirty hole
That painful animal, a mole:
Above ground never born to go;
What mighty stir it keeps below!
To make a mole-hill all this strife!
It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
How proud a little dirt to spread;
Conscious of nothing o'er its head!
Till, labouring on, for want of eyes,
It blunders into light, and dies."

You have him again in Book iii. ver. 169.—*P.*

Ver. 209. *Unlucky Welsted.*] How unfortunate poor Leonard was in the art of *tickling*, will appear from the following extract of an original letter of his to Dodington, dated the "Tower, Saturday, Nov. 14, 1730:

"Sir: I cannot but be in fear, that I do not stand in that *degree of favour* with you, which I had reason to hope I did; and some *suspicions* have occurred to me on this occasion, which give me inexpressible uneasiness, not to say torment.

"I must therefore beg leave to assure you, on my honour, as a gentleman, and by every thing sacred, that as I have never mentioned you in conversation but with the highest respect and gratitude, so I have never writ any thing that had a view to you, but what was perfectly honourable and well intended.

"There is a line in a late poem, viz: the '*One Epistle*,' which I presume you may have seen, that carries in it a slight raillery of Dr. Young;* but this sincerely without my approbation, and I was overborne in it, as a thing of that nature that I could not well give any offence to him or any one else: and as for the first *Ode of Horace*, which I had the honour to address to you, I hope it is not in the heart of men to conceive, that I *foresaw* and *wilfully designed the ridicule*, which I found with *grief* followed upon it; or that I could be guilty of such low and wretched disingenuity and impertinence. I am indeed utterly incapable of every thing of this sort: and I wish you, sir, nothing worse, than that the whole world may always have the same sentiments of esteem towards you that I have, and speak of you at all times as I do, and, when they *write in your praise*, be more happy in *their way of doing it*, than I was.

"It concerns me not at all how much lower I may be in your estimation as a writer, than Mr. Thomson, or any other person, further than seriously to reflect, if I do not deserve to be so, and if you do not judge truer than any other man in that regard; but whether I may be ever so happy to receive any mark of your *patronage* hereafter, or not, nothing has, nothing ever will tempt me to treat ill, or lightly, or with any paltry slyness whatever, a gentleman of your character and quality, and that has laid great obligations on me.

"Think of me, sir, as you please in every other light, no matter how meanly: but I beg you will be so just as to give me credit in what I have here said, and not suppose any thing in these or other instances which I am not capable of, even in imagination.

* Young, Thomson, Fielding, Bentley, Voltaire, Glover, Lyttleton, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Peterborough, Dr. Sharpe, &c., were among Dodington's intimate friends.

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While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
Puts his last refuge all in Heaven and prayer.
What force have pious vows! the queen of love
Her sister sends, her vot'ress, from above;
As, taught by Venus, Paris learn'd the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his grace's secretary.

"Now turn to different sports," the goddess cries,
"And learn, my sons, the wondrous power of noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish every heart,
With Shakspeare's nature, or with Jonson's art,
Let others aim: 'Tis yours to shake the soul
With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with the tolling bell:

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"It would be an uncommon satisfaction to me to know, if I were really acquitted in your thoughts; and this, sir, if you will please to *exact so severe a thing* from *me*, shall be the *last favour* I will ever request of you; and I have the honour to be, with the greatest truth and respect, sir,

"Your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

"LEON. WELSTED."

One might be tempted to suppose Pope had seen this very letter when he wrote,

"*Unlucky* Welsted, thy unfeeling master,
The more thou *ticklest*, gripes *his fist* the faster."

It should not be forgotten, that in the *first* edition, printed in London, 1729, Oldmixon is the *unfortunate tickler*. The character was afterwards given to Welsted. Welsted was originally the "diver," instead of Arnall, as it is now:

"Who brings up half the bottom on his head."

And Dennis was introduced where Oldmixon now appears:

"In naked majesty Oldmixon stands."

It must be owned that these alterations take off from the propriety of the satire; but they lead us to think Pope substituted Welsted in the place of Oldmixon, from the circumstance of his *unfortunate* misunderstanding with his patron, which this letter explains.—BOWLES.

Ver. 226. *With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl.*] The old way of making thunder and mustard were the same: but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, "S'death! that is my thunder."—*P.*

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Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
Of him whose chattering shames the monkey tribe
And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic base
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass."
Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din,
The monkey-mimics rush discordant in:
'Twas chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering all,
And Noise and Norton, Brangling and Breval,
Dennis and Dissonance, and captious Art,
And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart;
And Demonstration thin, and Theses thick,
And Major, Minor, and Conclusion quick.
"Hold!" cried the queen, "a cat-call each shall win;
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth, my brayers, and the welkin rend."
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the guild awake;
Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:
So swells each wind-pipe: ass intones to ass,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
Such as from lab'ring lungs th' enthusiast blows,
High sounds attemper'd to the vocal nose;
Or such as bellow from the deep divine;
There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and, Whitfield! thine.

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Ver. 238. *Norton.*] See ver. 415.—J. Durant Breval, author of a very extraordinary book of travels, and some poems. See before, note on ver. 126—*P.*

Ver. 258. *Webster and Whitfield.*] The one the writer of a newspaper called the *Weekly Miscellany*, the other a field-preacher. This, thought the only means of advancing religion was by the new-birth of spiritual madness: that, by the old death of fire and faggot; and, therefore, they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little sinful bigotry and enthusiasm are, while the civil magistrate prudently

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But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.
In Tot'nam fields, the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!
Long Chancery-lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford rëechoes bawl for bawl,
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

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forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it against the other.—*P.*†

Ver. 263. *Long Chancery-lane.*] The place where the offices of chancery are kept. The long detention of clients in that court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humourously allegorized in these lines.

Ver. 268. *Who sings so loudly and who sings so long.*] A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore, knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expresseth it)

"Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;"

and whose indefatigable muse produced no less than six epic poems; *Prince* and *King Arthur*, twenty books; *Eliza*, ten; *Alfred*, twelve; the *Redeemer*, six; besides *Job*, in folio; the whole book of *Psalms*; the *Creation*, seven books; *Nature of Man*, three books; and many more. It is in this sense he is styled afterwards the everlasting Blackmore. Notwithstanding all which, Mr. Gildon seems assured, that "this admirable author did not think himself upon the same foot with Homer."—*Comp. Art of Poetry*, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of *Characters of the Times!* p. 25, who says: "Sir R. Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to mistake his proper talents; and that he has not for many years been so much as named, or even thought of among writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: "Blackmore's action," saith he, "has neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor universality; and, consequently, he can have no fable, and no heroic poem: his narration is neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; his characters have none of the necessary qualification; the things contained in his narrations are neither in their own nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor rightly disposed, nor surprising, nor pathetic." Nay, he proceeds so far as to say Sir Richard has no genius; first laying down, that "genius is caused by a furious joy and pride of soul, on the conception of an extraordinary hint. Many men," says he, "have their hints, without these motions of fury and pride of soul, because they want fire enough to agitate their spirits; and these we call cold writers. Others, who have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel the fore-mentioned motions, without the extraordinary hints; and these we call fustian-writers." But he declares, "that Sir Richard had neither the hints nor the motions."—*Remarks on Prince Arthur*, octavo, 1696. *Preface.*

This gentleman, in his first works, abused the character of Mr. Dryden; and in his last, of Mr. Pope, accusing him in very high and sober terms of profaneness and immorality (*Essay on Polite Writing*, vol ii. p. 270) on a mere report from Edm. Curll, that he was the author of a travestie on the first *Psalm*. Mr. Dennis took up the same report, but with the addition of what

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
As morning prayer and flagellation end,
To where Fleet-ditch, with disemboguing streams,
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
"Here strip, my children! here at once leap in,
Here prove who best can dash through thick and thin,
And who the most in love of dirt excel,
Or dark dexterity of groping well.
Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound;

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Sir Richard had neglected, an argument to prove it; which being very curious, we shall here transcribe. "It was he who burlesqued the *Psalm of David*. It is apparent to me that psalm was burlesqued by a popish rhymester. Let rhyming persons who have been brought up Protestants be otherwise what they will, let them be rakes, let them be scoundrels, let them be atheists, yet education has made an invincible impression on them in behalf of the Sacred Writings. But a popish rhymester has been brought up with a contempt for those Sacred Writings; now show me another popish rhymester but he." This manner of argumentation is usual with Mr. Dennis; he has employed the same against Sir Richard himself, in a like charge of impiety and irreligion. "All Mr. Blackmore's celestial machines, as they cannot be defended so much as by common received opinion, so are they directly contrary to the doctrine of the Church of England; for the visible descent of an angel must be a miracle. Now, it is the doctrine of the Church of England that miracles had ceased a long time before Prince Arthur came into the world. Now, if the doctrine of the Church of England be true, as we are obliged to believe, then are all the celestial machines in *Prince Arthur* unsufferable, as wanting not only human, but divine probability. But if the machines are sufferable, that is, if they have so much as divine probability, then it follows of necessity that the doctrine of the church is false. So I leave it to every impartial clergyman to consider," &c.—*Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.—P.*

Ver. 270. *As morning prayer and flagellation end.*] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipped in Bridewell. This is to mark punctually the time of the day: Homer does it by the circumstance of the judges rising from court, or of the labourers' dinner: our author by one very proper both to the persons and the scene of his poem, which we may remember, commenced in the evening of the lord-mayor's-day. The first book passed in that night; the next morning the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-street (places inhabited by booksellers,) then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleet-ditch, and lastly through Ludgate to the city, and the temple of the goddess.—*P.*

Ver. 280. *The Weekly Journals.*] Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the *London Journal, British Journal, Daily Journal,* &c., the concealed writers of which for some time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanon, and others; persons never seen by our author.—*P.*

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A pig of lead to him who dives the best;
A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest."
In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And, Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands;

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Ver. 281. *Who dives the best.*] The idea of this game is evidently taken from Lord Dorset's fine verses on Howard. I wonder Swift in his *Rhapsody on Poetry* would venture on the same subject and idea of diving, after Pope had succeeded so well.

"For instance; when you rashly think
No rhymer can like Welsted sink,
His merits balanced, you shall find,
That Fielding leaves him far behind."
Folio, ver. 392, 1733.

Little did Swift imagine that this very Fielding would hereafter equal him in works of humour, and excel him in drawing and supporting characters, and in the artful conduct and plan of a comic epopée.—WARTON.

Ver. 282. *A peck of coals a-piece.*] Our indulgent poet, whenever he has spoken of any dirty or low work, constantly puts us in mind of the *poverty* of the offenders, as the only extenuation of such practices. Let any one but remark, when a thief, a pickpocket, a highwayman, or a knight of the post, are spoken of, how much our hate to those characters is lessened, if they add, a *needy* thief, a *poor* pickpocket, a *hungry* highwayman, a *starving* knight of the post, &c.—*P.*

Here again has Swift borrowed from his friend, on the great number of our scribblers, who, he says,

Computing by their peck of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls."

This *Rhapsody*, and the verses on his own death, are the best of Swift's poetical productions, though they cannot be called true poetry.—WARTON.

Ver. 283. *In naked majesty Oldmixon stands.*] Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient critic of our nation; an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison in his prose *Essay on Criticism*, whom also in his imitation of Bouhours (called the *Arts of Logic and Rhetoric*) he misrepresents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45, he cites the *Spectator* as abusing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it; and in p. 304, is so injurious as to suggest that Mr. Addison himself writ that *Tatler*, No. 43, which says of his own simile, that, "'Tis as great as ever entered into the mind of man."

In poetry he was not so happy as laborious, and therefore characterized by the *Tatler*, No. 62, by the name of '*Omicron, the Unborn Poet.*' Curll, *Key*, p. 13. "He writ dramatic works, and a volume of poetry, consisting of heroic epistles, &c., some whereof are very well done," saith that great judge, Mr. Jacob, in his *Lives of Poets*, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his *Essay on Criticism*, and the *Arts of Logic and Rhetoric*, he frequently reflects on our author. But the top of his character was a perverter of history, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts, in folio, and his *Critical History of England*, two volumes octavo. Being employed by Bishop Kennet, in publishing the historians in his collection, he falsified Daniel's *Chronicle* in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the first of these books, advanced a particular fact to charge three eminent persons of falsifying the Lord Clarendon's *History;* which fact has been disproved by Dr. Atterbury, late Bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falsified, produced since, after almost ninety years, in that noble author's original manuscript. He was all his life a virulent party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death.—*P.*†

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Then sighing thus: "And am I now threescore?
Ah, why, ye gods! should two and two make four?"
He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plunged downright.
The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who, but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.
Next Smedley dived; slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that closed, and oped no more.
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
Smedley in vain resounds through all the coast.
Then * essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light:

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Ver. 286. *Ah why, ye gods! should two and two make four.*] Very reasonably doth this ancient critic complain. Without doubt it was a fault in the constitution of things; for the *world*, as a great writer saith, *being given to man for a subject of disputation*, he might think himself mocked with a penurious gift, were any thing made certain. Hence those superior masters of wisdom, the *Sceptics* and *Academics*, reasonably conclude that *two and two do not make four*. SCRIBL.—*W.*

But we need not go so far, to remark what the poet principally intended, the absurdity of complaining of *old age*, which must necessarily happen, as long as we are indulged in our desires of adding one year to another.—*P.*†

Ver. 291. *Next Smedley dived.*] In the surreptious editions, this whole episode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom, if they meant the laureate, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a person dipped in scandal, and deeply immersed in dirty work; whereas Mr. Eusden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in Book i. ver. 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, a weekly *Whitehall Journal*, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called *Gulliveriana and Alexandriana*, printed in octavo, 1728.—*P.*

Ver. 295. *Then * essay'd.*] In the early editions it stood,

Then * * try'd, but hardly snatch'd from sight,
Instant buoys up, and rises into light.

Upon which is the following note:

This is an instance of the tenderness of our author. The person here intended writ an angry preface against him, grounded on a mistake, which he afterwards honourably acknowledged in another printed preface. Since when, he fell under a second mistake, and abused both him and his friend.

He is a writer of genius and spirit, though in his youth he was guilty of some pieces bordering upon bombast. Our poet here gives him a panegyric instead of a satire; being edified beyond measure at this only instance he ever met with in his life, of one who was much a poet confessing himself in an error; and has suppressed his name, as thinking him capable of a second repentance.—*P.*

In the edition of 1743, the foregoing note is omitted, and the following appears in its stead:

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He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.
  True to the bottom see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded native of the deep:
If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies:
No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.
  Next plunged a feeble, but a desperate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back;
Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.

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Ver. 295. *Then * essay'd.*] A gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom our poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party quarrels, and personal invectives.—*P.*†

Ver. 295. *Then * essay'd.*] Warton says, "Supposed to be *Hill*, but Pope denied it." Pope denied that he meant the Duke of Chandos; but Johnson speaks very decidedly, that "He was sometimes the aggressor, and, before, Chandos and Hill was meant in his retreat." That he meant Aaron Hill, there can be no doubt: see *Aaron Hill's Letters* to him on this subject, in which he, with the most manly but severe tone, calls Pope to an account, who seems to shrink before him.

Hill was too hasty in resenting it so much; for the compliment infinitely exceeds the abuse: and it is indeed a most happy image, and introduced with the greatest beauty and effect; particularly his mounting

"————Far off among the swans of Thames."

I do not know in the English language where we could find a more elegant and poetical compliment.—BOWLES.

Ver. 299. *Concanen.*] Matthew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley, one of his brethren in enmity to Swift, in his *Metamorphosis of Scriblerus*, p. 7, accuses him of "having boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him." He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the *British* and *London Journals*, and in a paper called the *Speculatist*. In a pamphlet, called a *Supplement to the Profound*, he dealt very unfairly with our poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did), but those of the Duke of Buckingham and others: to this rare piece somebody humorously caused him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi*. He was since a hired scribbler in the *Daily Courant*, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the Lord Bolingbroke, and others: after which, this man was surprisingly promoted to administer justice and laws in Jamaica.—*P.*†

Ver. 306, 307. *With each a sickly brother at his back—Sons of a day,* &c.] These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expense, were printed one on the back of another.—*P.*†

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Fast by, like Niobé (her children gone),
Sits Mother Osborne, stupified to stone!
And monumental brass this record bears,
"These are—ah, no! these were the Gazetteers!"
Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of skull,
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.

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Ver. 312. *Osborne.*] A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who, at last, being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent.—*P.*†

Ver. 314. *Gazetteers.*] We ought not to suppose that a modern critic here taxeth the poet with an anachronism, affirming these gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any such paper of that date. But we may with equal assurance assert these gazetteers not to have lived since, and challenge all the learned world to produce one such paper at this day. Surely, therefore, where the point is so obscure, our author ought not to be censured too rashly.—SCRIBL.

Notwithstanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the *Daily Gazetteer* was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash which had been before dispersed in several journals, and circulated at the public expense of the nation. The authors were the same obscure men; though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from statesmen, courtiers, bishops, deans, and doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with money; others with places or benefices, from a hundred to a thousand a-year. It appears from the *Report of the Secret Committee for inquiring into the Conduct of R. Earl of O—*, "That no less than fifty thousand seventy-seven pounds eighteen shillings were paid to authors and printers of newspapers, such as *Free Britons, Daily Courants, Corn Cutter's Journals, Gazetteers,* and other political papers, between Feb. 10, 1731, and Feb. 10, 1741." Which shows the benevolence of one minister to have expended, for the current dullness of ten years in Britain, double the sum which gained Louis XIV. so much honour, in annual pensions to learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a pension at court, nor preferment in the church or universities, of any consideration, was bestowed on any man distinguished for his learning separately from party-merit or pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the panegyrics bestowed by these writers on this grand minister, not one is at this day extant or remembered, not even so much credit done to his personal character by all they have written, as by one short occasional compliment of our author:

> "Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
> Of social pleasure, ill exchanged for power!
> Seen him uncumber'd by the venal tribe,
> Smile without art, and win without a bribe."—*P.*†

Ver. 315. *Arnall.*] William Arnall, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious party papers: then succeeded Concanen in the *British Journal.* At the first publication of the *Dunciad,* he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his predecessor's. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the temple of infamy; witness a paper called the *Free*

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Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
With all the might of gravitation bless'd.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance,
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the journals and the lead.
The plunging prelate, and his ponderous grace,
With holy envy gave one layman place.
When, lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood,
Slow rose a form, in majesty of mud,
Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze:
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares:
First he relates, how, sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the mud-nymph suck'd him in:
How young Letitia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamaté brown,
Vied for his love in jetty bowers below,
As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.
Then sung, how, shown him by the nut-brown maids,
A branch of Styx here rises from the shades;

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Briton, a dedication entitled, "*To the Genuine Blunderer*, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not indeed without cause, it appearing, by the aforesaid *Report*, that he received "for *Free Britons* and other writings, in the space of four years, no less than ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds six shillings and eight pence, out of the treasury. But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honourable patron to disavow his scurrilities.—*P.*†

Ver. 323. *The plunging prelate*, &c.] It having been invidiously insinuated that by this title was meant a truly great prelate, as respectable for his defence of the present balance of power in the civil constitution, as for his opposition to the scheme of no power at all, in the religious; I owe so much to the memory of my deceased friend as to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this insinuation, he called it vile and malicious, as any candid man, he said, might understand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very prelate in another part of the poem.

It was imagined he meant Bishop Sherlock, whom Bolingbroke attacks so violently in the *Dissertation on Parties*, for defending the measures of Sir Robert Walpole, who was Sherlock's cotemporary at Eton College, and who used to relate, that when some of the scholars, going to bathe in the Thames, stood shivering on the bank, Sherlock plunged in immediately over his head and ears.—WARTON

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That, tinctured as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting vapours from the land of dreams
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice,
Bears Pisa's offering to his Arethuse),
Pours into Thames; and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here brisker vapours o'er the Temple creep,
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.

Thence to the banks where reverend bards repose,
They led him soft; each reverend bard arose;
And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest.
"Receive," he said, "these robes which once were mine:
Dullness is sacred in a sound divine."

He ceased, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The reverend flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
Around him wide a sable army stand,
A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
Prompt or to guard or stab, to saint or damn,
Heaven's Swiss, who fight for any god, or man.

Through Lud's famed gates, along the well-known Fleet,
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street,

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Ver. 349. *And Milbourn.*] Luke Milbourn, a clergyman, the fairest of critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's *Virgil*, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the gentleman of the *Dunciad* against our author, as will be seen in the parallel of Mr. Dryden and him.—*P.*

Ver. 355. *Around him wide*, &c.] It is to be hoped, that the satire in these lines will be understood in the confined sense in which the author meant it, of such only of the clergy, who, though solemnly engaged in the service of religion, dedicate themselves for venal and corrupt ends to that of ministers or factions; and though educated under an entire ignorance of the world, aspire to interfere with the government of it, and, consequently, to disturb and disorder it; in which they fall short of their predecessors only by being invested with much less of that power and authority, which they employed indifferently (as is hinted at in the lines above) either in supporting arbitrary power, or in exciting rebellion; in canonizing the vices of tyrants, or in blackening the virtues of patriots; in corrupting religion by superstition, or betraying it by libertinism, as either was thought best to serve the ends of policy, or flatter the follies of the great.—*W.*

Ver. 359. *Lud's famed gates.*] "King Lud, repairing the city, called it after his own name, Lud's Town; the strong gate which he built in the west

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Till showers of sermons, characters, essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds, replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopp'd the goddess; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games:
"Ye critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,
I weigh what author's heaviness prevails;
Which most conduce to soothe the soul in slumbers,
My Henley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers;
Attend the trial we propose to make:
If there be man, who o'er such works can wake;
Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;
To him we grant our amplest powers, to sit
Judge of all present, past, and future wit;
To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
Full and eternal privilege of tongue."
Three college sophs. and three pert templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same:
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of poesy and prate.
The ponderous books two gentle readers bring!
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.
The clamorous crowd is hush'd with mugs of mum,
Till all, tuned equal, send a general hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone,
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose;
At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow,

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part, he likewise, for his own honour, named Ludgate. In the year 1260, this gate was beautified with images of Lud and other kings. Those images in the reign of Edward VI. had their heads smitten off, and were otherwise defaced by unadvised folks. Queen Mary did set new heads upon their old bodies again. The 28th of Queen Elizabeth, the same gate was clean taken down, and newly and beautifully builded, with images of Lud and others, as before." Stowe's *Survey of London.*—*P.*

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Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this side, now to that they nod,
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy god.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress'd
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bow'd to "Christ's no kingdom here."
Who sate the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
Slept first, the distant nodded to the hum.
Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er them lies
Each gentle clerk, and muttering seals his eyes.
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle first, and then a second makes,

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Ver. 397. *Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak.*] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea scheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent epilogues to plays, and one small piece on love, which is very pretty."—JACOB, *Lives of Poets*, vol. iii. p. 289. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation.—*P.*

Ver. 399. *Toland and Tindal.*] Two persons not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the religion of their country. Toland, the author of the atheist liturgy, called *Pantheisticon*, was a spy, in pay to Lord Oxford. Tindal was author of the *Rights of the Christian Church*, and *Christianity as old as the Creation*. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S—, which was suppressed while yet in MS. by an eminent person, then out of the ministry, to whom he showed it, expecting his approbation. This doctor afterwards published the same piece, *mutatis mutandis*, against that very person.—*P.*

Ver. 400. *Christ's no kingdom.*] This is said by Curll (*Key to Dunciad*), to allude to a sermon of a reverend bishop. But the context shows it to be meant of a famous public orator, not more remarkable for his long-winded periods, than his disaffection to ecclesiastical hierarchy, and to the doctrine that Christ's kingdom *is of this world.*—*P.*

It certainly did alludo to the famous sermon of Bishop Hoadley, whom our author disliked on account of some letters, signed Britannicus, in the *London Journal*, against Bishop Atterbury; whom also Hoadley had vigorously attacked for his false and perverse interpretation of that text in St. Paul, "If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable:" and also of a famous sermon on another ill-understood passage of Scripture, "Charity shall cover a multitude of sins:" and for his sermon before the Convocation. Atterbury, I believe, was one of the last preachers that ever injudiciously urged the authenticity of the Sybilline verses, as proofs of the coming of our Saviour. Warburton was not of Atterbury's opinion with respect to church-power. See his *Alliance.*—WARTON.

Ver. 405. *As what a Dutchman.*] It is a common and foolish mistake, that a ludicrous parody of a grave and celebrated passage, is a ridicule of that

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What Dullness dropp'd among her sons impress'd
Like motion from one circle to the rest:
So from the midmost the nutation spreads
Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.
At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale,
Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;

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passage. The reader, therefore, if he will, may call this a parody of the author's own sublime similitude in the *Essay on Man*, Epis. iv.,

"As the small pebble," &c.

but will anybody therefore suspect the one to be a ridicule of the other? A ridicule there is in every parody; but when the image is transferred from one subject to another, and the subject is not *a poem burlesqued* (which Scriblerus hopes the reader will distinguish from *a burlesqued poem*), there the ridicule falls not on the thing *imitated*, but *imitating*. Thus, for instance, when

Old King Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast;

it is, without doubt, an object ridiculous enough. But I think it falls neither on old King Edward, nor his armour; but on his *armour-bearer* only. Let this be said to explain our author's parodies (a figure that has always a good effect in a mock-epic poem) either from profane or sacred writers.—*W.*†

Ver. 411. *Centlivre.*] Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth to his majesty. She writ many plays, and a song (says Mr. Jacob, vol i. p. 32,) before she was seven years old. She also writ a ballad against Mr. Pope's *Homer*, before he began it.—*P.*

Ver. 413. *Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er.*] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c.—William Law, A. M., wrote with great zeal against the stage: Mr. Dennis answered with as great: their books were printed in 1726. Mr. Law affirmed, "The playhouse is the temple of the devil; the peculiar pleasure of the devil; where all they who go, yield to the devil; where all the laughter is a laughter among devils; and all who are there, are hearing music from the very porch of hell." To which Mr. Dennis replied, that "There is every jot as much difference between a true play, and one made by a poetaster, as between two religious books, the *Bible* and the *Alcoran*." Then he demonstrates, that "All those who had written against the stage were Jacobites and non-jurors; and did it always at a time when something was to be done for the Pretender. Mr. Collier published his *Short View*, when France declared for the Chevalier; and his *Dissuasive*, just at the great storm, when the devastation which that hurricane wrought, had amazed and astonished the minds of men, and made them obnoxious to melancholy and desponding thoughts. Mr. Law took the opportunity to attack the stage upon the great preparations he heard were making abroad, and which the Jacobites flattered themselves were designed in their favour. And as for Mr. Bedford's *Serious Remonstrance*, though I know nothing of the time of publishing, yet I dare to lay odds it was either upon the Duke d'Aumont's being at Somerset-house, or upon the late rebellion." Dennis, *Stage defended against Mr. Law*, p. ult.—*P.*

How Boyer, who was indeed a dull but useful writer, offended our author, I have never heard. But indeed most of the scribblers here proscribed, were of a rank much inferior to the writers whom Boileau thought proper to attack;

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Norton, from Daniel and Ostrœa sprung,
Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never-blushing head;
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.
Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay.
Why should I sing what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumbering visit, and convey to stews?
Who prouder march'd with magistrates in state,
To some famed round-house, ever-open gate!
How Henley lay inspired beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet
(Haunt of the muses) make their safe retreat.

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particularly Quinault, whom he so unjustly and impotently censured. It was said of Boileau, that though he made vice odious, he never made virtue amiable. Law was a melancholy enthusiast, who disguised and misrepresented true religion by dressing it up in dark, gloomy colours.—WARTON.

Ver. 414. *Morgan.*] A writer against religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompousness of his title, of a moral philosopher.—*W.*

Ver. 414. *Mandevil.*] Author of a famous book, called *The Fable of the Bees;* written to prove, that moral virtue is the invention of knaves, and Christian virtue the imposition of fools; and that vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render society flourishing and happy.—*P.*†

Ver. 415. *Norton.*] Norton De Foe, said to be the natural offspring of the famous Daniel De Foe. "Fortes creantur fortibus." One of the authors of the *Flying Post,* in which well-bred work Mr. P. had sometime the honour to be abused with his betters, and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers to which he never set his name—*P.*

Ver. 426. *And to mere mortals seem'd a priest in drink.*] This line presents us with an excellent moral, that we are never to pass judgment merely by appearance; a lesson to all men, who may happen to see a reverend person in a like situation, not to determine too rashly: since not only the poets frequently describe a bard inspired in this posture,

"On Cam's fair bank, where Chaucer lay inspired,"

and the like, but an eminent casuist tells us, that "if a priest be seen in any indecent action, we ought to account it a deception of sight, or illusion of the devil, who sometimes takes upon him the shape of holy men on purpose to cause scandal." SCRIBL.—*P.*

Ver. 427. *Fleet.*] A prison for insolvent debtors on the bank of the ditch.—*P.*

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BOOK III.

Argument.—After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the goddess transports the king to her temple, and there lays him to slumber, with his head on her lap: a position of marvellous virtue, which causeth all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad, poetical Sibyl to the Elysian shade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a mount of vision, from whence he shows him the past triumphs of the empire of Dullness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science; how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then, distinguishing the island of Great Britain, he shows by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees it shall be brought to her empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden, the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising, and unknown to the king himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject, Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be overrun with farces, operas, and shows; how the throne of Dullness shall be advanced over the theatres, and set up even at court: then how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences: giving a glimpse, or Pisgah-sight, of the future fullness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

But in her temples' last recess enclosed,
On Dullness' lap th' anointed head reposed.
Him close she curtains round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew;
Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refined from reason know.

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Ver. 5, 6, &c.] Hereby is intimated, that the following vision is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the present age, doubtless more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great geniuses in divinity, politics, and whatever arts and sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our poet's honest

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Hence from the straw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods:
Hence the fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
The air-built castle, and the golden dream,
The maid's romantic wish, the chemist's flame,
And poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The king descending, views th' Elysian shade.
A slip-shod Sibyl led his steps along,
In lofty madness meditating song;
Her tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no more.
Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows.

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meaning, he hath again, at the end of the vision, repeated this monition, saying that it all passed through the *ivory gate*, which (according to the ancients), denoteth falsity. SCRIBL.—*P.*

Ver. 15. *A slip-shod Sibyl.*] This allegory is extremely just; no conformation of the mind so much subjecting it to real madness, as that which produces real dullness. Hence we find the religious, as well as the poetical enthusiasts, of all ages, were ever, in their natural state, most heavy and lumpish; but on the least application of heat, they run like lead, which of all metals falls quickest into fusion: whereas fire, in a genius, is truly Promethean; it hurts not its constituent parts, but only fits it, as the furnace does well-tempered steel, for the necessary impressions of art. But the common people have been taught, I know not on what foundation, to regard lunacy as a mark of wit, just as the Turks, and our modern Methodists, esteem it a mark of holiness. But if the cause of madness assigned by a great philosopher be true, it will unavoidably fall upon the *dunces*. He supposes it to be the dwelling over long on one object or idea. Now, as this attention is occasioned either by grief or study, it will be fixed by dullness; which hath not quickness enough to comprehend what it seeks, nor force and vigour enough to divert the imagination from the object it laments.—*W.*

Ver. 19. *Taylor.*] John Taylor, the water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the accidence. A rare example of modesty in a poet!

> "I must confess I do want eloquence,
> And never scarce did learn my accidence;
> For having got from *possum* to *posset*,
> I there was gravel'd, could no further get."

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I., and afterwards, like Edward Ward, kept an ale-house in Long-Acre. He died in 1654.—*P.*

Ver. 21. *Benlowes.*] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets, as may be seen from many dedications of

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Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
Instant, when dipp'd, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of light,
Demand new bodies, and in calf's array,
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.

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Quarles, and others, to him. Some of these anagrammed his name, *Benlowes*, into *Benevolus;* to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them.—*P.*

Ver. 22. *And Shadwell nods the poppy,* &c.] Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692.—*P.*

Ver. 24. *Old Bavius sits.*] Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bays by our author, though not in so Christian-like a manner. For heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and detested for his evil works; *Qui Bavium non odit:* whereas we have often had occasion to observe our poet's great good nature and mercifulness through the whole course of this poem. SCRIBL.—*P.*

Mr. Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no inconsiderable author: nay, that "He and Mævius had, even in Augustus's days, a very formidable party at Rome, who thought them much superior to Virgil and Horace. For," saith he, "I cannot believe they would have fixed that eternal brand upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in more than ordinary credit."—*Rem. on Pr. Arthur,* part ii. c. 1. An argument which, if this poem should last, will conduce to the honour of the *Dunciad.*—*P.*

Ver. 28. *Brown and Mears.*] Booksellers, printers for any body. The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible.—*P.*

Ver. 34. *Ward in pillory.*] John Ward, of Hackney, Esq., member of parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the pillory on the 17th of February, 1727. Mr. Curll, having likewise stood there, looks upon the mention of such a gentleman in a satire, as a great act of barbarity.—*Key to the Dunc.,* 3d edition, p. 16. Another author reasons thus upon it.—*Durgen,* 8vo. p. 11, 12: "How unworthy is it of Christian charity to animate the rabble to abuse a worthy man in such a situation! What could move the poet thus to mention a brave sufferer, a gallant prisoner, exposed to the view of all mankind? It was laying aside his senses; it was committing a crime, for which the law is deficient not to punish him; nay, a crime which man can scarce forgive, or time efface! Nothing surely could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great lady," &c., to whom this brave, honest, worthy gentleman was guilty of no offence but forgery, proved in open court. But it is evident, this verse could not be meant of him; it being notorious, that no eggs were thrown at that

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Wondering he gazed; when, lo! a sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
(His only suit) for twice three years before:

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gentleman. Perhaps therefore it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward, the poet.—*P.*

Ver. 36. *And length of ears*] This is a sophisticated reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the copyists are mistaken here. I believe I may say the same of the critics; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welsted, have passed it in silence. I have also stumbled at it, and wondered how an error so manifest could escape such accurate persons. I dare assert it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of some transcriber, whose head ran on the pillory, mentioned two lines before; it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curll himself should overlook it! Yet that scholiast takes not the least notice hereof. That the learned Mist also read it thus, is plain from his ranging this passage among those in which our author was blamed for personal satire on a man's face (whereof doubtless he might take the ear to be a part); so likewise Concanen, Ralph, the *Flying-Post*, and all the herd of commentators.—*Tota armenta sequuntur.*

A very little sagacity (which all these gentlemen therefore wanted) will restore to us the true sense of the poet, thus:

"By his broad shoulders known, and length of *years*."

See how easy a change; of one single letter! That Mr. Settle was old, is most certain: but he was, happily, a stranger to the pillory. This note partly Mr. THEOBALD'S, partly SCRIBL.—*P.*

Ver. 37. *Settle.*] Elkanah Settle was once a writer in vogue, as well as Cibber, both for dramatic poetry and politics. Mr. Dennis tells us, "that he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, and that in the University of Cambridge there were those who gave him the preference." Mr. Welsted goes yet further in his behalf: "Poor Settle was formerly the mighty rival of Dryden; nay, for many years bore his reputation above him."—*Pref. to his Poems*, 8vo. p. 31. And Mr. Milbourn cried out, "How little was Dryden able, even when his blood ran high, to defend himself against Mr. Settle!" *Notes on Dryd. Vir.* p. 175. These are comfortable opinions, and no wonder some authors indulge them!

He was author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King Charles II. He answered all Dryden's political poems; and being cried up on one side, succeeded not a little in his tragedy of the *Empress of Morocco*, the first that was ever printed with cuts. "Upon this he grew insolent; the wits writ against his play, he replied, and the town judged he had the better. In short, Settle was then thought a very formidable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only the town, but the University of Cambridge, was divided which to prefer; and in both places the younger sort inclined to Elkanah."—DENNIS, *Pref. to Rem. on Homer.*—*W.*

Where there is no true taste to direct the judgment, as was the case when this rivalship ran high, bad poetry had a fair chance to be mistaken for, and so to be preferred to good. But where true taste has directed to the good, one would hardly think it should so far blunder as to mistake the good for better, in the same species of composition. Yet, Quintilian tells us that has happened; and even at a time when poetry was at its height in Athens; even then, he says, there were critics who preferred Philemon to Menander. "Habent tamen alii quoque Comici, et præcipue Philemon, qui ut pravis sui

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All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old, in new state, another, yet the same.
Bland and familiar, as in life, begun
Thus the great father to the greater son:
"Oh, born to see what none can see, awake!
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake!
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former, as to future fate,
What mortal knows his prëexisting state?
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?
How many Dutchmen she vouchsafed to thrid?
How many stages through old monks she rid?
And all who since, in mild benighted days,
Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.
As man's meanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
For this, our queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.
"Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands:

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temporis judiciis Menandro sæpe prælatus est, ita consensu omnium meruit credi secundus." This would be scarce credible, had we not seen, in our own times, fastidious critics, of true taste, prefer Dryden to Pope; though the former is certainly as inferior to the latter, as Quintilian thought Philemon was to Menander.—*W.*†

Ver. 50. *Might from Bœotian*, &c.] Bœotia lay under the ridicule of the wits formerly, as Ireland does now: though it produced one of the greatest poets and one of the greatest generals of Greece:

"Bœotum crasso jurares aere natum." HORAT.—*P.*

Ver 67. *Ascend this hill*, &c.] The scenes of this vision are remarkable

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See, round the poles, where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke, beneath the burning line,
(Earth's wide extremes,) her sable flag display'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!
"Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
And orient science their bright course begun:
One godlike monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds;
Heavens! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.
"Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes,
There rival flames with equal glory rise:
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their physic of the soul.

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for the order of their appearance. First, from ver. 67 to 73, those places of the globe are shown where Science never rose; then, from ver. 74 to 83, those where she was destroyed by tyranny; from ver. 85 to 95, by inundations of Barbarians; from ver. 96 to 106, by Superstition. Then Rome, the mistress of arts, is described in her degeneracy; and lastly Britain, the scene of the action of the poem: which furnishes the occasion of drawing out the progeny of Dullness in review.—*W.*

It cannot be believed that our author ever dreamt of the order, which the learned remarker has supposed to be observed in this vision. This note is precisely in the style and manner of a forced and refined conceit of another eminent prelate, the good Bishop of Thessalonica, Eustathius: "Aurora was in love with Orion, who was a great hunter;" by which it was hinted that the morning was the most favourable time for hunting.—WARTON.

Ver. 73. *Far eastward, &c.*] In the former edition,

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the sun
And orient science *at a birth* begun.

But as this was thought to contradict that line of the introduction,

In oldest times, ere mortals writ or read,

which supposes the sun and science did not set out together, it was altered to "their bright course begun." But this slip, as usual, escaped the gentlemen of the *Dunciad.*—*W.*†

Ver. 76. *He, whose long wall.*] Other nations, says Voltaire, fortify their towns; the Chinese fortified their empire. The great wall which separated and defended China against the Tartars, and which was built an hundred and thirty-seven years before our era, subsists to this day, on a circumference of five hundred leagues, rising on the tops of mountains, and descending down into precipices, being almost every where twenty feet broad, and above thirty feet high; a monument superior to the pyramids of Egypt, both by its utility and its immensity.—WARTON.

Ver 81, 82. The caliph, Omar I. having conquered Egypt, caused his general to burn the Ptolemean library, on the gates of which was this inscription in Greek: ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ—THE PHYSIC OF THE SOUL.

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"How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from hyperborean skies
Embodied dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanaïs through a waste of snows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!
See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
Of Genseric; and Atilla's dread name!
See, the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
See, the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore),
His conquering tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving ignorance enthrones by laws:
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep.
"Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore:

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Ver. 85. *From hyperborean skies.*] The Roman, like other great empires, having degraded, debased, and destroyed a great part of the human species, about the fourth century, there rushed forth from the north prodigious swarms of warlike nations, from regions unknown, to take vengeance on those tyrants, for the various calamities they had inflicted on mankind. Their mighty armies could not have been conducted, nor could their victories have been so important, without more skill, and address, and knowledge, than they are commonly represented to have possessed. When the Goths, it is said, had sacked Athens, and were going to set fire to its libraries, one of their chiefs dissuaded them from the design, by observing to them, that as long as the Greeks were addicted to the study of books, they would never apply themselves to the exercise of arms.—WARTON.

Ver. 96. *The soil that arts and infant letters bore.*] Phœnicia, Syria &c., where letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests.—*P.*

Ver. 102. *Thundering against heathen lore.*] A strong instance of this pious rage is placed to Pope Gregory's account. John of Salisbury gives a very odd encomium of this pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strongest effects of this excess of zeal in him. "Doctor sanctissimus ille Gregorius qui melleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit et inebriavit ecclesiam; non modo mathesin jussit ab aula, sed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probatæ lectionis scripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo?" And in another place: "Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combussisse gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ gratior esset locus, et major authoritas, et diligentia stu-

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Her gray-hair'd synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And ev'n th' antipodes Virgilius mourn.
See, the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods!
Streets paved with heroes, Tiber choked with gods:
Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn;
See graceless Venus to a virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.
"Behold yon isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and piebald, linsey-woolsey brothers,
Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.
In peace, great goddess, ever be adored;
How keen the war, if Dullness draw the sword!
Thus visit not thy own! on this bless'd age,
Oh, spread thy influence, but restrain thy rage!

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diosior." Desiderius, Archbishop of Vienna, was sharply reproved by him for teaching grammar and literature, and explaining the poets: because (says this pope) "In uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus, Christi laudes non capiunt: et quam grave nefandumque sit episcopis canere quod nec Laico religioso conveniat, ipse considera." He is said, among the rest, to have burned Livy: "Quia in superstitionibus et sacris Romanorum perpetuò versatur." The same pope is accused by Vossius, and others, of having caused the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be destroyed, lest those who came to Rome should give more attention to triumphal arches, &c., than to holy things. Bayle, *Dict.*—*P.*

Ver. 104. *And Bacon trembling.*] Trembling, lest that awful tribunal, which condemned his philosophy unread, should give credit to the foolish stories of his magic, and the tricks with his brazen head.—*W.*†

Ver. 109. *Till Peter's keys some christen'd Jove adorns.*] After the government of Rome devolved to the popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen temples and statues, so that the Goths scarce destroyed more monuments of antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the temples, by converting them to churches; and some of statues by modifying them into images of saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the lyre easily became a harp, and the Gorgon's head turned to that of Holofernes.—*P.*

Ver. 117, 118. *Happy! had Easter never been.*] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter.—*P.*

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"And see, my son! the hour is on its way
That lifts our goddess to imperial sway;
This favourite isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like she gathers to her wings again.
Now look through fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold and count them, as they rise to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the bless'd abode,
A hundred sons, and every son a god:
Not with less glory mighty Dullness crown'd,
Shall take through Grub-street her triumphant round;
And, her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce.
"Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
And thrusts his person full into your face.
With all thy father's virtues bless'd, be born!
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.
"A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another D'Urfey, Ward! shall sing in thee:
Thee shall each ale-house, thee each gill-house mourn,
And answering gin-shops sourer sighs return.
Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe;
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law.

VARIATION.—Ver. 149. In the first edition it was:

Woolston, the scourge of Scripture, mark with awe!
And mighty Jacob, blunderbuss of law!—*W.*†

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Ver. 126. *Dove-like, she gathers.*] This is fulfilled in the fourth book.—*P.*†

Ver. 128. *What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!*] i. e. Of poets, antiquaries, critics, divines, freethinkers. But as this revolution is only here set on foot by the first of these classes, the poets, they only properly fall under the care and review of this colleague of Dullness, the laureate. The others, who finish the great work, are reserved for the fourth book, where the goddess herself appears in full glory.—*W.*

Ver. 149. *Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe.*] This gen-

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Lo, Popple's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.
Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.
Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:

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tleman is son of a considerable maltster of Romsey in Southamptonshire, and bred to the law under a very eminent attorney, who, through his more laborious studies, has diverted himself with poetry. He is a great admirer of poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius in that way. He has writ in prose the *Lives of the Poets, Essays*, and a great many law books, *The Accomplished Conveyancer, Modern Justice*, &c.—GILES JACOB of himself, *Lives of Poets*, vol. i. He very grossly, and unprovoked, abused in that book the author's friend, Mr. Gay.—*P.*

Ver. 149, 150.

Jacob, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe;
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of law.]

There may seem some error in these verses, Mr. Jacob having proved our author to have a respect for him, by this undeniable argument: "He had once a regard for my judgment; otherwise he would never have subscribed two guineas to me, for one small book in octavo."—Jacob's letter to Dennis, printed in Dennis's *Remarks on the Dunciad*, p. 49. Therefore, I should think the appellation of blunderbuss to Mr. Jacob, like that of thunderbolt to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Mr. Dennis argues the same way: "My writings having made great impression on the minds of all sensible men, Mr. P. repented, and to give proof of his repentance, subscribed to my two volumes of *Select Works*, and afterwards to my two volumes of *Letters*."—Ibid. p. 80. We should hence believe, the name of Mr. Dennis hath also crept into this poem by some mistake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou mayest beware, when thou givest thy money to such authors, not to flatter thyself that thy motives are good nature or charity.—*P.*†

Ver. 151. Popple was the author of some vile plays and pamphlets. He published abuses on our author in a paper called the *Prompter*.—*P.*†

Ver. 152. *Horneck and Roome.*] These two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, since, after the publishing of this piece, the former dying, the latter succeeded him in honour and employment. The first was Philip Horneck, author of a Billingsgate paper, called the *High German Doctor*. Edward Roome was son of an undertaker for funerals in Fleet-street, and writ some of the papers called *Pasquin*, where, by malicious inuendoes, he endeavoured to represent our author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of parliament. On this man was made the following epigram:

"You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes?
Yet, if he writes, is dull as other folks!
You wonder at it—This, sir, is the case,
The jest is lost unless he prints his face."—*P.*

Ver. 153. *Goode.*] An ill-natured critic, who writ a satire on our author, called the *Mock Æsop*, and many anonymous libels in newspapers for hire.—*P.*

Ver. 156. *Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass.*] There were several successions of these sort of minor poets at Tunbridge, Bath, &c., singing the praise of the annuals flourishing for that season; whose names, indeed, would be nameless, and, therefore, the poet slurs them over with others in general.—*P.*†

Each songster, riddler, every nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
Some strain in rhyme; the muses, on their racks,
Scream, like the winding of ten thousand jacks;
Some, free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curll.
"Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous—Answer him, ye owls!
"Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way,—and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, beer,
Though stale, not ripe; though thin, yet never clear;

VARIATIONS.—155, 156, are added since the first edition.

Ver. 157. *Each songster, riddler,* &c.] In the former edition:

Lo Bond and Foxton, every nameless name.

After 158, in the first edition, followed,

How proud, how pale, how earnest all appear!
How rhymes eternal jingle in their ear!

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Ver. 165. *Ralph.*] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing piece, called *Sawney*, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines allude to a thing of his own, entitled *Night*, a poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the *Journals*, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that author's account of English poets, printed in a London *Journal*, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled, and replied, "Shakespeare writ without rules."—*P.* He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnall, and received a small pittance for pay; and being detected in writing on both sides on one and the same day, he publicly justified the morality of his conduct.—*P* †

Ver. 169. *Flow, Welsted,* &c.] Of this author, see the remark on Book ii. v. 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him:

"Mr. Welsted had, in his youth, raised so great expectations of his future genius, that there was a kind of struggle between the most eminent of the two universities, which should have the honour of his education. To compound this, he (civilly) became a member of both, and after having passed some time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the darling expectation of all the polite writers, whose encouragement he acknowledged in his occasional poems, in a manner that

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So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, though not full.
"Ah, Dennis! Gildon, ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barbarous civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore.
"Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind!

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will make no small part of the fame of his protectors. It also appears from his works, that he was happy in the patronage of the most illustrious characters of the present age. Encouraged by such a combination in his favour, he published a book of poems, some in the Ovidian, some in the Horatian manner; in both which the most exquisite judges pronounce he even rivalled his masters. —His love-verses have rescued that way of writing from contempt. In his translations, he has given us the very soul and spirit of his author. His *Ode*—his *Epistle*—his *Verses*—his *Love-tale*—all, are the most perfect things in all poetry."—WELSTED of himself, *Char. of the Times*, 8vo. 1728, pp. 23, 24.—*P.* It should not be forgot to his honour, that he received at one time the sum of five hundred pounds for secret service, among the other excellent authors hired to write anonymously for the ministry. See Report of the secret Committee, &c., in 1742.—*P.*†

Ver. 173. *Ah, Dennis,* &c.] The reader who has seen, through the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr. Dennis paid our author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mentioned but twice, and so slightly touched, in this poem. But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) set his name to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself, in Mr. *Jacob's Lives*, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr. D'Urfey, who hitherto, of all our poets, enjoyed the longest bodily life.—*P.*†

Ver. 173. *Ah, Dennis! Gildon, ah!*] These men became the public scorn by a mere mistake of their talents. They would needs turn critic of their own country writers (just as Aristotle and Longinus did theirs), and discourse upon the beauties and defects of composition:

> "How parts relate to parts, and they to whole;
> The body's harmony, the beaming soul."

Whereas, had they followed the example of those microscopes of wit, Kuster, Wasse, Burman, and their followers, in verbal criticism on the learned languages, their acuteness and industry might have raised them a name equal to the most famous scholiasts.—*W.*†

Ver. 179. *Behold yon pair,* &c.] One of these was author of a weekly paper, called *The Grumbler*, as the other was concerned in another, called *Pasquin*, in which Mr. Pope was abused with the Duke of Buckingham and Bishop of Rochester. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the *Iliad*, entitled *Homerides*, by Sir Iliad Doggerel, printed 1715.

Of the other works of these gentlemen the world has heard no more than it would of Mr. Pope's, had their united laudable endeavours discouraged him

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Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a pasquin, that a grumbler write:
Like are their merits, like rewards they share:
That, shines a consul; this, commissioner."
"But who is he, in closet close y-pent,
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.

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from pursuing his studies. How few good works had ever appeared (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such champions to stifle them in their conception! And were it not better for the public, that a million of monsters should come into the world, which are sure to die as soon as born, than that the serpents should strangle one Hercules in his cradle?

The union of these two authors gave occasion to this epigram:

"Burnet and Duckit, friends in spite,
Came hissing out in verse;
Both were so forward, each would write—
So dull, each hung an a—.
Thus Amphisbæna (I have read)
At either end assails;
None knows which leads or which is led,
For both heads are but tails."

After many editions of this poem, the author thought fit to omit the names of these two persons, whose injury to him was of so old a date.—*P.*

Ver. 184. *That, shines a consul; this, commissioner.*] Such places were given at this time to such sort of writers.—*P.*†

Ver. 187. *Arede.*] *Read*, or *peruse;* though sometimes used for *counsel.* "READE THY READ, *take thy counsaile.* Thomas Sternhold, in his translation of the first Psalm into English metre, hath wisely made use of this word:

The man is blest that hath not bent
To wicked READ his ear.

But in the last spurious editions of the singing Psalms, the word READ is changed into *men.* I say spurious editions, because not only here, but quite throughout the whole book of Psalms, are strange alterations, all for the worse, and yet the title-page stands as it used to do! and all (which is abominable in any book, much more in a sacred work) is ascribed to Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others. I am confident, were Sternhold and Hopkins now living, they would proceed against the innovators as cheats. A liberty, which, to say no more of their intolerable alterations, ought by no means to be permitted or approved of by such as are for uniformity, and have any regard for the old English Saxon tongue."—HEARNE, *Gloss. on Rob. of Gloc. artic. Rede.*

I do herein agree with Mr. Hearne. Little is it of avail to object that such words are become unintelligible; since they are truly English, men ought to understand them; and such as are for uniformity should think all alterations in a language strange, abominable, and unwarrantable. Rightly, therefore, I say again, hath our poet used ancient words, and poured them forth as a precious ointment upon good old Wormius in this place. SCRIBL.—*P.*

Ver. 187. *Myster wight.*] Uncouth mortal.—*P.*

Ver. 188. *Wormius hight.*] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned Olaus Wormius; much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own antiquary, Mr. Thomas

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To future ages may thy dullness last,
As thou preserv'st the dullness of the past!
"There dim in clouds the poring scholiasts mark,
Wits who, like owls, see only in the dark;
A lumber-house of books in every head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
"But, where each science lifts its modern type,
Hist'ry her pot, Divinity his pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.

VARIATION.—Ver. 197. In the first edition it was:

And proud Philosophy with breeches tore,
And English music with a dismal score.
Fast by, in darkness papable inshrined,
W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind.—*W.*†

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Hearne, who had no way aggrieved our poet, but, on the contrary, published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused.

Most rightly are ancient words here employed in speaking of such who so greatly delight in the same. We may say not only rightly, but wisely, yea, excellently, inasmuch as for the like practice the like praise is given to Hopkins and Sternhold by Mr. Hearne himself. *Glossar. to Rob. of Glocester, artic. Behett:* "Others say, *behight*, promised; and so it is used excellently well by Thomas Norton, in his translation into metre of the cxvith Psalm ver. 14.

I to the Lord will pay my vows,
That I to him BEHIGHT;

where the modern innovators, not understanding the propriety of the word (which is truly English, from the Saxon), have most unwarrantably altered it thus:

I to the Lord will pay my vows,
With joy and *great delight.*"—*P.*

Ver. 199. *Lo! Henley stands*, &c.] J. Henley, the orator; he preached on the Sundays upon theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the great persons, and occasionally did our author that honour. Welsted, in *Oratory Transactions*, No. 1, published by Henley himself, gives the following account of him: "He was born in Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire. From his own parish-school he went to St. John's College, in Cambridge. He began there to be uneasy; for it shocked him to find he was commanded to believe against his own judgment in points of religion, philosophy, &c., for his genius leading him freely to dispute all propositions, and call all points to account, he was impatient under those fetters of the free-born mind. Being admitted to priest's orders, he found the examination very short and superficial, and that it was not necessary to conform to the Christian

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How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson, preach in vain.
Oh, great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once, and zany of thy age!
Oh, worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
But fate with butchers placed thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith, to murder, hack, and maul;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.
"Yet oh, my sons! a father's words attend
(So may the fates preserve the ears you lend):

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religion, in order either to deaconship or priesthood. He came to town, and after having for some years been a writer for booksellers, he had an ambition to be so for ministers of state. The only reason he did not rise in the church, we are told, "was the envy of others, and a disrelish entertained of him, because he was not qualified to be a complete spaniel." However, he offered the service of his pen to two great men, of opinions and interests directly opposite; by both of whom being rejected, he set up a new project, and styled himself the Restorer of ancient Eloquence. He thought "it as lawful to take a license from the king and parliament in one place, as another; at Hicks's Hall, as at Doctors' Commons: so set up his oratory in Newport-market, Butcher-row. There," says his friend, "he had the assurance to form a plan, which no mortal ever thought of; he had success against all opposition; challenged his adversaries to fair disputations, and none would dispute with him; writ, read, and studied twelve hours a day; composed three dissertations a-week on all subjects; undertook to teach in one year what schools and universities teach in five; was not terrified by menaces, insults, or satires, but still proceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put the church, and all that, in danger."—WELSTED, *Narrative in Oratory Transact.* No. 1.

After having stood some prosecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonery upon all public and private occurrences. All this passed in the same room, where sometimes he broke jests, and sometimes that bread which he called the primitive eucharist. This wonderful person struck medals, which he dispersed as tickets to his subscribers; the device, a star rising to the meridian, with this motto, AD SUMMA: and below, INVENIAM VIAM AUT FACIAM. This man had a hundred pounds a-year given him for the secret service of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonsense, called the *Hyp-Doctor.*—*P.*†

Ver. 204. *Sherlock, Hare, Gibson.*] Bishops of Salisbury, Colchester, and London; whose sermons and pastoral letters did honour to their country as well as stations.—*W.*

Ver. 212. *Of Toland and Tindal,* see Book ii.] Thomas Woolston was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the miracles of the Gospel, in the year 1726, &c —*P.*

Ver. 213. *Yet oh, my sons,* &c.] The caution against blasphemy here given by a departed son of Dullness to his yet existing brethren, is, as the

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'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But, oh! with One, immortal One, dispense,
The source of Newton's light, of Bacon's sense.
Content each emanation of his fires,
That beams on earth, each virtue he inspires,
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.
Persist, by all divine in man unawed,
But learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God."
Thus he; for then a ray of reason stole
Half through the solid darkness of his soul,
But soon the cloud return'd, and thus the sire:
"See now, what Dullness and her sons admire!
See what the charms, that smite the simple heart,
Not touch'd by nature, and not reach'd by art."
His never-blushing head he turn'd aside,
Not half so pleased when Goodman prophesied;

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poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderness to the ears of others, but their own. And so we see that, when that danger is removed, on the open establishment of the goddess in the fourth book, she encourages her sons, and they beg assistance to pollute the source of light itself, with the same virulence they had before done the purest emanations from it.—*W.*

Ver. 224. *But, learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.*] The hardest lesson a Dunce can learn. For being bred to scorn what he does not understand, that which he understands least, he will be apt to scorn most. Of which, to the disgrace of all government, and, in the poet's opinion, even that of Dullness herself, we have had a late example, in a book entitled *Philosophical Essays concerning Human Understanding.*—*W.*†

This striking passage is perhaps the only one in the whole poem that is not ironical. The offence of those who attempt to destroy the foundations of religion and morality by impugning the Being, Attributes, and Providence of God, being too heinous to be left to the correction of ridicule; and it is therefore here subjected to the most severe and serious reprehension. It may, perhaps, appear improper that such a sentiment should be supposed to proceed from a professed Dunce; but this, it may be observed, gives great additional strength to the passage; as it implies that this great truth is so manifest as irresistibly to impress itself on the mind of every one not wholly deprived of reason. The glimpse, however, was not of long duration, for we find that although

A ray of reason stole
Half through the solid darkness of his soul,
Yet soon the cloud return'd———

Warton thinks that the four lines commencing, ver. 219, "*Content each emanation,*" &c., are "perhaps the most obscure of any part of our poet's writings," and Mr. Bowles has undertaken to explain them in a note, not so clear as the lines themselves

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And look'd, and saw a sable sorc'rer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war.
Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth;
Gods, imps, and monsters—music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.
Thence a new world, to nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own;
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast egg produces human race.
Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought:
"What pow'r," he cries, "what pow'r these wonders wro't?"
"Son, what thou seek'st is in thee! Look, and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet would'st thou more? in yonder cloud behold,
Whose sarsenet skirts are edged with flaming gold,
A matchless youth! his nod these worlds controls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.

REMARKS.

Ver. 232. *Not half so pleased when Goodman prophesied.*] Mr. Cibber tells us, in his *Life*, p. 149, that Goodman being at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the shoulder, and cried, "If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d—d." "And," says Mr. Cibber, "I make it a a question, whether Alexander himself, or Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their first victorious armies, could feel a greater transport in their bosoms than I did in mine."—*P.*†

Ver. 233. *A sable sorc'rer.*] Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both play-houses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagances in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.—*P.*

Ver. 237. *Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth.*] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's *Rape of Proserpine.* —*P.*

Ver. 248. *Lo! one vast egg.*] In another of these farces, Harlequin is hatched upon the stage, out of a large egg.

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Angel of Dullness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
"Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their lights, and sets their flames on fire.
Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease
'Midst snows of paper, and fierce hail of peas;
And, proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
"But, lo! to dark encounter in mid air,
New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrined;
On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
Contending theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

REMARKS.

Ver. 261. *Immortal Rich.*] Mr. John Rich, master of the theatre-royal in Covent-garden, was the first that excelled this way.—*P.*

To this gentleman's wonder-working exhibitions, Fenton thus refers in his Prologue to Southerne's *Spartan Dame:*

"We hoped that Art and Genius had secured you;
But soon facetious Harlequin allured you:
The Muses blush'd to see their friends exulting
Those elegant delights of jig and vaulting."

"While we were acting," says Cibber, somewhere in his *Life*, "the best plays in the language to empty houses, Rich, with his raree-shows, was drawing the whole town after him."—WAKEFIELD.

Ver. 266. *I see my Cibber there.*] The history of the foregoing absurdities is verified by himself, in these words, (*Life*, chap. xv.) "Then sprung forth that succession of monstrous medleys that have so long infested the stage, which arose one upon another alternately at both houses, outvieing each other in expense." He then proceeds to excuse his own part in them, as follows: "If I am asked, why I assented? I have no better excuse for my error than to confess I did it against my conscience, and had not virtue enough to starve. Had Henry IV. of France a better for changing his religion? I was still, in my heart, as much as he could be, on the side of truth and sense: but with this difference, that I had their leave to quit them when they could not support me. But let the question go which way it will, Harry IV. has always been allowed a great man." This must be confessed a full answer: only the question still seems to be, first, How the doing a thing against one's conscience is an excuse for it? and, secondly, It will be hard to prove how he got the leave of truth and sense to quit their service, unless he can produce a certificate that he was ever in it.—*P.*†

Ver. 266, 267.] Booth and Cibber were joint managers of the theatre in Drury-lane.—*P.*

Ver. 268. *On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.*] In his letter to Mr. P., Mr. C. solemnly declares this not to be literally true. We hope, therefore, the reader will understand it allegorically only.—*P.*†

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"And are these wonders, son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.
These fate reserved to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but, ah! withheld from mine.
In Lud's old walls though long I ruled, renown'd
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
Though my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praise,
Their full-fed heroes, their pacific mayors,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
Though long my party built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphlets, and for roasting popes:

VARIATIONS.—After 274, in the former edition, followed:

"For works like these let deathless Journals tell,
None but thyself can be thy parallel."—*W.*†

VAR. *None but thyself can be thy parallel.*] A marvellous line of Theobald; unless the play called the *Double Falsehood* be (as he would have it believed) Shakspeare's: but whether this line be his or not, he proves Shakspeare to have written as bad, which methinks in an author for whom he has a veneration almost rising to idolatry, might have been concealed, as, for example:

"Try what repentance can: what can it not?
But what can it when one cannot repent?
—For cogitation
Resides not in the man who does not think," &c.—*Mist's Journal.*

It is granted they are all of a piece, and no man doubts but herein he is able to imitate Shakspeare.

After ver. 284, in the former edition, followed:

(Different our parties, but with equal grace
The goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race;
'Tis the same rope at different ends they twist;
To Dullness, Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)

George Ridpath, author for several years of the *Flying-post*, a Whig paper; Nathaniel Mist, publisher of the *Weekly Journal*, a Tory paper.—*P.*

REMARKS.

Ver. 282. *Annual trophies*, on the lord-mayor's-day; and monthly wars in the artillery ground.—*P.*

Ver. 283. *Though long my party.*] Settle, like most party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the character of a popish successor, but afterwards printed his narrative on the other side. He had managed the ceremony of a famous pope-burning, on Nov. 17, 1680; then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hounslow-heath. After the revolution, he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called *St. George for England*, he acted in his old age, in

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Yet, lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduced at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it, Heaven! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Should wag a serpent's-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy poet sticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carried off in some dog's tail at last.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dullness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness shall never stray,
But lick up every blockhead in the way.
Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste,
And every year be duller than the last,
Till raised from booths, to theatre, to court,
Her seat imperial Dullness shall transport.
Already opera prepares the way,
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway;
Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
The third mad passion of thy doting age.

VARIATION.—Ver. 295. *Safe in its heaviness*, &c.] In the former edition:

Too safe in inborn heaviness to stray,
And lick up every blockhead in the way.
Thy dragons, magistrates and peers shall taste,
And from each show rise duller than the last;
Till raised from booths, &c.—*W.*†

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a dragon of green leather of his own invention; he was at last taken into the Charter-house, and there died, aged sixty years.—*P.*

Ver. 297. *Thee shall the patriot, thee the courtier taste.*] It stood in the first edition with blanks, * * and * *. Concanen was sure "they must needs mean nobody but King George and Queen Caroline; and said he would insist it was so, till the poet cleared himself by filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the context, and consistent with his *allegiance*." *Pref.* to a collection of *Verses, Letters*, &c. against Mr. P., printed for A. Moore, p. 6.—*P.*

Ver 301. *Already opera.*] The Italian opera is said to owe its origin to a sacred drama, entitled, *Conversione di S. Paolo*, set to music by Francesco Beverini, a most celebrated composer at that time, and represented before Cardinal Riario, nephew to Pope Sixtus IV. in the carnival season of 1480. This was followed by another at the carnival at Venice, 1485. But in this latter drama was a mixture of comic characters, lawyers, physicians, ladies, servants, merchants, &c., though on a serious subject, and entitled, *La Verità Rammga*.—WARTON.

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Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before!
To aid our cause, if heaven thou canst not bend,
Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend:
Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine.
Grub-street! thy fall should men and gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, insure it but from fire;
Another Æschylus appears! prepare,
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,
While opening hell spouts wild-fire at your head.
"Now, Bavius! take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here, all ye heroes, bow!
"This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times.
Signs following signs lead on the mighty year;
See! the dull stars roll round and reappear.
See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
Our Midas sits lord chancellor of plays!

VARIATION.—Ver. 323. *See, see, our own,* &c.] In the former edition:

Beneath his reign, shall Eusden wear the bays,
Cibber preside lord chancellor of plays,

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Ver. 305. ***Polypheme.***] He translated the Italian opera of ***Polifemo;*** but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story. The Cyclop asks Ulysses his name, who tells him his name is Noman. After his eye is put out, he roars and calls the brother Cyclops to his aid. They inquire who has hurt him? he answers Noman; whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious translator made Ulysses answer, I take no name; whereby all that followed became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr. Cibber, who values himself on subscribing to the English translation of Homer's *Iliad*, had not that merit with respect to the *Odyssey*, or he might have been better instructed in the Greek pun-ology.—*P.*†

Ver. 308, 309. *Faustus, Pluto,* &c.] Names of miserable farces, which it was the custom to act at the end of the best tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.—*P.*

Ver. 312. *Insure it but from fire.*] In Tibbald's farce of ***Proserpine,*** a cornfield was set on fire; whereupon the other play-house had a barn burned down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rivalled each other in showing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Faustus.—*P.*

Ver. 313. *Another Æschylus appears!*] It is reported of *Æschylus*, that when his tragedy of the *Furies* was acted, the audience were so terrified, that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried.—*P.*

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On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ!
Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for wit!

VARIATION CONTINUED.

Benson sole judge of architecture sit,
And Namby Pamby be preferr'd to wit!
I see th' unfinish'd dormitory wall,
I see the Savoy totter to her fall;
Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy doom:
And Pope's, translating three whole years with Broome.
Proceed, great days, &c.—*W.*†

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Ver, 325. *On poets' tombs, see Benson's titles writ!*] W—m Benson, surveyor of the buildings to his majesty King George I., gave in a report to the lords, that their House and the Painted Chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the king against Benson, for such a misrepresentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then secretary, gave them an assurance that his majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been architect to the crown for above fifty years, who had built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.—*P.*

Ver. 325. Auditor Benson erected a monument to Milton in Westminster Abbey, in the year 1737, on which his own name is inscribed as the founder. Concerning him, see Pennant's *London*, p. 381, 2d edition.—WAKEFIELD.

Ver. 326. *Ambrose Philips.*] "He was," saith Mr. Jacob, "one of the wits at Button's, and a justice of the peace." But he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland; and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's *Complete Art of Poetry*, vol. i. p. 157. Indeed, he confesses, "he dares not set him quite on the same foot with Virgil, lest it should seem flattery; but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford him a greater esteem than he at present enjoys." He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our author and Mr. Addison, whom also, soon after, he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr. P. was an enemy to the government; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party-paper called the *Examiner;* a falsehood well known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.—*P.*

He proceeded to grosser insults, says Dr. Johnson, and hung up a rod at Button's, with which he threatened to chastise Pope, who appears to be extremely exasperated. It was an honour to Philips to be joined with so excellent a prelate as Dr. Boulter in writing the *Free-thinker;* who, when he was made primate of Ireland, did not forget the companion of his labours, but took him to Ireland as partaker of his fortune; and making him his secretary, added such preferments as enabled him to represent the county of Armagh in parliament.—WARTON.

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See, under Ripley, rise a new Whitehall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall;
While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
Gay dies unpension'd, with a hundred friends; 330

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Ver. 328. *While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall.*] At the time when this poem was written, the banqueting-house of Whitehall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerset-house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden church had been just then restored and beautified, at the expense of the Earl of Burlington; who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of architecture in this kingdom.—*P.*

Ver. 329. *While Wren.*] "The length of his life enriched the reigns of several princes, and disgraced the last of them. A variety of knowledge proclaims the universality, a multiplicity of works the abundance, St. Paul's the greatness, of Sir Christopher's genius. The noblest temple, the largest works of the same hand. He restored London, and recorded its fall. In 1680 he was chosen president of the Royal Society; was in two parliaments; was twice married; had two sons and a daughter; and died in 1723, at the age of ninety-one, having lived to see the completion of St. Paul's; a fabric, and an event, which one cannot wonder left such an impression of content on the mind of the good old man, that, being carried to see it once a-year, it seemed to recall a memory that was almost deadened to every other use. He was buried under his own fabric, with four words that comprehend his merit and his fame: 'Si quæras monumentum, circumspice!'"—WALPOLE.

Ver. 330. *Gay dies unpension'd, &c.*] See Mr. Gay's fable of the *Hare and many Friends.* This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success, the *Shepherd's Week*, *Trivia*, the *What-d'ye-call-it*, *Fables:* and lastly, the celebrated *Beggar's Opera;* a piece of satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble. That verse of Horace,

"Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,"

could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible. What is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy, hardly came up to it. Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together. It was at last acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written; books of letters and verses to her published; and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the nobility and people, which the great critic Mr Dennis, by the labours and outcries of a

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Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.
"Proceed, great days! till learning fly the shore,
Till birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,

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whole life, could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.—P.*

The Duchess of Queensberry was forbid to appear at court, on account of her patronizing Mr. Gay, on which occasion she sent the following reply to King George II.:

"Thursday, Feb. 27, 1728.

"That the Duchess of Queensberry is surprised, and well pleased, that the king hath given her so agreeable a command as to stay from court, where she never came for diversion, but to bestow a great civility upon the king and queen. She hopes by such an unprecedented order as this, that the king will see as few as he wishes at his court (particularly such as dare think or speak the truth). I dare not do otherwise, and ought not; nor could I have imagined that it would not have been the highest compliment that I could possibly pay the king, to endeavour to support truth and innocence in his house; particularly when the king and queen had both told me they had not read Mr. Gay's play. I have certainly done right then to stand to my own word, rather than his Grace of Grafton's, who hath neither made use of truth, judgment, or honour, through this whole affair, either for himself or his friends.

"C. QUEENSBERRY."

What follows was written by her grace at the bottom of the copies of the above answer, which she gave to her particular friends:

"This is the answer I gave in writing to the vice chamberlain to read to the king, in answer to the message he brought me from the king, to refrain coming to court."—WARTON.

Ver. 332. *And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate!*] The author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the *Iliad* in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The edition of *Shakspeare* (which he undertook merely because nobody else would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the scenery, &c. And the translation of half the *Odyssey* employed him from that time to 1725.—*P.*†

Ver. 333. *Proceed, great days!* &c.] It may, perhaps, seem incredible, that so great a revolution in learning as is here prophesied, should be brought about by such weak instruments as have been [hitherto] described in our poem: but do not thou, gentle reader, rest too secure in thy contempt of these instruments. Remember what the Dutch stories somewhere relate, that a great part of their provinces was once overflowed, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single water-rat.

However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the diligence of our schools, from the regularity of our universities, the discernment of our great men, the accomplishments of our nobility, the encouragement of our patrons, and the genius of our writers

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Till Isis' elders reel, their pupils sport,
And *alma mater* lie dissolved in port!"
"Enough! enough!" the raptured monarch cries,
And through the ivory gate the vision flies. 340

VARIATION.—After ver. 138, in a former edition were the following lines:

Signs following signs lead on the mighty year;
See, the dull stars roll round and reappear.
She comes! the cloud-compelling power, behold!
With Night primeval, and with Chaos old.
Lo! the great Anarch's ancient reign restored,
Light dies before her uncreating word.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sickening stars fade off th' ethereal plain:
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
Closed one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after art goes out, and all is night.
See skulking Truth in her old cavern lie,
Secured by mountains of heap'd casuistry:
Philosophy, that touch'd the heavens before,
Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more:
See Physic beg the Stagyrite's defence!
See Metaphysic call for aid on Sense:
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Thy hand, great Dullness! lets the curtain fall,
And universal Darkness buries all.

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in all kinds (notwithstanding some few exceptions in each), may plainly be seen from his conclusion; where, causing all this vision to pass through the ivory gate, he expressly, in the language of poesy, declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious. SCRIBL.—*P.*

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BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.—The poet being, in this book, to declare the completion of the prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new invocation; as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shows the goddess coming in her majesty, to destroy Order and Science, and to substitute the kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How she leads captive the Sciences, and silences the Muses; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts; such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd around her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the geniuses of the schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer; with her charge to them and the universities. The universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors; one of whom delivers to the goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their travels; presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want of shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent persons, abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness: to these approaches the antiquary Annius, entreating her to make them virtuosos, and assign them over to him; but Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents; among them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature; but he justifies himself so well, that the goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the indolents before-mentioned, in the study of butterflies, shells, birds'-nests, moss, &c., but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond trifles to any useful or extensive views of nature, or the Author of nature. Against the last of these apprehensions she is secured by a hearty address from the minute philosophers and free-thinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth, thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taste the cup of the Magus, her high-priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral

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rational. To these, her adepts, she sends priests, attendants, and comforters, of various kinds; confers on them orders and degrees: and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a yawn of extraordinary virtue; the progress and effects whereof on all orders of men, and the consummation of all in the restoration of Night and Chaos concludes the poem.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to show, half veil the deep intent.
Ye powers! whose mysteries restored I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend awhile your force inertly strong,
Then take at once the poet and the song.
Now flamed the dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote every brain, and wither'd every bay;

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BOOK IV.—This book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the name of the *Greater Dunciad*, not so indeed in size, but in subject; and so far, contrary to the distinction anciently made of the *Greater* and *Lesser Iliad*. But much are they mistaken who imagine this work to be in any wise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our poet; of which I am much more certain than that the *Iliad* itself was the work of Solomon, or the *Batrachomyomachia* of Homer, as Barnes hath affirmed. BENTL.—*P.*†

Ver. 1, &c.] This is an invocation of much piety. The poet, willing to approve himself a genuine son, beginneth by showing (what is ever agreeable to dullness) his high respect for antiquity and a great family, how dead or dark soever; next declareth his passion for explaining mysteries; and lastly, his impatience to be reünited to her. SCRIBL.—*P. W.*

Ver. 2. *Dread Chaos, and eternal Night!*] Invoked, as the restoration of their empire is the action of the poem.—*P. W.*

Ver. 6. *To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing.*] Fair and softly, good poet! (cries the gentle Scriblerus on this place.) For sure, in spite of his unusual modesty, he shall not travel so fast toward oblivion, as divers others of more confidence have done. For when I revolve in my mind the catalogue of those who have most boldly promised to themselves immortality, viz: Pindar, Luis Gongora, Ronsard, Oldham, *Lyrics;* Lycophron, Statius, Chapman, Blackmore, *Heroics;* I find the one half to be already dead, and the other in utter darkness. But it becometh not us who have taken up the office of his commentator, to suffer our poet thus prodigally to cast away his life; contrariwise, the more hidden and abstruse his work is, and the more remote its beauties from common understanding, the more it is our duty to draw forth and exalt the same, in the face of men and angels. Herein shall we imitate the laudable spirit of those who have, for this very reason, delighted to comment on dark and uncouth authors, and even on their darker fragments; have preferred Ennius to Virgil, and have chosen rather to turn the dark-lantern of Lycophron, than to trim the everlasting lamp of Homer. SCRIBL.—*P. W*

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Sick was the sun, the Owl forsook his bower,
The moon-struck prophet felt the madding hour
Then rose the seed of Chaos and of Night,
To blot out order, and extinguish light,
Of dull and venal a new world to mould,
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.
She mounts the throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd;
('Tis thus aspiring Dullness ever shines:)
Soft on her lap her laureate son reclines.

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Ver. 14. *To blot out order, and extinguish light.*] The two great ends of her mission; the one in quality of daughter of Chaos, the other as daughter of Night. Order here is to be understood extensively, both as civil and moral; the distinctions between high and low in society, and true and false in individuals; light, as intellectual only; wit, science, arts.—*P. W.*

Ver. 15. *Of dull and venal.*] The allegory continued; *dull*, referring to the extinction of light or science; *venal*, to the destruction of order, and the truth of things.—*P. W.*

Ver. 15. *A new world.*] In reference to the Epicurean opinion, that from the dissolution of the natural world into Night and Chaos, a new one should arise; this the poet alluding to, in the production of a new moral world, makes it partake of its original principles.—*P. W.*

Ver. 16. *Lead and gold.*] *i. e.* dull and venal.—*P. W.*

Ver. 20. *Her laureate son reclines.*] With great judgment is it imagined by the poet, that such a colleague as Dullness had elected, should sleep upon the throne, and have very little share in the action of the poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his anointing; having passed through the second book without taking part in any thing that was transacted about him; and through the third, in profound sleep. Nor ought this, well-considered, to seem strange in our days, when so many king-consorts have done the like. SCRIBL.—*P. W.*

This verse our excellent laureate took so to heart that he appealed to all mankind, "if he was not as seldom asleep as any fool?" But it is hoped the poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his prophecy (p. 243, of his own *Life*, 8vo. ch. ix.) where he says: "the reader will be as much pleased to find me a dunce in my old age, as he was to prove me a brisk blockhead in my youth." Wherever there was any room for briskness of any sort, even in sinking, he hath had it allowed; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural rest, he must permit his historian to be silent. It is from their actions only that princes have their character, and poets from their works; and, if in those he be as much asleep as any fool, the poet must leave him and them to sleep to all eternity. BENTL.—*P.*†

Ver. 20. *Her laureate.*] "When I find my name in the satirical works of this poet, I never look upon it as any malice meant to me, but profit to himself. For he considers that my face is more known than most in the nation; and therefore a lick at the laureate will be a sure bait, *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch little readers."—*Life of Colley Cibber*, ch. ii.

Now, if it be certain, that the works of our poet have owed their success

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Beneath her foot-stool, Science groans in chains,
And Wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains.
There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound;
There, stripp'd, fair Rhetoric languished on the ground;
His blunted arms by Sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.
Morality, by her false guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and Casuistry in lawn,
Gasps, as they straighten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dullness gives her Page the word.
Mad Mathesis alone was unconfined,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure space lifts her ecstatic stare,
Now running round the circle, finds its square.
But held in ten-fold bonds the Muses lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye.

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to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable argument, that this fourth *Dunciad*, as well as the former three, hath had the author's last hand, and was by him intended for the press; or else to what purpose hath he crowned it, as we see, by this finishing stroke, the profitable lick at the laureate? BENTL.—*P.*†

Ver. 21, 22. *Beneath her foot-stool*, &c.] We are next presented with the pictures of those whom the goddess leads in captivity. Science is only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless; but wit or genius, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished, or driven away; Dullness being often reconciled in some degree with learning, but never upon any terms with wit. And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something like each science, as casuistry, sophistry, &c., but nothing like wit, opera alone supplying its place.—*P. W.*

Ver. 27. *Morality, by her false guardians drawn.*] Morality is the daughter of Astræa. This alludes to the mythology of the ancient poets, who tell us that in the gold and silver ages, or in the state of nature, the gods cohabited with men here on earth; but when, by reason of man's degeneracy, society was forced to have recourse to a magistrate, and that the ages of brass and iron came on (that is, when laws were written on brazen tablets, enforced by the sword of justice), the celestials soon retired from earth, and Astræa last of all; and then it was she left this her orphan daughter in the hands of the guardians aforesaid. SCRIBL.—*W.*

Ver. 30. *Gives her Page the word.*] There was a judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came in his way; of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples during a long life, even to his dotage.—Though the candid Scriblerus imagined Page here to mean no more than a page or mute, and to allude to the custom of strangling state criminals in Turkey by mutes or pages. A practice more decent than that of our Page, who, before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language SCRIBL.—*l'. W.*

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There to her heart sad Tragedy address'd
The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breast;
But sober History restrain'd her rage,
And promised vengeance on a barbarous age.
There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her sister Satire held her head:
Nor could'st thou, Chesterfield! a tear refuse;
Thou wept'st, and with thee wept a gentle muse.
When, lo! a harlot form soft sliding by,
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye:
Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patch-work fluttering, and her head aside;

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Ver. 39. *But sober History.*] History attends on Tragedy, Satire on Comedy, as their substitutes in the discharge of their several functions; the one in high life, recording the crimes and punishments of the great; the other in low, exposing the vices or follies of the people. But it may be asked, how came History and Satire to be admitted with impunity to minister comfort to the Muses, even in the presence of the goddess, and in the midst of all her triumphs? A question, says Scriblerus, which we thus resolve: History was brought up in her infancy by Dullness herself; but being afterwards espoused into a noble house, she forgot, as is usual, the humility of her birth and the cares of her early friends. This occasioned a long estrangement between her and Dullness. At length, in the course of time, they met together in a monk's cell, were reconciled, and became better friends than ever. After this, they had a second quarrel, but it held not long, and are now again on reasonable terms, and so are like to continue. This accounts for the connivance shown to History on this occasion. But the boldness of Satire springs from another cause. The reader ought to know, that she alone of all the sisters is unconquerable, never to be silenced, when truly inspired and animated, as should seem, from above, for this very purpose, to oppose the kingdom of Dullness to her last breath.—*W.*

Ver. 43. *Nor could'st thou,* &c.] This noble person, in the year 1737, when the act aforesaid was brought into the House of Lords, opposed it in an excellent speech, says Mr. Cibber, "with a lively spirit, and uncommon eloquence." This speech had the honour to be answered by the said Mr. Cibber, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in the eighth chapter of his *Life and Manners.* And here, gentle reader, would I gladly insert the other speech, whereby thou mightest judge between them: but I must defer it on account of some differences not yet adjusted between the noble author and myself, concerning the true reading of certain passages.—BENTL. *P. W.*

Ver. 45. *When, lo! a harlot form.*] The attitude given to this phantom represents the nature and genius of the *Italian* opera; its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up these operas with favourite songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the nobility. This circumstance, that Opera should prepare for the opening of the grand Sessions, was prophesied of in Book iii. ver. 301:

"Already Opera prepares the way,
The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway"—*P. W.*

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By singing peers upheld on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand,
Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
Then thus in quaint *recitativo* spoke:
"Oh, Cara! Cara! silence all that train!
Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign!
Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense;
One trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage;
To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, *encore!*
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah! soon, rebellion will commence,
If music meanly borrows aid from sense:
Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;

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Ver. 54. *Let Division reign.*] Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks with music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the sense, and applies to the passions. Mr. Handel had introduced a great number of hands and more variety of instruments into the orchestra, and employed even drums and cannon to make a fuller chorus: which proved so much too manly for the fine gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his music into Ireland. After which, they wer reduced, for want of composers, to practice the patch-work above mentioned —*P. W.*

Ver. 55. *Chromatic tortures.*] That species of the ancient music called the Chromatic was a variation and embellishment, in odd irregularities, of the Diatonic kind. They say it was invented about the time of Alexander, and that the Spartans forbade the use of it, as languid and effeminate.—*W.*

Ver. 65. *Giant Handel.*] The honour paid to this truly sublime genius, by the repeated performances of his noblest works at Westminster Abbey, under the patronage of the king, will not soon be forgotten; the magnificence and accuracy of which performances were beyond compare. It is remarkable, that in the earlier part of his life, Pope was so very insensible to the charms of music, that he once asked his friend Dr. Arbuthnot, who had a fine ear, whether, at Lord Burlington's concerts, the rapture which the company expressed upon hearing the compositions and performance of Handel, did not proceed wholly from affectation?—WARTON.

When Pope found that his friends, Lord Burlington and Dr. Arbuthnot, thought so highly of Handel, he not only lashed his enemies in the *Dunciad*, but wished to have his *Eurydice* set to music by him. Mr. Belchier, a common friend, undertook to negotiate the business; but Handel, having heard that Pope had made his ode more lyrical, that is, fitter for music, by dividing

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To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mar's drums.
Arrest him, empress, or you sleep no more!"
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.
And now had Fame's posterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations summon'd to the throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.
None need a guide, by sure attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of head:
None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the goddess, and cohered around.
Not closer, orb in orb, conglobed are seen
The buzzing bees about their dusky queen.
The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who, gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her vortex, and her power confess:
Not those alone who passive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.
Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mongrel no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the great;
Who, false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal,
Or, impious, preach his word without a call;
Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
Withhold the pension, and set up the head;
Or vest dull flatt'ry in the sacred gown,
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown:

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it into airs and recitatives, for Dr. Green, who had already set it, and whom, as a partisan for Bononcini and confederate with his enemies, he had long disliked, says: "It is de very ding vat my *pellows-plower* has set already for ein toctor's tecree at Cambridge." BURNEY.—BOWLES.

Ver. 76 to 101.] It ought to be observed that here are three classes in this assembly. The first of men absolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddess, and are represented in the simile of the bees about

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And, last and worst, with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the Muse's hypocrite.

There march'd the bard and blockhead, side by side,
Who rhymed for hire, and patronized for pride.
Narcissus, praised with all a parson's power,
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a shower.
There moved Montalto with superior air;
His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair;
Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
Through both he pass'd; and bow'd from side to side;
But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
Composed he stood, bold Benson thrust him by:
On two unequal crutches propp'd he came,
Milton on this, on that one Johnston's name.
The decent knight retired with sober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and closed the pompous page;
But, happy for him, as the times went then,
Appear'd Apollo's mayor and aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capp'd youth's await,
To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.

VARIATION.—Ver. 114.

"What! no respect, he cried, for Shakspeare's page?"

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their queen. The second involuntarily drawn to her, though not caring to own her influence; from ver. 81 to 90. The third, of such as, though not members of her state, yet advance her service by flattering Dullness, cultivating mistaken talents, patronizing vile scribblers, discouraging living merit, or setting up for wits, and men of taste, in arts they understand not; from ver. 91 to 101.—*P. W.*

Ver. 108. *Bow'd from side to side.*] As being of no one party.—*W.*†

Ver. 110. *Bold Benson.*] This man endeavoured to raise himself to fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations of *Milton;* and afterwards, by as great passion for one Arthur Johnston's (a Scotch physician) *Version of the Psalms,* of which he printed many fine editions. See more of him, Book iii. ver. 325.—*P. W.*

Ver. 113. *The decent knight.*] An eminent person, who was about to publish a very pompous edition of a great author at his own expense.—*P. W.*

Ver. 115. *But, happy for him.*] These four lines, of which the first is a very indifferent one, were not in the quarto edition of 1743, page 165; but were added on occasion of Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition, printed at Oxford in six large quarto volumes: which edition occasioned a violent quarrel betwixt Sir Thomas and Dr. Warburton.—WARTON.

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When Dullness, smiling—"Thus revive the wits!
But murder first, and mince them all to bits;
As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
A new edition of old Æson gave;
Let standard authors thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my critics! in the chequer'd shade,
Admire new light, through holes yourselves have made;
"Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
A page, a grave, that they can call their own;
But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
On passive paper, or on solid brick;
So by each bard an alderman shall sit,
A heavy lord shall hang at every wit,

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Ver. 119. *Thus revive*, &c.] The Goddess applauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of persons not eminent in any branch of learning to those of the most distinguished writers; either by printing editions of their works with impertinent alterations of their text, as in the former instances; or by setting up monuments, disgraced with their own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter.—*P. W.*

Ver. 128. *A page, a grave.*] For what less than a grave can be granted to a dead author? or what less than a page can be afforded a living one?—*P. W.*

Ver. 128. *A page.*] *Pagina*, not *Pedissequus*. A page of a book, not a servant, follower, or attendant; no poet having had a page since the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey. Scribl.—*P. W.*

Ver. 131. *So by each bard an alderman shall sit*, &c.] *Vide* the *Tombs of the Poets*, editio Westmonasteriensis.—*P. W.*

Ver. 131. *An alderman shall sit.*] Alluding to the monument erected for Butler, author of *Hudibras*, by Alderman Barber.—*W.*

Ver. 132. *A heavy lord shall hang at every wit.*] How unnatural an image, and how ill-supported! saith Aristarchus. Had it been,

A heavy wit shall hang at every lord,

something might have been said, in an age so distinguished for well-judging patrons. For lord, then, read load; that is, of debts here, and of commentaries hereafter. To this purpose, conspicuous is the case of the poor author of *Hudibras*, whose body, long since weighed down to the grave by a load of debts, has lately had a more unmerciful load of commentaries laid upon his spirit; wherein the editor has achieved more than Virgil himself, when he turned critic, could boast of, which was only, that he had picked gold out of another man's dung: whereas, the editor has picked it out of his own. Scribl.—*W.*†

Aristarchus thinks the common reading—*lord*, not *load*—right; and that the author himself had been struggling, and had but just shaken off his load, when he wrote the following epigram:

My lord complains, that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
Has lopp'd three trees the value of three farthings:

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And while on Fame's triumphant car they ride,
Some slave of mine be pinion'd to their side."
Now crowds on crowds around the goddess press,
Each eager to present the first address.
Dunce scorning dunce, beholds the next advance,
But fop shows fop superior complaisance.
When, lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;
His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with infants' blood and mothers' tears.
O'er every vein a shuddering horror runs;
Eton and Winton shake through all their sons.
All flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the Genius of the place:
The pale boy-senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.
Then thus: "Since man from beast by words is known,
Words are man's province, words we teach alone.

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"But he's my neighbour," cries the peer polite,
"And if he'll visit me, I'll waive my right."
What! on compulsion? and against my will,
A lord's acquaintance! Let him file his bill!—*W.*†

Ver. 137, 138. *Dunce scorning dunce, beholds the next advance,*
But Fop shows fop superior complaisance.] This is not to be ascribed so much to the different manners of a court and college, as to the different effects which a pretence to learning, and a pretence to wit, have on blockheads. For as judgment consists in finding out the differences in things, and wit in finding out their likenesses, therefore the dunce is all discord and dissension, and constantly busied in reproving, examining, confuting, &c., while the fop flourishes in peace, with songs and hymns of praise, addresses, characters, epithalamiums, &c.—*W.*

Ver. 140. *The dreadful wand.*] A cane usually borne by schoolmasters, which drives the poor souls about like the wand of Mercury. SCRIBL.—*P. W.*

Ver. 150. *Words we teach alone.*] Here is a gross misrepresentation of a fact, easily confuted by a great cloud of witnesses. When he made this assertion, our poet must have been very ill-informed of what is constantly taught in our great schools. To read, to interpret, to translate the best poets, orators, and historians, of the best ages; that is, those authors, "that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, most examples of virtue and integrity, most materials for conversation;" cannot be called confining youth to words alone, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. And, as to plying the memory, and loading the brain, as in verse 157, it was the opinion of Milton, and is a practice in our great seminaries, "that if passages from the heroic poems, orations, and tragedies of ancients, were solemnly pronounced, with right accents and grace, they would endue the

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When reason, doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Placed at the door of learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As fancy opens the quick springs of sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought to exercise the breath;
And keep them in the pale of words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A poet the first day he dips his quill;
And what the last? A very poet still.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder house or hall.
There truant Windham every muse gave o'er,
There Talbot sunk, and was a wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid, Murray was our boast!
How many Martials were in Pulteney lost!
Else sure some bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can;
And South beheld that master-piece of man."

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scholars even with the spirit and vigour of Demosthenes or Cicero, Euripides or Sophocles." The illustrious names of Wyndham, Talbot, Murray, and Pulteney, which our author himself immediately adds, and which catalogue might be much enlarged with the names of many great statesmen, lawyers, and divines, past and present, are a strong confutation of this opprobrious and futile objection. Perhaps he adopted this false opinion from that idle book on education, which Locke disgraced himself by writing; who seems never to have read the second chapter of the first book of Quintilian on this subject; and which is as much superior in strength of reasoning, as it is in elegance of style, to the treatise of our great British philosopher.—WARTON.

Ver. 151. *Like the Samian letter.*] The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of virtue and vice.

"Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos." PERS.—*P. W.*

Ver. 159. *To exercise the breath.*] By obliging them to get the classic poets by heart, which furnishes them with endless matter for conversation and verbal amusement for their whole lives.—*P. W.*

Ver. 174. *That master-piece of man.*] Viz: an *epigram.* The famous Dr. South used to declare that a perfect epigram was as difficult a perform

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"Oh," cried the goddess, "for some pedant reign!
Some gentle James, to bless the land again;
To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone.
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the council to a grammar-school! 180

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ance as an epic poem. And the critics say, "an epic poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of."—*P. W.*

Ver. 175. "*Oh!*" *cried the Goddess*, &c.] The matter under debate is how to confine men to words for life. The instructors of youth show how well they do their parts; but complain that when men come into the world they are apt to forget their learning, and turn themselves to useful knowledge. This was an evil that wanted to be redressed. And this the goddess assures them will need a more extensive tyranny than that of grammar-schools. She therefore points out to them the remedy, in her wishes for arbitrary power; whose interest it being to keep men from the study of things, will encourage the propagation of words and sounds; and, to make all sure, she wishes for another pedant monarch. The sooner to obtain so great a blessing, she is willing even for once to violate the fundamental principle of her politics, in having her sons taught at least one thing, but that which comprises all, the doctrine of divine right.

Nothing can be juster than the observation here insinuated, that no branch of learning thrives well under arbitrary government but the verbal. The reasons are evident. It is unsafe under such governments to cultivate the study of things, especially things of importance. Besides, when men have lost their public virtue, they naturally delight in trifles, if their private morals secure them from vice. Hence so great a cloud of scholiasts and grammarians so soon overspread Greece and Italy, when once those famous lights of the world had lost their liberties. Another reason is the encouragement which arbitrary governments give to the study of words, in order to busy and amuse active geniuses, who might otherwise prove troublesome and inquisitive. Thus, when Cardinal Richelieu had destroyed the poor remains of Gallic liberty, and made the supreme court of parliament merely ministerial, he instituted the French academy, for the perfecting their language. What was said upon that occasion, by a brave magistrate, when the letters patent of its erection came to be verified in the Parliament of Paris, deserves to be remembered. He told the assembly, that "it put him in mind how an Emperor of Rome once treated his senate; who, when he had deprived them of the direction of public matters, sent a message to them in form, for their opinion about the best sauce for a turbot."—*W.*

Ver. 176. *Some gentle James*, &c.] Wilson tells us that this King James the First, took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to Carr, Earl of Somerset; and that Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, would speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces.

This great prince was the first who assumed the title of Sacred Majesty, which his loyal clergy transferred from God to him. "The principles of passive obedience and non-resistance," says the author of the *Dissertation on Parties*, Letter viii., "which before his time had skulked, perhaps in some old homily, were talked, written, and preached into vogue in that inglorious reign.—*P. W.*

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For sure, if Dullness sees a grateful day,
'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.
Oh! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one sufficient for a king;
That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
May you, my Cam, and Isis, preach it long,
'The right divine of kings to govern wrong.'"
Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day
[Though Christ-church long kept prudishly away].
Each staunch polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,

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Ver. 181, 182. *If Dullness sees a grateful day,—'Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.*] And grateful is it in Dullness to make this confession. I will not say she alludes to that celebrated verse of Claudian,

"nunquam *libertas* gratior exstat
Quam sub *rege pio*,"

But this I will say, that the words *liberty* and *monarchy* have been frequently confounded and mistaken one for the other, by the gravest authors. I should therefore conjecture, that the genuine reading of the fore-cited verse was thus:

"nunquam *libertas* gratior exstat
Quam sub *lege pia*,"

and that *rege* was the reading only of Dullness herself; and therefore she might allude to it.—SCRIBL.

I judge quite otherwise of this passage: the genuine reading is *libertas* and *rege*; so Claudian gave it. But the error lies in the verb; it should be *exit* not *exstat*, and then the meaning will be, that liberty was never lost, or went away with so good a grace, as under a good king; it being, without doubt, a tenfold shame to lose it under a bad one.

This further leads me to animadvert upon a most grievous piece of nonsense to be found in all the editions of the author of the *Dunciad* himself. A most capital one it is, and owing to the confusion mentioned above by Scriblerus, of the two words *liberty* and *monarchy*.—*Essay on Crit.*

"Nature, like monarchy, is but restrain'd
By the same laws herself at first ordain'd."

Who sees not, it should be, *nature, like* liberty? Correct it therefore, *repugnantibus omnibus*, (even though the author himself should oppugn,) in all the impressions which have been, or shall be, made of his works. BENTL.—*P. W.*

Ver. 194. *Though Christ-church.*] This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the editor; and accordingly we have put it between hooks. For I affirm this college came as early as any other, by its proper deputies; nor did any college pay homage to Dullness in its whole body. BENTL.—*P. W.*

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Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and thick,
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgesdyck.

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Ver. 196. *Still expelling Locke.*] In the year 1703, there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's *Essay on Human Understanding*, and to forbid the reading it. See his *Letters* in the last edition of his works.—*P. W.*

Such was the fate of this new philosophy at Oxford. The new theology of Erasmus met with pretty much the same treatment, a century or two before, in the University of Cambridge. See Dr. Knight's *Life of Erasmus*, p. 137. But our obnoxious essayist had given scandal to the scholiastic spirit of Anthony Wood, the famed Oxford historian, long before; who, in the *Journal* of his own life, has furnished us with this curious anecdote: "April 23d, 1663, I began a course of chemistry [in Oxford], under the noted chemist and Rosicrusian, Peter Sthael, of Strasburgh, in royal Prussia. The club consisted of ten at least, whereof was John Locke, of Christ-church, afterwards a noted writer. This John Locke was a man of a turbulent spirit, clamorous, and never contented. The club wrote, and took notes from the mouth of their master; but the said John Locke scorned to do it; so that while every man besides was writing, he would be prating and troublesome."—W.†

Whatever might have been the case in the year 1703, certain I am, that *Locke's Essay* has been universally read and recommended at Oxford, for above fifty years last past.—WARTON.

I could never learn that Locke was expelled the University. He was deprived of his studentship of Christ-church for being privy to the designs of Lord Shaftesbury against the government; and if we consider the nature of the offence, we shall have reason to admire the mildness of the punishment.—BANNISTER.

Ver. 198. *On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.*] There seems to be an improbability that the doctors and heads of houses should ride on horseback, who, of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But these horses are of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with names, as were the horses Pegasus and Bucephalus. SCRIBL.—*P. W.*

Though I have the greatest deference to the penetration of this eminent scholiast, and must own that nothing can be more natural than his interpretation, or juster than that rule of criticism which directs us to keep the literal sense, when no apparent absurdity accompanies it (and sure there is no absurdity in supposing a logician on horseback), yet still I must needs think the hackneys here celebrated were not real horses, nor even centaurs, which for the sake of the learned Chiron, I should rather be inclined to think, if I were forced to find them four legs, but downright plain men, though logicians: and only thus metamorphosed by rule of rhetoric, of which Cardinal Perron gives us an example, where he calls Clavius, "*Un esprit pesant, lourd, sans subtilité, ni gentilesse, un gros cheval d'Allemagne.*"

Here I profess to go opposite to the whole stream of commentators. I think the poet only aimed, though awkwardly, at an elegant Græcism in this representation; for in that language the word ἵππος (horse) was often prefixed to others, to denote greatness of strength; as ἱππόλαθρον, ἱππόγλωσσον, ἱππομάραθον, and particularly ΙΙΙΙΠΟΓΝΩΜΩΝ, a great connoisseur, which comes nearest to the case in hand.—SCIP. MAFF.

The hostility of Pope to Crouzaz is readily accounted for by the attack made by the latter on the *Essay on Man*, which he represented as inculcating

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As many quit the streams that murmuring fall
To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare-hall,
Where Bentley, late tempestuous, wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.
Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
Plough'd was his front with many a deep remark:
His hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.
Low bow'd the rest: he, kingly, did but nod:
So upright Quakers please both man and God.
"Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt!—is Aristarchus yet unknown?
Thy mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it prose again.

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the principles of fatalism and infidelity; but it has been observed by a philosophical writer of the first authority, that Pope should not have committed so gross a mistake as to introduce his adversary in the *Dunciad* among Locke's Aristotelian opponents—

"Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,"

"He having not only spoken in terms of high approbation of *Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding*, but having (as observed by Mr. Gibbon) formed his philosophy in the school of Locke."—*Dugald Stewart's Diss.* i. p. 2, *Encycl. Brit. Suppl.* vol. v. p. 12. 1821.

Ver. 199. *The streams.*] The river Cam, running by the walls of these colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in disputation.—*P. W.*

Ver. 202. *Sleeps in port.*] Viz: "Now retired into harbour, after the tempest that had long agitated his society." So Scriblerus. But the learned Scipio Maffei understands it of a certain wine, called port, from Oporto, a city of Portugal, of which this professor invited him to drink abundantly. Scip. Maff. *De Compotationibus Academicis.*—*P. W.*

And to the opinion of Maffei inclineth the sagacious annotator on Dr. King's *Advice to Horace.*

Ver. 210. *Aristarchus.*] A famous commentator and corrector of *Homer*, whose name has been frequently used to signify a complete critic. The compliment paid by our author to this eminent professor, in applying to him so great a name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part which contains his own praises. We shall, therefore, supply that loss to our best ability. Scribl.—*P. W.*

Ver. 214. *Critics like me.*] Alluding to two famous editions of *Horace* and *Milton;* whose richest veins of poetry he had prodigally reduced to the poorest and most beggarly prose.—Verily, the learned scholiast is greviously mistaken. Aristarchus is not boasting here of the wonders of his art, in annihilating the sublime, but of the usefulness of it, in reducing the turgid to its proper class; the words "make it prose again," plainly showing that prose

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Roman and Greek grammarians! know you better:
Author of something yet more great than letter;
While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our digamma, and o'ertops them all.
"'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
Dispute of *Me* or *Te*, of *Aut* or *At*. 220
To sound or sink, in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke:
From me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus shall supply:

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it was, though ashamed of its original; and, therefore, resolved he was that to prose it should return. Indeed, much is it to be lamented that Dullness does not confine her critics to this useful task, and commission them to dismount what Aristophanes calls Ρῆμαθ' ἱππεδάμονα, all "prose on horseback," wherever they meet with it. SCRIBL.—*W.*†

Ver. 216. *Author of something yet more great than letter.*] Alluding to grammarians, such as Palamedes and Simonides, who invented single letters. But Aristarchus, who had found out double ones, was, therefore, worthy of double honour. SCRIBL.—*W.*†

Ver. 217, 218. *While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul,—Stands our digamma.*] Alluding to the boasted restoration of the Eolic digamma, in his long-projected edition of Homer. He calls it something more than letter, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one gamma set upon the shoulders of another.—*P. W.*

Ver. 220. *Of Me or Te.*] It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some discourses written. Had it been about *meum* and *tuum* it could not have been more warmly contested, than whether at the end of the first *Ode of Horace*, we should read, "*Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium*," or "*Te doctarum hederæ*."—By this, the learned scholiast would seem to insinuate that the dispute was not about *meums* and *tuums* which is a mistake; for, as a venerable sage observed, words are the counter, of wise men, but the money of fools; so that we see their property was indeed concerned. SCRIBL.—*W.*†

Ver. 222. *Or give up Cicero to C. or K.*] Grammatical disputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name in Greek. It is a dispute, too, whether in Latin the name of Hermagoras should end in *as* or *a*. Quintilian quotes Cicero as writing it Hermagora, which Bentley rejects, and says Quintilian must be mistaken, Cicero could not write it so, and that, in this case, he would not believe Cicero himself. These are his very words: "*Ego vero Ciceronem ita scripsisse ne Ciceroni quidem affirmanti crediderim.*"—*Epist. ad Mill. in fin. Frag. Menand. et Phil.*—*W.*

Ver. 223, 224. *Freind—Alsop.*] Dr. Robert Freind, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christ-church.—Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style.—*P. W.*

Ver. 226. *Manilius or Solinus.*] Some critics having had it in their choice

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For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicensed Greek.
In ancient sense, if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er.
The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
Sees [illegible] and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burnham, Wasse shall see
When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.
"Ah, think not, mistress! more true dullness lies
In folly's cap, than wisdom's grave disguise.
Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
On learning's surface we but lie and nod:
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much divinity without a *nous*.
Nor could a Barrow work on every block,
Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock.
See! still thy own, the heavy Canon roll,
And metaphysic smokes involve the pole;

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to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical talents.—*P. W.*

Ver. 228, &c. *Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus.*] The first, a dictionary-writer of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second, a minute critic; the third, a collector, who gave his common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much mince-meat of good old authors.—*P. W.*

Ver. 245, 246. *Barrow, Atterbury.*] Isaac Barrow, master of Trinity; Francis Atterbury, dean of Christ-church; both great geniuses and eloquent preachers; one, more conversant in the sublime geometry; the other, in classical learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their several societies.—*P. W.*

Ver. 247. *The heavy canon.*] Canon here, if spoken of artillery, is in the plural number; if of the canons of the house, in the singular, and meant only of one: in which case I suspect the *pole* to be a false reading, and that it should be the *poll*, or head of that canon. It may be objected, that this is a mere *paranomasia* or pun. But what of that? Is any figure of speech more apposite to our gentle goddess, or more frequently used by her and her children, especially of the University? Doubtless, it better suits the character of dullness—yea, of a doctor—than that of an angel; yet Milton feared not to put a considerable quantity into the mouths of his. It has, indeed, been observed, that they were the devil's angels, as if he did it to suggest that the devil was the author as well of false wit, as of false religion, and that the

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For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt
And write about it, goddess, and about it:
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.
"What though we let some better sort of fool
Thrid every science, run through every school?
Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if sober all this time)
Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme.
We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse;
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce:
Or, set on metaphysic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level every mind;
Then take him to develop, if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man.

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father of lies was also the father of puns. But this is idle; it must be owned to be a Christian practice; used in the primitive times by some of the fathers, and in the latter, by most of the sons of the Church; till the debauched reign of Charles the Second, when the shameful passion for wit overthrew every thing; and even then the best writers admitted it, provided it was obscene, under the name of the *double entendre*. SCRIBL.—*P. W.*

Ver. 248. *And metaphysic smokes*, &c.] Here the learned Aristarchus, ending the first member of his harangue in behalf of words, and entering on the other half, which regards the teaching of things, very artfully connects the two parts in an encomium on metaphysics, a kind of middle nature between words and things; communicating, in its obscurity, with substance, and, in its emptiness, with names. SCRIBL.—*W.*

Ver. 255 to 271. *What though we let some better sort of fool*, &c.] Hitherto, Aristarchus has displayed the art of teaching his pupils words, without things. He shows greater skill in what follows, which is to teach things without profit. For with the better sort of fool the first expedient is, ver. 254 to 258, to run him so swiftly through the circle of the sciences that he shall stick at nothing, nor nothing stick with him; and though some little, both of words and things, should, by chance, be gathered up in his passage, yet he shows, ver. 259 to 261, that it is never more of the one, than just to enable him to persecute with rhyme, or of the other, than to plague with dispute. But if, after all, the pupil will needs learn a science, it is then provided by his careful directors,

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But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, pupil, and laced governor from France.
Walker! our hat"——Nor more he deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.
In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And titt'ring push'd the pedant off the place:
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown d
By the French-horn or by the opening hound.
The first came forward with an easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the queen.
When thus th' attendant orator begun:
"Receive, great empress! thy accomplished son;

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ver. 261, 262, that it shall either be such as he can never enjoy when he comes out into life, or such as he will be obliged to divorce. And to make all sure, ver. 263 to 267, the useless or pernicious sciences, thus taught, are still applied perversely; the man of wit petrified in *Euclid*, or trammelled in metaphysics; and the man of judgment married, without his parents' consent, to a Muse. Thus far the particular arts of modern education, used partially, and diversified according to the subject and the occasion. But there is one general method, with the encomium of which the great Aristarchus ends his speech, ver. 267 to 270, and that is authority, the universal cement, which fills the cracks and chasms of lifeless matter, shuts up all the pores of living substances, and brings all human minds to one dead level. For if nature should chance to struggle through all the entanglements of the foregoing ingenious expedients to bind rebel wit, this claps upon her one sure and entire cover. So that well may Aristarchus defy all human power to get the man out again from under so impenetrable a crust. The poet alludes to this master-piece of the schools in ver. 501, where he speaks of "Vassals to a name."—*P.*†

Ver. 272. *Laced governor.*] Why laced? Because gold and silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank; and the governor must be supposed so in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know at sight that this governor came from France? Know? Why, by his laced coat. Scribl. —*P. W.*

Ver. 272. *Whore, pupil, and laced governor.*] Some critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the governor should have the preference before the whore, if not before the pupil. But were he so placed, it might be thought to insinuate that the governor led the pupil to the whore: and were the pupil placed first, he might be supposed to lead the governor to her. But our impartial poet, as he is drawing their picture, represents them in the order in which they are generally seen; namely, the pupil between the whore and the governor; but placeth the whore first, as she usually governs both the others.—*P. W.*

Ver. 280. *As if he saw St. James's.*] Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent behaviour of several forward young persons in the presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.—*P. W.*

Ver. 281. *The attendant orator.*] The governor above-said. The poet gives him no particular name: being unwilling, I presume, to offend or do

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Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant! never scared with God.
The sire saw, one by one, his virtues wake;
The mother begg'd the blessing of a rake.
Thou gav'st that ripeness which so soon began,
And ceased so soon, he ne'er was boy nor man.
Through school and college, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas pass'd;
Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew;
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way:

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injustice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to so many who equally deserve it. SCRIBL.—*P. W.*

Ver. 284. *A dauntless infant! never scared with God.*] i. e. brought up in the enlarged principles of modern education; whose great point is, to keep the infant mind free from the prejudices of opinion, and the growing spirit unbroken by terrifying names. Among the happy consequences of this reformed discipline, it is not the least that we have never afterwards any occasion for the priest, whose trade, as a modern wit informs us, is only to finish what the nurse began. SCRIBL.—*W.*†

Ver. 286. *The blessing of a rake.*] Scriblerus is here much at a loss to find out what this blessing should be. He is sometimes tempted to imagine it might be the marrying of a great fortune: but this again, for the vulgarity of it, he rejects, as something uncommon seemed to be prayed for: and after many strange conceits, not at all to the honour of the fair sex, he at length rests in this, that it was, that her son might pass for a wit: in which opinion he fortifies himself by ver. 316, where the orator, speaking of his pupil, says that he

Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whored,

which seems to insinuate that her prayer was heard. Here the good scholiast, as, indeed, every where else, lays open the very soul of modern criticism, while he makes his own ignorance of a poetical expression hold open the door to much erudition and learned conjecture: the blessing of a rake signifying no more than that he might be a rake; the effects of a thing for the thing itself, a common figure. The careful mother only wished her son might be a rake, as well knowing that its attendant blessings would follow of course.—*W.*

Ver. 288. *He ne'er was boy nor man.*] Nature hath bestowed on the human species two states or conditions, infancy and manhood. Wit sometimes makes the first disappear, and folly, the latter; but true dullness annihilates both. For, want of apprehension in boys, preventing that conscious ignorance and inexperience which produce the awkward bashfulness of youth, makes them assured; and want of imagination makes them grave. But this gravity and assurance which is beyond boyhood, being neither wisdom nor knowledge, do never reach to manhood. SCRIBL.—*W.*

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To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls;
To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines
To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
Love-whispering woods, and lute-resounding waves;
But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps:
Where, eased of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain.
Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd every vice on Christian ground;
Saw every court, heard every king declare
His royal sense of operas or the fair;
The stews and palace equally explored,
Intrigued with glory, and with spirit whored;
Tried all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defined;
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring dined;

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Ver. 305. *To lands of——dancing slaves.*] In the year 1413, when the city of Paris was in the utmost desolation, in the murders and proscriptions of the great, by the uncontrolled fury of a mad populace, who had destroyed one half of the court, and had kept the other half, with the king and dauphin, prisoners in the palace, devoted to destruction,—at this dreadful juncture, the insolence of one Jacqueville, the captain of the mob, has been the occasion of bringing down to us a circumstance very declarative of the singular temper of this gay nation. As that fellow, with his guards at his heels, was going his rounds, to see that the work of ruin went on without interruption, when he came to the palace he went abruptly up into the apartments, where he found the dauphin and the principal lords and ladies of the court dancing, as in the midst of peace and security: on which, with the air of a Cato, he reproached them for the levity of their behaviour, at a time when the rest of the court were languishing in the dungeons of the common prisons.—*W.*†

Ver. 308. *And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps.*] The winged lion, the arms of Venice. This republic, heretofore the most considerable in Europe, for her naval force and the extent of her commerce; now illustrious for her carnivals.—*P. W.*

Ver. 318. *Greatly-daring dined.*] It being, indeed, no small risk to eat through those extraordinary compositions, whose disguised ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and unwholesome.—*P. W.*

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Dropp'd the dull lumber of the Latin store,
Spoil'd his own language and acquired no more;
All classic learning lost on classic ground;
And last turned air, the echo of a sound;
See now, half-cured, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a solo in his head;
As much estate, and principle, and wit,
As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit;
Stolen from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
And if a borough choose him, not undone:
See, to my country happy I restore
This glorious youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive (for her my soul adores),
So may the sons of sons of sons of whores
Prop thine, O empress! like each neighbour throne,
And make a long posterity thy own."
Pleased, she accepts the hero and the dame,
Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame.
Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
Of ever-listless loiterers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.
Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,

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Ver. 324. *With nothing but a solo in his head.*] With nothing but a solo? Why, if it be a solo, how should there be any thing else? Palpable tautology! Read boldly an opera, which is enough of conscience for such a head, as has lost all its Latin. BENTL.—*P. W.*

Ver. 326. *Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber.*] Three very eminent persons, all managers of plays: who, though not governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the education of youth; and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his talents for this end, see Book i. ver. 199, &c.—*P. W.*

Ver. 331. *Her too receive,* &c.] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his note on ver. 272, that the governor, as well as the pupil, had a particular interest in this lady.—*P. W.*

Ver. 341. *Thee too, my Paridel!*] The poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a wandering courtly 'squire, that travelled about for the same reason for which many young 'squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to Paris.—*P. W.*

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And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.
She pitied! but her pity only shed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius, crafty seer, with ebon wand,
And well-dissembled emerald on his hand,
False as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
Soft as the wily fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he: but pious, whisper'd first his prayer:
"Grant, gracious goddess! grant me still to cheat;
Oh may thy cloud still cover the deceit!
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise;
Through twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis, gods, and mortals call an owl:
Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear:

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Ver. 347. *Annius.*] The name taken from Annius, the monk of Viterbo, famous for many impositions and forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to by mere vanity; but our Annius had a more substantial motive.—*P. W.*

The sudden appearance of this character, whom we never heard of before, makes this passage very obscure. By Annius was meant Sir Andrew Fountaine.—WARTON.

Annius appears in his place; nor does there seem to be any particular reason why he should have been heard of before. It is not likely that Pope meant to allude to Sir Andrew Fountaine, who was a particular friend of Swift.—*Vide Journal to Stella.*

Ver. 363. *Attys and Cecrops.*] The first kings of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any coins are extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbade all images; and the story of whose pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless, one of these Anniuses made a counterfeit medal of that impostor, now in the collection of a learned nobleman.—*P. W.*

Ver. 364. *Nay, Mahomet!*] The circumstance of Mahomet professing to receive his inspiration from heaven through the means of a pigeon is well known.—BOWLES.

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Be rich in ancient brass, though not in gold,
And keep his Lares, though his house be sold;
To heedless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Bless'd in one Niger, till he knows of two."
Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, fool-renown'd,
Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,
Fierce as a startled adder, swell'd, and said,
Rattling an ancient sistrum at his head:
"Speak'st thou of Syrian princes? Traitor base!
Mine, goddess! mine is all the horned race.

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Ver. 371. *Mummius.*] This name is not merely an allusion to the mummies he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman general of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious statues to the captain of a ship, assuring him that "if any were lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in their stead:" by which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no virtuoso.—*P. W.*

Who, or from whence, was Mummius? we know as little of him, thus abruptly brought out, as of Annius in the preceding passage, ver. 347. It is painful, but necessary to make an observation on such a fault in our poet. To say the name alluded to Egyptian mummies, is frigid enough! I have been lately informed, that by Mummius was meant Dr. Mead, a man too learned and too liberal to be thus satirized.—WARTON.

Dr. Warton was probably misinformed on this head. Pope was not in the habit of abusing those anonymously whom he openly praised. He had a high opinion of Dr. Mead, whom he occasionally consulted, as appears by the lines,

I'll do what *Mead* and Chesselden advise,
To save these limbs and to preserve these eyes.

Ver. 371. *Fool-renown'd.*] A compound epithet in the Greek manner, renowned by fools, or renowned for making fools.—*P. W.*

Ver. 372. *Cheops.*] A king of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This royal mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased by the consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the museum of Mummius; for proof of which, he brings a passage in Sandy's *Travels*, where that accurate and learned voyager assures us that he saw the sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly, saith he, with the time of the theft above mentioned. But he omits to observe that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time.—*P. W.*

Ver. 375. *Speak'st thou of Syrian princes?* &c.] The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's *Voyages*. Vaillant (who wrote the *History of the Syrian Kings*, as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various coins, and being pursued by a corsair of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden borasque freed him from the rover, and he got to land with the medals in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advised

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True, he had wit, to make their value rise:
From foolish Greeks to steal them was as wise;
More glorious yet, from barbarous hands to keep,
When Sallee rovers chased him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold.
Received each demi-god, with pious care,
Deep in his entrails—I revered them there;
I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,
And, at their second birth, they issue mine."

"Witness, great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,
Replied soft Annius, "this our paunch before
Still bears them faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the medals with the meat.
To prove me, goddess! clear of all design,
Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine:
There all the learn'd shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas lend his soft, obstetric hand."

The goddess, smiling, seem'd to give consent;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.

Then thick as locusts, blackening all the ground,
A tribe with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the power,
A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flower.
But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.

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purgations, the other vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend, the famous physician and antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour, without staying to inquire about the uneasy symptoms of the burthen he carried, first asked him, whether the medals were of the higher empire? He assured him they were. Dufour was ravished with the hope of possessing so rare a treasure; he bargained with him on the spot for the most curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expense.—*P. W.*

Ver. 387. *Witness, great Ammon!*] Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian empire, and whose horns they wore on their medals.—*P. W.*

Ver. 394. *Douglas.*] A physician of great learning and no less taste; above all, curious in what related to Horace, of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.—*P. W.*

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The first thus open'd: "Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great queen, and common mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flower,
Suckled, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and shower:
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipp'd its head;
Then throned in glass and named it CAROLINE:
Each maid cried 'Charming!' and each youth, 'Divine!'
Did nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
Such varied light in one promiscuous blaze?
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, 'Charming!' and no youth, 'Divine:
And, lo! the wretch, whose vile, whose insect lust
Laid this gay daughter of the Spring in dust.
Oh! punish him, or to the Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades!"
He ceased, and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' accused stood forth, and thus address'd the queen:
"Of all th' enamell'd race, whose silvery wing
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shone this child of heat and air.
I saw, and started from its vernal bower
The rising game, and chased from flower to flower.
It fled, I follow'd: now in hope, now pain;
It stopp'd, I stopp'd; it moved, I moved again.
At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleased,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seized;
Rose or carnation was below my care;
I meddle, goddess! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And to excuse it, need but show the prize;

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Ver. 409. *And named it Caroline.*] It is a compliment which the florists usually pay to princes and great personages, to give their names to the most curious flowers of their raising: some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious gardener at Hammersmith, who caused his favourite to be painted on his sign, with this inscription: "This is *my* Queen Caroline."—*P. W.*

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Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair e'en in death! this peerless butterfly."
"My sons!" she answer'd, "both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends.
The common soul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert and knaves awake;
A drowsy watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest to tell us what's o'clock.
Yet by some object every brain is stirr'd;
The dull may waken to a humming-bird;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the cockle-kind;
The mind, in metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of moss;
The head that turns at superhuman things,
Poised with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.
"Oh! would the sons of men once think their eyes
And reason given them but to study flies!

VARIATION.—Ver. 441, in the first edition, thus:

Of souls the greater part, Heaven's common make,
Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
And most but find that sentinel of God
A drowsy watchman in the land of Nod.—*W.*†

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Ver. 452. *Wilkins' wings.*] One of the first projectors of the Royal Society; who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of the possibility to fly to the moon; which has put some volatile geniuses upon making wings for that purpose.—*P. W.*

Ver. 453. *O! would the sons of men*, &c.] This is the third speech of the goddess to her supplicants, and completes the whole of what she had to give in instruction on this important occasion, concerning learning, civil society, and religion. In the first speech, ver. 119, to her editors and conceited critics, she directs how to deprave wit and discredit fine writers. In her second, ver. 175, to the educators of youth, she shows them how all civil duties may be extinguished, in that one doctrine of divine hereditary right. And in this third, she charges the investigators of nature to amuse themselves in trifles, and rest in second causes, with a total disregard of the first. This being all that Dullness can wish, is all she needs to say; and we may apply to her (as the poet hath managed it) what hath been said of true wit, that "she neither says too little, nor too much."—*P. W.*

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See nature in some partial, narrow shape,
And let the author of the whole escape;
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve."
"Be that my task," replies a gloomy clerk,
Sworn foe to mystery, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When moral evidence shall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize:
"Let others creep, by timid steps and slow,
On plain experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to nature's Cause through nature led.
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of arrogance, and source of pride!
We nobly take the high *priori* road,
And reason downward till we doubt of God;
Make nature still encroach upon his plan,
And shove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thrust some mechanic cause into his place,
Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space.

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Ver. 462. *When moral evidence shall quite decay.*] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of moral evidence by mathematical proportions; according to which calculation, in about fifty years, it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the senate-house. See *Craig's Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica.* But as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago, it is plain that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing not to their arguments, but to the extraordinary power of our goddess; for whose help, therefore, they are bound to pray.—*P. W.*

Ver. 471. *The high priori road.*] Those who, from the effects in this visible world, deduce the Eternal Power and Godhead of the First Cause, though they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet discover so much of him, as enables them to see the end of their creation and the means of their happiness; whereas, they who take this high priori road (such as Hobbes, Spinosa, Des Cartes, and some better reasoners), for one that goes right, ten lose themselves in mists, or ramble after visions, which deprive them of all sight of their end, and mislead them in the choice of the means.—*P. W.*

Ver. 473. *Make nature still.*] This relates to such, as being ashamed to assert a mere mechanic cause, and yet unwilling to forsake it entirely, have had recourse to a certain plastic nature, elastic fluid, subtile matter, &c.—*P. W.*

Ver. 475. *Thrust some mechanic cause into his place,* &c.] "I am [illegible]

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Or, at one bound, o'erleaping all his laws,
Make God man's image, man the final cause;
Find virtue local, all relations scorn,
See all in self, and but for self be born;
Of nought so certain as our reason still,
Of nought so doubtful as of soul and will.
Oh, hide the God still more! and make us see
Such as Lucretius drew, a god like thee:
Wrapp'd up in self, a god without a thought,
Regardless of our merit or default.
Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptured visions saw;
Wild through poetic scenes the genius roves,
Or wanders wild in academic groves;

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says Mr. Dugald Stewart, "that Pope suffered himself so far to be misled by the malignity of Warburton, as to aim a secret stab at Newton and Clarke; by associating their figurative, and not altogether unexceptionable language, concerning space (which they called the *sensorium* of the Deity) with the opinion of Spinosa." "How little," he adds, "was it suspected by the poet, when this sarcasm escaped him, that the charge of *Spinosism* and *Pantheism* was afterwards to be brought against himself, for the sublimest passage to be found in his writings."—*Encycl. Brit. Diss.* Part ii. p. 75.

On this it may be observed, that the lines which are supposed to convey the censure on Clarke and Newton, are spoken by

——a gloomy clerk,
Sworn foe to mystery, yet divinely dark,

who gives an enumeration of the different species of infidelity, one of which is by "thrusting some mechanic cause into the place of the Deity, binding him in matter, or diffusing him in space;" which is evidently a ridicule of the doctrines of Spinosa, but cannot be applied to such as inculcate the existence of a supreme intelligent first cause, and the free agency of man.

Ver. 478, &c. Here the poet, from the errors relating to a Deity in natural philosophy, descends to those in moral. Man was made according to God's image: but this false theology, measuring his attributes by ours, makes God after man's image: this proceeds from the imperfection of his reason. The next, of imagining himself the final cause, is the effect of his pride: as the making virtue and vice arbitrary, and morality the imposition of the Magistrate, is of the corruption of his heart. Hence, he centers every thing in himself. The progress of dullness herein differing from that of madness; this ends in seeing all in God; the other, in seeing all in self.—*P. W.*

Ver. 492. *Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.*] It cannot be denied but that this fine stroke of satire against atheism was well intended. But how must the reader smile at our author's officious zeal, when he is told that, at the time this was written, you might as soon have found a wolf in England as an atheist? The truth is, the whole species was exterminated. There is a trifling difference, indeed, concerning the author of the achievement. Some, as Dr. Ashenhurst, gave it to *Bentley's Boylean Lectures*. And he so well convinced that great man of the truth, that wherever after-

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That nature our society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores."
Roused at his name, up rose the bowsy sire,
And shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire;
Then snapp'd his box, and stroked his belly down,
Rosy and reverend, though without a gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the youth, and call'd the goddess dame.
Then thus: "From every priestcraft happily set free,
Lo! every finish'd son returns to thee:
First, slave to words, then, vassal to a name,
Then, dupe to party; child and man the same;
Bounded by nature, narrow'd still by art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.

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wards he found *atheist*, he always read *A theist*. But, in spite of a claim so well made out, others gave the honour of this exploit to a later Boylean lecturer. A judicious apologist for Dr. Clark against Mr. Winston, says, with no less elegance than positiveness of expression, "It is a most certain truth, that the *Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God*, has extirpated and banished atheism out of the Christian world, p. 18. It is much to be lamented, that the clearest truths have still their dark side. But what of that? Since the thing is done, and the proof of it is so certain, there is no occasion for so nice a canvassing of circumstances.—SCRIBL.

Ver. 492. *Silenus.*] Silenus was an Epicurean philosopher, as appears from *Virgil*, Eclog. vi. where he sings the principles of that philosopher in his drink.—*P. W.*

By Silenus he means Gordon, the translator of *Tacitus;* which translation he made in an affected, hard, abrupt, and inharmonious style, under the notion of imitating the pregnant brevity of the original, crowded, as it is, with sense and matter. He also was the publisher of the *Independent Whig*, and obtained a lucrative place under government.—WARTON.

Ver. 499, 500. The learned Scriblerus is here very whimsical. It would seem, says he, by this, as if the priests (who are always plotting mischief against the law of nature) had inveigled these harmless youths from the bosom of their mother, and kept them in open rebellion to her, till Silenus broke the charm, and restored them to her indulgent arms. But this is so singular a fancy, and at the same time so unsupported by proof, that we must in justice acquit them of all suspicions of this kind. ARISTAR.—*W.*

Ver. 501. *First slave to words*, &c.] A recapitulation of the whole course of modern education described in this book, which confines youth to the study of words only in schools; subjects them to the authority of systems in the universities; and deludes them with the names of party-distinctions in the world: all equally concurring to narrow the understanding, and establish slavery and error in literature, philsophy, and politics. The whole finished in modern free-thinking; the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind, as it establishes self-love for the sole principle of action.—*P. W.*

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Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
Smiling on all, and smiled on by a queen!
Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their birth,
To thee, the most rebellious things on earth:
Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
All melted down in pension, or in punk!
So K*, so B**, sneak'd into the grave,
A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.
Poor W**, nipp'd in folly's broadest bloom,
Who praises now? his chaplain on his tomb!
Then take them all—oh! take them to thy breast,
Thy Magus, goddess! shall perform the rest."
With that, a wizard old his cup extends;
Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,

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Ver. 506, *Smiled on by a queen.*] i. e. this queen or goddess of Dullness. —*W.*†

Ver. 513. *Poor W**.] Philip Duke of Wharton, so much celebrated for his profligacy, wit, and eccentricity; who died an exile and an outlaw, in 1731.—BOWLES.

Ver. 517. *With that, a wizard old,* &c.] Here beginneth the celebration of the greater mysteries of the goddess, which the poet in his *Invocation,* ver. 5, promised to sing. For when now each aspirant, as was the custom, had proved his qualification and claim to a participation, the high-priest of Dullness first initiated the assembly by the usual way of libation. And then each of the initiated, as was always required, putteth on a new nature, described in ver. 530: *Firm impudence and stupefaction mild:* which the ancient writers on the mysterics call τῆς ψυχῆς ἔρμα, the great prop or fulcrum of the human mind. When the high-priest and goddess have thus done their parts, each of them is delivered into the hands of his conductor, an inferior minister, or *hierophant,* whose names are Impudence, Stupefaction, Self-conceit, Self-interest, Pleasure, Epicurism, &c., to lead them through the several apartments of her mystic dome or palace. When all this is over, the sovereign goddess, from ver. 565 to 600, conferreth her titles and degrees; rewards inseparably attendant on the participation of the mysteries; which made the ancient Theon say of them—κάλλιστα μὲν οὖν, καὶ τῶν μεγίστων ἀγαθῶν, τὰ Μυστηρίων μετέχειν. Hence, being enriched with so many various gifts and graces, initiation into the mysteries was anciently, as well as in these our times, esteemed a necessary qualification for every high office and employment, whether in church or state. Lastly, the great mother, the *bona dea,* shutteth up the solemnity with her gracious benediction, which concludeth in drawing the curtain, and laying all her children to rest. It is to be observed that Dullness, before this her restoration, had her pontiffs *in partibus;* who from time to time held her mysteries in secret, and with great privacy. But now on her reëstablishment, she celebrateth them, like those of the Cretans (the most ancient of all mysteries), in open day, and offereth them to the inspection of all men. SCRIBL.—*W.*

Ver. 517. *His cup—Which whoso tastes,* &c.] The cup of self-love,

Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
Up to a star, and like Endymion dies:
A feather, shooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain, and principle is fled;
Lost is his God, his country, every thing;
And nothing left but homage to a king!
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
To run with horses, or to hunt with dogs;
But, sad example! never to escape
Their infamy, still keep the human shape.
But she, good goddess, sent to every child
Firm impudence, or stupefaction mild;

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which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of friendship or honour, and of the service of God or our country; all sacrificed to vain-glory, court-worship, or the yet meaner considerations of lucre and brutal pleasures. From ver. 520 to 528.—*P. W.*

Ver. 518. *Forgets his former friends.*] Surely there little needed the force of charms or magic to set aside a useless friendship. For of all the accommodations of fashionable life, as there are none more reputable, so there are none of so little charge as friendship. It fills up the void of life with a name of dignity and respect: and at the same time is ready to give place to every passion that offers to dispute possession with it.—SCRIBL.

Ver. 523, 524. *Lost is his God, his country—And nothing left but homage to a king.*] So strange as this may seem to a mere English reader, the famous Mons. de la Bruyère declares it to be the character of every good subject in a monarchy: "Where," says he, "there is no such thing as love of our country, the interest, the glory, and the service of the prince supply its place." *De la Republique*, chap. x.—*P.*†

Of this duty, another celebrated French author speaks, indeed, a little more disrespectfully; which, for that reason, we shall not translate, but give in his own words: "L'amour de la patrie, le grand motif des prémiers héros, n'est plus regardé que comme une chimère; l'idée du service du roi, étendüe iuqu'à l'oubli de tout autre principe, tient lieu de ce qu'on appelloit autrefois grandeur d'ame et fidélité."—*Boulainvillier's Hist. des Anciens Parlements de France*, &c.

Ver. 528. *Still keep the human shape.*] The effects of the Magus's cup, by which is allegorized a total corruption of heart, are just contrary to that of Circè, which only represents the sudden plunging into pleasures. Hers, therefore, took away the shape, and left the human mind; his takes away the mind, and leaves the human shape.—*P. W.*

Ver. 529. *But she, good goddess,* &c.] The only comfort such people can receive, must be owing in some shape or other to Dullness; which makes one sort stupid, another impudent; gives self-conceit to some, arising from the flatteries of their dependants; presents the false colours of interest to others, and busies or amuses the rest with idle pleasures or sensualities, till they become easy under any infamy. Each of which species is here shadowed under allegorical persons.—*P. W.*

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And straight succeeded, leaving shame no room,
C'bberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes;
But, as the flatterer or dependant paint,
Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or saint.
On others, Int'rest her gay livery flings,
Int'rest, that waves on party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise.
Others, the Syren Sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of fame they hear,
The balm of Dullness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your toils? your sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick ambition hastes to ridicule!
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.
On some, a priest succinct in amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn:
The board with specious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads:

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Ver. 532. *Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.*] i. e. she communicates to them of her own virtue, or of her royal colleagues. The Cibberian forehead being to fit them for self-conceit, self-interest, &c., and the Cimmerian gloom, for the pleasures of opera and the table. SCRIBL.—*P.*

Ver. 553. *The board with vecious miracles he loads,* &c.] Scriblerus seems at a loss in this place. *Speciosa miracula* (says he), according to Horace, were the monstrous fables of the Cyclops, Læstrygons, Scylla, &c. What relation have these to the transformation of hares into larks, or of pigeons into toads? I shall tell thee. The Læstrygons spitted men upon spears, as we do larks upon skewers; and the fair pigeon turned to a toad, is similar to the fair virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beast. But here is the difficulty, why pigeons in so shocking a shape should be brought to a table. Hares indeed might be cut into larks at a second dressing, out of frugality; yet that seems no probable motive, when we consider the extravagance before mentioned, of dissolving whole oxen and boars into a small vial of jelly; nay, it is expressly said, that all flesh is nothing in his sight. I have searched in Apicius, Pliny, and the feast of Trimalchio, in vain; I can only resolve it into some mysterious superstitious rite, as it is said to be done by a priest, and

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Another (for in all what one can shine?)
Explains the *sève* and *verdeur* of the vine.
What, cannot copious sacrifice atone?
Thy truffles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne?
With French libation, and Italian strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hay's stain.
Knight lifts the head: for what are crowds undone,
To three essential partridges in one?
Gone every blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their coach.
Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The queen confers her titles and degrees.
Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakspeare at the Inns of Court,

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soon after called a sacrifice attended (as all ancient sacrifices were) with libation and song.—SCRIBL.

This good scholiast, not being acquainted with modern luxury, was ignorant that these were only the miracles of French cookery, and that particularly *pigeons en crapeau* were a common dish, at elegant tables, which never want toad-hunters.—*P. W.*

Ver. 556. *Sève and verdeur.*] French terms, relating to wines, which signify their flavour and piquancy.

Et je gagerois que chez le commandeur,
Villandri priseroit sa seve et sa verdeur.—DESPREAUX.

St. Evremont has a very pathetic letter to a nobleman in disgrace, advising him to seek comfort in a good table, and particularly to be attentive to these qualities in his champaigne.—*P. W.*

Ver. 560. *Bladen—Hays.*] Names of gamesters. Bladen is a black man. Robert Knight, Cashier of the South-Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742). These lived in the utmost magnificence in Paris, and kept open tables, frequented by persons of the first quality in England, and even by princes of the blood of France.—*P. W.*

Ver. 560. *Bladen,* &c.] The former note of "Bladen is a black man," is very absurd. The manuscript text is here partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been, "Wash blackamoors white," alluding to a known proverb. SCRIBL.—*P. W.*

Ver. 567, 568. Ill would that scholiast discharge his duty, who should neglect to honour those whom Dullness has distinguished; or suffer them to lie forgotten, when their rare modesty would have left them nameless. Let us not, therefore, overlook the services which have been done her cause, by one Mr. Thomas Edwards, a gentleman, as he is pleased to call himself, of Lincoln's Inn, but in reality a gentleman only of the *Dunciad;* or, to speak him better, in the plain language of our honest ancestors to such mushrooms, a gentleman of the last edition: who, nobly eluding the solicitude of his careful father, very early retained himself in the cause of Dullness against Shakspeare, and with the wit and learning of his ancestor, Tom Thimble in the *Rehearsal,* and with the air of good nature and politeness of Caliban in

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Impale a glow-worm, or *vertú* profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
Some, deep free-masons, join the silent race,
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some botanists, or florists at the least,
Or issue members of an annual feast.
Nor pass'd the meanest unregarded: one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon:
The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made Doctors of her laws.
Then blessing all, "Go, children of my care,
To practice now from theory repair.

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the *Tempest*, hath now happily finished the *Dunce's Progress*, in personal abuse. For a libeller is nothing but a Grub-street critic run to seed. SCRIBL.—*W.*†

Lamentable is the dullness of these gentlemen of the Dunciad. This Fungoso and his friends, who are all gentlemen, have exclaimed much against us for reflecting his birth, in the words, "a gentleman of the last edition," which we hereby declare concern not his birth, but his adoption only; and mean no more than that he is become a gentleman of the last edition of the Dunciad. Since, gentlemen, then, are so captious, we think it proper to declare, that Mr. Thomas Thimble, who is here said to be Mr. Thomas Edward's ancestor, is only related to him by the Muse's side.—SCRIBL.

This tribe of men, which Scriblerus has here so well exemplified, our poet hath elsewhere admirably characterized in that happy line,

A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead.

For the satire extends much farther than the person who occasioned it, and takes in the whole species of those on whom a good education (to fit them for some useful and learned profession) has been bestowed in vain. That worthless band

Of ever-listless loiterers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend;

who, with an understanding too dissipated and futile for the offices of civil life; and a heart too lumpish, narrow, and contracted, for those of social, become fit for nothing; and so turn wits and critics, where sense and civility are neither required nor expected.—*P.*

Ver. 571. *Some deep, free-masons, join the silent race.*] The poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this silent race. He has here provided, that in case they will not waken or open (as was before proposed) to a humming-bird or a cockle, yet at worst they may be made free-masons: where taciturnity is the only essential qualification, as it was the chief of the disciples of Pythagoras.—*i. W.*

Ver. 576. *A Gregorian, one a Gormogon.*] A sort of lay-brothers, two of the innumerable slips from the root of the free-masons.—*P. W.*

Ver. 577. *Doctors of her laws.*] Pope expected, at one time, to have been made LL.D., of Oxford, but was disappointed. Hence this stroke of resentment!—BOWLES.

Pope had the offer, when at Oxford with Warburton, of being made LL.D.

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All my commands are easy, short, and full:
My sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
Guard my prerogative, assert my throne;
This nod confirms each privilege your own.
The cap and switch be sacred to his grace;
With staff and pumps the marquis leads the race;
From stage to stage, the licensed earl may run,
Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer the sun.
The learned baron butterflies design,
Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line;

REMARKS.

but refused it; because the University would not confer the degree of D.D. on Warburton, to whom some of the members had proposed it.

Ver. 581. *Be proud, be selfish, and be dull.*] We should be unjust to the reign of Dullness not to confess that hers has one advantage in it rarely to be met with in modern governments, which is, that the public education of her youth fits and prepares them for the observance of her laws, and the exertion of those virtues she recommends. For what makes men prouder than the empty knowledge of words; what more selfish, than the freethinker's system of morals; or duller, than the profession of true virtuoship? Nor are her institutions less admirable in themselves, than in the fitness of these their several relations, to promote the harmony of the whole. For she tells her sons, and with great truth, that all her commands are *easy, short,* and *full.*" For is any thing in nature more easy than the exertion of pride; more short and simple than the principle of selfishness; or more full and ample than the sphere of dullness? Thus birth, education, and wise policy, all concurring to support the throne of our goddess, great must be the strength thereof. SCRIBL.—*W.*

Ver. 584. *Each privilege your own,* &c.] This speech of Dullness to her sons at parting, may possibly fall short of the reader's expectation; who may imagine the goddess might give them a charge of more consequence, and, from such a theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something more extraordinary, than to personate running footmen, jockeys, stage-coachmen, &c.

But if it be well considered, that whatever inclination they might have to do mischief, her sons are generally rendered harmless by their inability; and that it is the common effect of Dullness, (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design; the poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allowed that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be expected from them.—*P. W.*

Ver. 585. *The cap and switch,* &c.] The goddess's political balance of favour, in the distribution of her rewards, deserves our notice. It consists of joining with those honours claimed by birth and high place, others more adapted to the genius and talents of the candidates. And thus her great forerunner, John of Leyden, king of Munster, entered on his government by making his ancient friend and companion, Knipperdolling, general of his horse, and hangman. And had but fortune seconded his great scheme of reformation, it is said he would have established his whole household on the same reasonable footing. SCRIBL.—*P.*

Ver. 590. *Arachne's subtile line.*] This is one of the most ingenious

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The judge to dance his brother-sergeant call,
The senator at cricket urge the ball;
The bishop stow (pontific luxury!)
A hundred souls of turkeys in a pie;
The sturdy 'squire to Gallic masters stoop,
And drown his lands and manors in a soup.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach kings to fiddle, and make senates dance.
Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
Proud to my list to add one monarch more.
And, nobly conscious, princes are but things
Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings,
Tyrant supreme! shall three estates command,
And make one mighty Dunciad of the land!"
More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All nature nods:
What mortal can resist the yawn of gods?
Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd:
(St. James's first, for leaden Gilbert preach'd:)

REMARKS.

employments assigned, and therefore recommended only to peers of learning. Of weaving stockings of the web of spiders, see the *Phil. Trans.*—*P. W.*

591. *The judge to dance his brother-sergeant call.*] Alluding, perhaps, to that ancient and solemn dance, entitled, *A Call of Sergeants.*—*P. W.*

Ver. 598. *Teach kings to fiddle.*] An ancient amusement of sovereign princes, viz: Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though despised by Themistocles, who was a republican.—Make senates dance, either after their prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia.—*P. W.*

Ver. 606. *What mortal can resist the yawn of gods?*] This verse is truly Homerical; as is the conclusion of the action, where the great mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyssey. It may, indeed, seem a very singular epitasis of a poem, to end as this does, with a great yawn; but we must consider it as the *yawn of a god*, and of powerful effects. It is not out of nature; most long and grave councils concluding in this very manner; nor without authority, the incomparable Spenser having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a roar; but then it is the *roar of a lion;* the effects thereof (as here of the *yawn*) are described as the catastrophe of the poem.—*P. W.*

Ver. 607. *Churches and chapels,* &c.] The progress of the yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. First it seizeth the churches and chapels, then catcheth the schools, where, though the boys be unwilling to sleep, the masters are not. Next Westminster-hall, much more hard, indeed, to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the goddess. Then the convocation, which, though extremely desirous to speak, yet cannot. Even the house of commons, justly called the sense of the nation, is lost (that is to say suspended) during the yawn; (far be it from our author to suggest it could be lost any longer!) but it spreadeth at large over all the rest of the kingdom

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Then caught the schools; the Hall scarce kept awake;
The convocation gaped, but could not speak:
Lost was the nation's sense, nor could be found,
While the long solemn unison went round:
Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm,
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm;
The vapour mild o'er each committee crept;
Unfinish'd treaties in each office slept;
And chiefless soldiers dozed out the campaign!
And navies yawn'd for orders on the main.
Oh, Muse! relate—for you can tell alone;
Wits have short memories, and dunces none—
Relate who first, who last resign'd to rest;
Whose heads she partly, whose completely bless'd:
What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
The venal quiet, and entrance the dull;

REMARKS.

such a degree, that Palinurus himself (though as incapable of sleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment; the effect of which, though ever so momentary, could not but cause some relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs. SCRIBL.—*P. W.*

Ver. 610. *The convocation gaped, but could not speak.*] Implying a great desire so to do, as the learned scholiast on the place rightly observes. Therefore, beware, reader, lest thou take this gape for a yawn, which is attended with no desire but to go to rest, by no means the disposition of the convocation; whose melancholy case, in short, is this: she was, as is reported, infected with the general influence of the goddess; and while she was yawning carelessly at her ease, a wanton courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick clapped a gag into her chops. Well, therefore, may we know her meaning by her gaping; and this distressful posture our poet here describes, is just as she stands at this day, a sad example of the effects of dullness and malice, unchecked and despised. BENTL.—*W.*

Ver. 615, 618. These verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the state poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is mistaken, or whoever else have imagined this poem of a fresher date.—*P. W.*

Ver. 620. *Wits have short memories.*] This seemeth to be the reason why the poets, whenever they give us a catalogue, constantly call for help on the Muses, who, as the daughters of Memory, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, *Iliad*, ii.

Πληθὺν δ' οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι οὐδ' ὀνομήνω,
Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μοῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
Θυγατέρες, μνησαίαθ'—

And Virgil, *Æn.* vii.

Et meministis enim, Divæ, et memorare potestis:
Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.

But our poet had yet another reason for putting this task upon the Muse, that, all besides being asleep, she only could relate what passed. SCRIBL.—*P. W.*

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Till drown'd was sense, and shame, and right, and wrong—
Oh! sing, and hush the nations with thy song!

* * * * * * * * *

In vain, in vain, the all-composing hour
Resistless falls! the Muse obeys the power.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old!
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sickening stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
Closed one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after art goes out, and all is night;
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head!

REMARKS.

Ver. 624. *The venal quiet*, &c.] It were a problem worthy the solution of Aristarchus himself (and perhaps not of less importance than some of those so long disputed among Homer's scholiasts, as, in which hand Venus was wounded, and what Jupiter whispered in the ear of Juno,) to inform us, which required the greatest effort of our goddess's power, to entrance the dull, or to quiet the venal. For though the venal may be more unruly than the dull, yet, on the other hand, it demands a much greater expense of her virtue to entrance than barely to quiet. SCRIBL.—*W.*

Ver. 629. *She comes! she comes!* &c.] Here the Muse, like Jove's eagle, after a sudden stoop at ignoble game, soareth again to the skies. As prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces of poesy, our poet here foretells from what we feel, what we are to fear; and in the style of Apollo's prophets, hath used the future tense for the preterit; since what he says shall be, is already to be seen, in the writings of some even of our most adored authors, in divinity, philosophy, physics, metaphysics, &c., who are too good, indeed, to be named in such company.—*P. W.*

Ver. 629. *The sable throne behold.*] The sable thrones of Night and Chaos, here represented as advancing to extinguish the light of the sciences, in the first place blot out the colours of fancy, and damp the fire of wit, before they proceed to their greater work.—*W.*

Ver. 641. *Truth to her old cavern fled.*] Alluding to the saying of Democritus, that "Truth lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her;" though Butler replied, archly enough, "He first put her in before he drew her out."—*W.*

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Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!
In vain, they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private dares to shine;
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine!
Lo, thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.

REMARKS.

Ver. 647. *See Mystery to Mathematics fly!*] A sort of men, who make human reason the adequate measure of all truth, having pretended that whatsoever is not fully comprehended by it, is contrary to it. Certain defenders of religion, who would not be outdone in a paradox, have gone as far in the opposite folly, and attempted to show that the mysteries of religion may be mathematically demonstrated; as the authors of *Philosophic*, or *Astronomic Principles* of Religion, natural and revealed; who have much prided themselves on reflecting a fantastic light upon religion from the frigid subtilty of school moonshine.—*W.*

Ver. 649. *Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires.*] Blushing as well at the memory of the past overflow of dullness, when the barbarous learning of so many ages was wholly employed in corrupting the simplicity, and defiling the purity of religion, as at the view of these her false supports in the present; of which it would be endless to recount the particulars. However, amidst the extinction of all other lights, she is said only to withdraw hers; as hers alone in its own nature is unextinguishable and eternal.—*W.*

Ver. 650. *And unawares Morality expires.*] It appears from hence that our poet was of very different sentiments from the author of the *Characteristics*, who has written a formal treatise on virtue, to prove it not only real, but durable, without the support of religion. The word *unawares* alludes to the confidence of those men, who suppose that morality would flourish best without it; and consequently to the surprise such would be in (if any such there are) who indeed love virtue, and yet do all they can to root out the religion of their country.—*W.*

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BY THE AUTHOR.

A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdashers of Points and Particles, *being instigated by the spirit of* Pride, *and assuming to themselves the name of* Critics *and* Restorers, *have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our* Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this Realm, *by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base allay, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utte , and vend as genuine: The said Haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or* in any sort related *to such Poets, to all or any of them;* Now We, *having carefully revised this our* Dunciad,* *beginning with the words* The Mighty Mother, *and*

* Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the word *Books*, and ending with the word *flies*," as formerly it stood. Read also, "containing the entire sum of *one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four* verses," instead of "*one thousand and twelve* lines;" such being the initial and final words, and such the true and entire contents of this poem.

Thou art to know, reader! that the first edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the author, though living, and not blind. The editor himself confessed as much in his preface; and no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The editor of this had as boldly suppressed whole passages, yea, the entire last book, as the editor of *Paradise Lost* added an

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ending with the words buries all, *containing the entire sum of* One thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, *declare every word, figure, point, and comma of this impression to be authentic: And do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever, to erase, reverse, put between* hooks, *or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them.* And *we do hereby exhort all our brethren to follow* this our Example, *which we heartily wish our great Predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses.* Provided always, *that nothing in this Declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this realm, to judge, censure, or condemn in the whole or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsover.*

Given under our hand at London this third Day of January, in the Year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

augmented. Milton himself gave but *ten* books, his editor *twelve;* this author gave *four* books, his editor only *three.* But we have happily done justice to both; and presume we shall live in this our last labour, as long as in any of our others. BENTL.—*P.*†

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APPENDIX.

PREFACE

Prefixed to the five first Imperfect Editions of the Dunciad, in three Books, printed at Dublin and London, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727.

THE PUBLISHER* TO THE READER.

It will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or literature,

* *The Publisher.*] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to *Durgen*, "that most judges are of opinion this preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether the publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be author of the poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the preface to their *Miscellanies*), determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power, the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed.—*P.*

But the occasion of printing it was as follows:

There was published in those *Miscellanies* a *Treatise of the Bathos,* or *Art of Sinking in Poetry,* in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial names prefixed, for the most part, at random. But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that for many years, during the uncontrolled license of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since, to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to show what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the dullness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the *Dunciad;* and he thought it a happiness that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to his design.—*P.*†

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the public in general afford it a most quiet reception; and the large part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves; whereas, if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, booksellers, and printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with pamphlets,* advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person of Mr. Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works (which by modest computation may be† about a hundred thousand in these kingdoms of England and Ireland; not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the new world, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages,) of all this number, not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the author ‡ of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked § no man living, who had not before printed, or published, some scandal against this gentleman.

* *Pamphlets, advertisements*, &c.] See the list of those anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed.—*P.*

† *About a hundred thousand.*] It is surprising with what stupidity this *preface*, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curll, Cooke, Cibber, and others, to be serious.—*P.*

Hear the laureate (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9): "Though I grant the *Dunciad* a better poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet, when I read it with those *vain-glorious* encumbrances of notes and remarks upon it, &c.—it is amazing, that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a *low avarice of praise*," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others were the author's own).—*P.*†

‡ *The author of the following poem*, &c.] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself.—*P.*

§ The publisher in these words went a little too far: but it is certain whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such; and the

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How I came possessed of it, is no concern to the reader; but it would have been wrong to him had I detained the publication, since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is, I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is* certainly nothing in his style and manner of writing, which can distinguish or discover him. For, if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured, not to say affected, *shortness* in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed that this work was the labour of full † six years of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript:

> *O mihi bissenos multum vigilata per annos,*
> *Duncia!*‡

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem; which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the *Iliad*, of Virgil

exception is only of two or three, whose dullness, impudent scurrilities, or self-conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the *Dunciad*.—*P.*

* *There is certainly nothing in his style*, &c.] This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The *Dunciad*, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole town gave it to Mr. Pope.—*P.*

† *The labour of full six years*, &c.] This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the *Dunciad*. J. Ralph, preface to *Sawney*: "We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application. It is no great compliment to the author's sense, to have employed so large a part of his life," &c. So also Ward, preface to *Durgen*: "The *Dunciad*, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the author six years' retirement from all the pleasures of life; though it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long in hatching, &c. But the length of time and closeness of application were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it."

They just as well understood what Scriblerus said of the poem.—*P.*

‡ The prefacer to *Curll's Key*, p. 3, took this word to be really in Statius: "By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, the *Dunciad* is formed." Mr. Ward also follows him in the same opinion.—*P.*

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the *Æneid*, of Camoëns the *Lusiad*,* we may pronounce, could have been, and can be no other than

THE DUNCIAD.

It is styled *heroic*, as being *doubly* so; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the *names* in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others in their niches. For whoever will consider the utility of the whole design, will be sensible that the *poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem.* I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious if he cannot decypher them; since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judge it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T., Mr. E., Sir R. B., &c.! but now all that unjust scandal is saved, by calling him by a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real person.

A List of Books, Papers, and Verses, in which our author was abused before the publication of the Dunciad; with the true names of the authors.

REFLECTIONS, critical and satirical, on a late Rhapsody, called an Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis; printed by B. Lintot, price 6d.

A new Rehearsal, or Bays the Younger; containing an

* In the edition of 1729 was here inserted, "*of Voltaire the Henriad*," and in a note was added, "The French poem of Mons. Voltaire, entitled *La Henriade*, had been published at London the year before;" but this was afterwards omitted.

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Examen of Mr. Rowe's Plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [By Charles Gildon.] Printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1s.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Doggrel [Thomas Burnet and G. Ducket, Esquires]. Printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9d.

Æsop at the Bear-garden; a vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6d.

The Catholic Poet, or Protestant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre, and others, 1715, price 1d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Ducket, Esq. Printed by E. Curll.

A complete Key to The What d'ye call it. Anon. [By Griffin, a player, supervised by Mr. Th——.] Printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. [Dennis.] Printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3d.

The Confederates, a Farce. By Joseph Gay. [J. D. Breval.] Printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's translation of Homer; with two letters concerning the Windsor Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis, printed for E. Curll, 1717, price 1s. 6d.

Satires on the translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris.] 1717, price 6d.

The Triumvirate; or, a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welsted.] 1711, folio, price 1s.

The Battle of Poets; an heroic poem. By Thomas Cooke, printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliza Haywood.] Octavo, printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in prose. By the Author of the Critical History of England [J. Oldmixon], octavo, printed in 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or, an account of the writings,

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characters, &c., of several gentlemen libelled by S— and P—, in a late Miscellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in letters to a friend. By Mr. Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

Verses, Letters, Essays, or Advertisements, in the public prints.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [Writ by M. Concanen.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philomauri. James Moore Smith.

Id. March 29. A Letter about Thersites; accusing the Author of disaffection to the Government. By James Moore Smith.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in reputation; or a Supplement to the Art of Sinking in Poetry. [Supposed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philoditto. By James Moore Smith.

Flying-Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. [By Mr. Oldmixon].

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James Moore Smith.

The Flying-Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by James Moore Smith.

Flying-Post, April 13. Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. P—'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the translation of the character of Thersites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled, A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements, occasioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen, Anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1s. Others of an elder date, having lain as

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waste paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary booksellers (in hopes of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner—"The Confederates, a farce. By Captain Breval (for which he was put into the Dunciad). An Epilogue to Powel's Puppet-show. By Colonel Ducket (for which he was put into the Dunciad). Essays, &c. By Sir Richard Blackmore. (N. B. It was for a passage of this book that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad)." And so of others

AFTER THE DUNCIAD, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad, octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9, it was formally declared, "That the complaint of the aforesaid Libels and Advertisements was forged and untrue; that all mouths had been silent, except in Mr. Pope's praise; and nothing against him published, but by Mr. Theobald."]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad; with a critique on that poem. By J. Ralph, [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after,] printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curll, 12mo., price 6d.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curll, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo. price 6d.

The Curlliad. By the same E. Curll.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr. Curll. 12mo., price 6d. With the Metamorphosis of P. into a Stinging-Nettle. By Mr. Foxton, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley, printed for A Moore, folio, price 6d.

The Dunciad Dissected. By Curll and Mrs. Thomas, 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bohours, with new Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis, dedicated to Theobald; octavo.

A Supplement to the Profund. Anon. By Matthew Concanen, octavo.

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Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long Letter, signed W. A. Writ by some or other of the Club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter signed Philo-scriblerus, on the name of Pope—Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. [Bezaleel Morris] against Mr. P—. Many other little epigrams about this time in the same papers, by James Moore, and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying-Post, August 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the author of the Dunciad with treason.

Durgen: a plain satire on a pompous satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana Secunda. Being a Collection of many of the Libels in the Newspapers, like the former Volume, under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, November 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "*any thing* which *any body* should send as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's should be inserted and published as theirs."

Pope Alexander's supremacy and infallibility examined, &c. By George Ducket, and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the 4th chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A paper of verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into *One Epistle*, and was published by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of Dullness and Scandal, folio, 1731.

There have been since published,

Verses on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady [or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-Squire]. Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-Court [Lord H—y]. Printed for J. Roberts also, folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent Garden, octavo.

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Advertisement to the First Edition with Notes, in Quarto, 1729.

It will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the *Dunciad*, than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipped into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to use real, rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time. And the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very *obscurity* of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *secret*, which most people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the *persons* it was judged proper to give some account; for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive, (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George,) it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient, barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curll, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

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Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The imitations of the ancients are added to gratify those who either never read or may have forgotten them; together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the poem too much a cento, our poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest; and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets professedly valued themselves.

Advertisement printed in the Journals, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occasion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the *Dunciad*, some have been willing to suggest, as if they looked upon them as an *abuse:* we can do no less than own it is our opinion, that to call these gentlemen *bad authors* is no sort of *abuse*, but a great *truth*. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no *wit*, or *poet*, provided he brings a certificate of his being really such, from any *three of his companions* in the *Dunciad*, or from Mr. *Dennis singly*, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

Advertisement to the First Edition of the Fourth Book of the Dunciad, when printed separately in the year 1742.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first Books of the *Dunciad*, that we publish this fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the *library* of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly showed it to be not only *incorrect*, but *unfinished*. That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the *Dissertation* prefixed to it, where it is said, that *the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it;* and from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that *the accomplishment of the prophecies therein*

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would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad. But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the *Æneid*, though perhaps inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete; in which we also promise to insert any *criticisms* that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the *names* of the *authors;* or any letter sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed under the title of *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum;* which, together with some others of the same kind formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

Advertisement to the Complete Edition of 1743.

I HAVE long had a design of giving some sort of notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his *Essay on Man*, and have since finished another on the *Essay on Criticism.* There was one already on the *Dunciad*, which had met with general approbation: but I still thought some additions were wanting, of a more serious kind, to the humorous notes of *Scriblerus*, and even to those written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving *this poem*, by giving in it the only thing it wanted, a *more considerable hero.* He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero it had, purely for want of a better; not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this post, and has since obtained the *laurel;* but, since that has happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to *him* or the *Dunciad.*

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And yet, I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our author. This person was one, who from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a *vanity;* and therefore was the *man in the world who would least be hurt by it.* W. W.

OF THE POET LAUREATE,* NOVEMBER 19, 1729.

THE time of the election of a poet laureate being now at hand, it may be proper to give some account of the *rites* and *ceremonies* anciently used at that solemnity, and only discontinued through the neglect and degeneracy of later times. These we have extracted from an historian of undoubted credit, a reverend bishop, the learned Palus Jovius; and are the same that were practised under the pontificate of Leo X., the great restorer of learning.

As we now see an *age* and a *court*, that for the encouragement of poetry rivals, if not exceeds, that of this famous pope, we cannot but wish a restoration of all its *honours* to *poesy;* the rather, since there are so many parallel circumstances in the *person* who was then honoured with the laurel, and in *him* who (in all probability) is now to wear it.

I shall translate my author exactly as I find it in the eighty-second chapter of his *Elogia Vir. Doct.* He begins with the character of the poet himself, who was the original and father of all Laureates, and called Camillo. He was a plain countryman of

* It is not easy to conceive, why this piece, which was written by Pope, and inserted in the first complete edition of the *Dunciad*, in four books, in 1743, should have been transferred, in all subsequent editions, to another volume of the works of the author, with the rest of the contents of which it has no immediate connexion; while it is essential to the proper understanding of the character and dignity of the *poet laureate*, whose office is here traced from the times of Leo X., when

> Rome in her capitol saw *Quemo* sit,
> Throned on seven hills, the anti-Christ of wit—

to the days of George the Second.

We may also be permitted to observe, that notwitstanding the difference of age and country, this piece may still be of use, as a record of the *duties, qualifications*, and *privileges* of the *laureate*, in order to prevent any person from being raised in future, to that high station (as no person has yet been) who is not abundantly qualified for it—"such a person as is truly jealous of the honour and dignity of poetry; no joker or trifler, but a bard in good earnest nay, not amiss if a critic, and the better if a little obstinate."

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Apulia, whether a *shepherd* or *thresher* is not material. "This man (says Jovius), excited by the fame of the great encouragement given to poets at court, and the high honour in which they were held, came to the city, bringing with him a strange kind of lyre in his hand, and at least some *twenty thousand of verses*. All the wits and critics of the court flocked about him, delighted to see a *clown*, with a ruddy, hale, complexion, and in his own long hair, so top full of poetry; and at the first sight of him all agreed he was born to be *poet laureate*.* He had a most hearty welcome in an *island* of the river Tiber (an agreeable place, not unlike our Richmond), where he was first made to *eat* and *drink plentifully*, and *to repeat his verses to every body*. Then they adorned him with a new and elegant garland, composed of *vine-leaves*, *laurel*, and *brassica* (a sort of cabbage, so composed, says my author, emblematically, *ut tam sales, quam lepide ejus temulentia, Brassicæ remedio cohibenda notaretur*. He was then saluted by common consent with the title of *archi-poeta*, or *arch poet*, in the style of those days; in ours, *poet laureate*. This honour the poor man received with the most sensible demonstrations of joy, his eyes drunk with tears and gladness.† Next, the public acclamation was expressed in a *canticle*, which is transmitted to us as follows:

"Salve, brassicea virens corona,
Et lauro, archipoeta, pampinoque!
Dignus principis auribus Leonis."

"All hail, arch-poet, without peer!
Vine, bay, or cabbage fit to wear,
And worthy of the *prince' ear*."

From hence he was conducted in pomp to the *capitol* of Rome, mounted on an *elephant*, through the shouts of the populace, where the ceremony ended.

The historian tells us farther, "That at his introduction to Leo, he not only poured forth verses innumerable, like a torrent, but also sung them with *open mouth*. Nor was he only *once* introduced, or on *stated* days (like our laureates), but made a *companion* to his *master*, and entertained as one of the instruments

* Apulus præpingui vultu alacer, et prolixe comatus, omnino dignus festâ laureâ videretur.

† Manantibus præ gaudio oculis.

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of his *most elegant pleasures*. When the prince was at table, the poet had his place at the window. When the prince had half* eaten his meat, he gave with his own hands the rest to the poet. When the poet drank, it was out of the prince's own flagon, insomuch (says the historian) that through so great good eating and drinking, he contracted a most terrible gout." Sorry I am to relate what follows, but that I cannot leave my reader's curiosity unsatisfied in the catastrophe of this extraordinary man. To use my author's words, which are remarkable, *mortuo Leone, profligatisque poetis*, &c. "When Leo died, and poets were no more" (for I would not understand *profligatis* literally, as if poets then were *profligate*), this unhappy laureate was forthwith reduced to return to his country, where, oppressed with *old age* and *want*, he miserably perished in a *common hospital*.

We see from this sad conclusion (which may be of example to the poets of our time) that it were happier to meet with no encouragement at all, to remain at the plough, or other lawful occupation, than to be elevated above their condition, and taken out of the common means of life, without a surer support than the *temporary*, or, at best, *mortal* favours of the great. It was doubtless for this consideration, that when the royal bounty was lately extended to a *rural genius*, care was taken to *settle it upon him for life*. And it hath been the practice of our princes never to remove from the station of poet laureate any man who hath once been chosen, though never so much greater geniuses might arise in his time. A noble instance how much the *charity* of our monarchs hath exceeded their *love of fame*.

To come now to the intent of this paper. We have here the whole ancient *ceremonial* of the laureate. In the first place the crown is to be mixed with *vine-leaves*, as the vine is the plant of Bacchus, and full as essential to the honour, as the *butt of sack* to the salary.

Secondly, the *brassica* must be made use of as a qualifier of the former. It seems the *cabbage* was anciently accounted a remedy for *drunkenness*; a power the French now ascribe to the onion, and style a soup made of it *Soupe d'ivrogne*. I would recommend a large mixture of the *brassica*, if Mr. Dennis be chosen; but if Mr. Tibbald, it is not so necessary, unless the

* Semesis opsoniis.

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cabbage be supposed to signify the same thing with respect to *poets* as to *tailors*, viz. *stealing*. I should judge it not amiss to add another plant to this garland, to wit, *ivy;* not only as it anciently belonged to poets in general, but as it is emblematical of the three virtues of a court poet in particular; it is *creeping*, *dirty*, and *dangling*.

In the next place, a *canticle* must be composed and sung in laud and praise of the new poet. If Mr. Cibber be laureated, it is my opinion no man can *write* this but himself; and no man, I am sure, can *sing* it so affectingly. But what this canticle should be, either in his or the other candidate's case, I shall not pretend to determine.

Thirdly, there ought to be a *public show*, or entry of the poet; to settle the order or procession, of which Mr. Anstis and Mr. Dennis ought to have a conference. I apprehend here two difficulties: one, of procuring an *elephant;* the other, of teaching the poet to ride him. Therefore I should imagine the next animal in size or dignity would do best; either a *mule* or a large *ass;* particularly if that noble one could be had, whose portraiture makes so great an ornament of the *Dunciad*, and which (unless I am misinformed) is yet in the park of a nobleman near this city:—unless Mr. Cibber be the man; who may, with great propriety and beauty, ride on a *dragon*, if he goes by land; or if he choose the water, upon one of his own *swans* from *Cæsar in Egypt*.

We have spoken sufficiently of the *ceremony;* let us now speak of the *qualifications* and *privileges* of the Laureate. First, we see he must be able to make verses *extempore*, and to pour forth innumerable, if required. In this I doubt Mr. Tibbald. Secondly, he ought to *sing*, and intrepidly *patulo ore:* here, I confess the excellency of Mr. Cibber. Thirdly, he ought to carry a *lyre* about with him. If a large one be thought too cumbersome, a small one may be contrived to hang about the neck, like an order, and be very much a grace to the person. Fourthly, he ought to have a good *stomach*, to eat and drink whatever his betters think fit; and therefore it is in this high office as in many others, no puny constitution can discharge it. I do not think Cibber or Tibbald here so happy: but rather a stanch, vigorous, seasoned, and dry *old gentleman*, whom I have in my eye.

I could also wish, at this juncture, such a person as is truly

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jealous of the *honour* and *dignity* of *poetry;* no joker, or trifler but a bard in *good earnest;* nay, not amiss if a critic, and the better if a little *obstinate.* For when we consider what great privileges have been lost from this office (as we see from the fore-cited authentic record of Jovius), namely, those of *feeding* from the *prince's table*, *drinking* out of his *own flagon*, becoming even his *domestic* and *companion;* it requires a man warm and resolute, to be able to claim and obtain the restoring of these high honours. I have cause to fear the most of the candidates would be liable, either through the influence of ministers, or for rewards or favours, to give up the glorious rights of the Laureate. Yet I am not without hopes there is *one*, from whom a *serious* and *steady* assertion of these privileges may be expected, and, if there be such a one, I must do him the justice to say, it is Mr. Dennis, the worthy president of our society.

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AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCIX.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

Of the general excellence of the *Essay on Criticism*, all its commentators are agreed. Johnson says, that if Pope had written nothing else, it would have placed him among the first critics and the first poets; as it exhibits every mode of excellence that can embellish and dignify didactic composition:—selection of matter, novelty of arrangement, justness of precepts, splendour of illustration, and propriety of digression." But with regard to its order and arrangement, as well as in some other respects, very different opinions have been entertained. It has been, however, very generally conceded, that a certain degree of order and succession prevails, which leads the reader through the most important topics connected with the subject; thereby uniting the charm of variety with the regularity of art.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION.—That 'tis as great a fault to judge ill, as to write ill, and a more dangerous one to the public, ver. 1.—That a true taste is as rare to be found as a true genius, ver. 9 to 18.—That most men are born with some taste, but spoiled by false education, ver. 19 to 25.—The multitude of critics and the causes of them, ver. 26 to 45.—That we are to study our own taste, and know the limits of it, ver. 46 to 67.—Nature the best guide of judgment, ver. 68 to 87.—Improved by art and rules, which are but methodized Nature, ver. 88.—Rules derived from the practice of the ancient poets, ver. 88 to 110.—That therefore the ancients are necessary to be studied by a critic, particularly Homer and Virgil, ver. 120 to 138.—Of licenses, and the use of them by the ancients, ver. 142 to 180.—Reverence due to the ancients, and praise of them, ver. 181, &c.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing, or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dangerous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.

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Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose;
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches: none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets, as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light;
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
And censure freely, who have written well:
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not critics to their judgment too?
Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimmering light;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgraced,
So by false learning is good sense defaced:

VARIATION.—Between ver. 25 and 26 were these lines, since omitted by the author:

Many are spoil'd by that pedantic throng,
Who with great pains teach youth to reason wrong.
Tutors, like virtuosos, oft inclined
By strange transfusion to improve the mind,
Draw off the sense we have, to pour in new;
Which yet, with all their skill, they ne'er could do.—*P.*

Ver. 11. *In poets, as true genius is but rare.*] It is indeed so extremely rare, that no country, in the succession of many ages, has produced above three or four persons that deserve the title. The "man of rhymes" may be easily found; but the genuine poet, of a lively plastic imagination, the true maker or creator, is so uncommon a prodigy, that one is almost tempted to subscribe to the opinion of Sir William Temple, where he says, "That for one man that is born capable of making a great poet, there may be a thousand born capable of making as great generals, or ministers of state, as the most renowned in story."—WARTON.

Ver. 12. *True taste as seldom.*] The first piece of criticism in our language worthy our attention—for little can be gathered from Webbe and Puttenham—was Sir Philip Sydney's *Defence of Poesie*. Spenser is said to have

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Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
In search of wit, these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.
Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd;
Turn'd critics next, and proved plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learn'd witlings, numerous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal:
To tell them would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning, go;

written a critical discourse, called *The Poet;* the loss of which, considering the exquisite taste and extensive learning of Spenser, is much to be regretted. Next came Daniel's *Apology;* then Ben Jonson's *Discoveries,* the preface to *Gondibert,* and Hobbes' *Letter to D'Avenant,* and the preface and notes of Cowley (whose prose style, by the way, is admirable), Temple's *Essays,* Dryden's *Essay on Dramatic Poetry,* and his various prefaces and prologues, Rhymer's *Preface to Rapin* and *Letter on Tragedy,* and Dennis's *Reformation of Poetry,* and the *Essays* of Roscommon and Buckingham. These were the critical pieces that preceded our author's *Essay.*—WARTON.

Ver. 38. *Some neither can for wits nor critics pass.*] These lines, and those preceding and following them, are excellently satirical; and are, I think, the first we find in Pope's works, that give an indication of that species of poetry to which his talent was most powerfully bent. The simile of the mule heightens the satire, and is new; as is the application of the insects of the Nile. Pope never shines so brightly as when he is proscribing bad authors. "The Nile (says Fenton on Waller) has been as fruitful of English similes as the sun; from both which it would be as severe to restrain a young poet, as forbidding the use of fire and water was esteemed among the Romans."—WARTON.

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Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dullness meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit:
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid power of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confined to single parts.
Like kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more:
Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.
First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, the end, and test of art;
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides,
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirit feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more to turn it to its use;

Ver. 80. *Some, to whom Heav'n*, &c.] Here the poet (in a sense he was not at first aware of) has given an example of the truth of his observation in the observation itself. The two lines stood originally thus:

"There are whom Heav'n has bless'd with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it."

In the first line, *wit* is used in the modern sense, for the effort of fancy; in the second line, it is used in the ancient sense, for the result of judgment.

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For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide than spur the Muse's steed;
Restrain his fury than provoke his speed:
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those rules of old discover'd, not devised,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodized:
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urged the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples given,
She drew from them what they derived from Heaven.

This trick played the reader, he endeavoured to keep out of sight, by altering the lines as they now stand,

> "Some to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,
> Want as much more to turn it to its use."

For the words, *to manage it*, as the lines were at first, too plainly discovered the change put upon the reader, in the use of the word *wit*. This is now a little covered by the latter expression of—*turn it to its use*. But then the alteration, in the preceding line, from—*store of wit*, to *profuse*, was an unlucky change. For though he who has *store of wit* may want more, yet he to whom it was given in *profusion* could hardly be said to want more. The truth is, the poet had said a lively thing, and would, at all hazards, preserve the reputation of it, though the very topic he is upon obliged him to detect the imposition in the very next lines, which show he meant two very different things, by the very same term, in the two preceding,

> "For wit and judgment often are at strife,
> Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife."—WARBURTON.

Ver. 88. *Those rules of old*, &c.] The precepts of the art of poetry were posterior to practice; the rules of the *Epopea* were all drawn from the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey;* and of tragedy from the *Œdipus* of Sophocles. A petulant rejection, and an implicit veneration of the rules of the ancient critics, are equally destructive of true taste. "It ought to be the first endeavour of a writer (says the *Rambler*, No. 156) to distinguish nature from custom; or that which is established because it is right, from that which is right only because it is established; that he may neither violate essential principles by a desire of novelty, nor debar himself from the attainment of any beauties within his view, by a needless fear of breaking rules, which no literary dictator had authority to prescribe."

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The generous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid proved,
To dress her charms, and make her more beloved:
But following wits from that intention stray'd;
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
Against the poets, their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their master's fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they:
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then, whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each ancient's proper character:
His fable, subject, scope in every page:
Religion, country, genius of his age:

[1]Ver. 119. *Know well each ancient's proper character.*] When Perault impotently attempted to ridicule the first stanza of the first *Olympic* of Pindar, he was ignorant that the poet, in beginning with the praises of water, alluded to the philosophy of Thales, who taught that water was the principle of all things; and which philosophy, Empedocles the Sicilian, a contemporary of Pindar, and a subject of Hiero, to whom Pindar wrote, had adopted in his beautiful poem. Homer and the Greek tragedians have been likewise censured, the former for protracting the *Iliad* after the death of Hector; and the latter, for continuing the *Ajax* and *Phœnissæ*, after the death of their respective heroes. But the censurers did not consider the importance of burial among the ancients; and that the action of the *Iliad* would have been imperfect, without a description of the funeral rites of Hector and Patroclus; as the two tragedies, without those of Polynices and Eteocles; for the ancients esteemed a deprivation of sepulture to be a more severe calamity than death itself. It is observable, that this circumstance did not occur to Pope, when he endeavoured to justify this conduct of Homer, by only saying, that as the anger of Achilles does not die with Hector, but persecutes his very remains, the poet still keeps up to his subject, by describing the many effects of his anger, till it is fully satisfied; and that, for this reason, the two last books of the *Iliad* may be thought not to be excrescences, but essential to the poem.—WARTON.

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Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night:
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring:
Still with itself compared, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.
When first young Maro, in his boundless mind
A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw;
But when t' examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design,
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagyrite o'erlooked each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem,
To copy Nature is to copy them.
Some beauties yet no precept can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.

VARIATIONS.—Ver. 123. *Cavil you may, but never criticize.* The author, after this verse, originally inserted the following, which he has, however, omitted in all the editions:

Zoilus, had these been known, without a name
Had died, and Perault ne'er been damn'd to fame,
The sense of sound antiquity had reign'd,
And sacred Homer yet been unprophaned.
None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind
To modern customs, modern rules confined;
Who for all ages writ, and all mankind.—*P.*

Ver. 130.]

When first young Maro sung of kings and wars,
Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears.

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If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end,)
Some lucky license answer to the full
Th' intent proposed, that license is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of Nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
But though the ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made,)
Moderns, beware! or, if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
Let it be seldom, and compel'd by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults,
Some figures monstrous and misshaped appear,
Considered singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His powers in equal rank and fair array,
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force—nay, seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;

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Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!
In praise so just let every voice be join'd,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
Oh! may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That, on weak wings, from far pursues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes,)
To teach vain wits a science little known,
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

PART II.

CAUSES HINDERING A TRUE JUDGMENT.—I. Pride, ver. 208.—II. Imperfect learning, ver. 215.—III. Judging by parts, and not by the whole, ver. 233 to 288. Critics in wit, language, versification, only, 288, 305, 339, &c.—IV. Being too hard to please, or too apt to admire, ver. 384.—V. Partiality; too much love to a sect; to the ancients or moderns, ver. 394.—VI. Prejudice or prevention, ver. 408.—VII. Singularity, ver. 424.—VIII. Inconstancy, ver. 430.—IX. Party spirit, ver. 452, &c.—X. Envy, ver. 466; against envy, and in praise of good-nature, ver. 508, &c.; when severity is chiefly used by the critics, ver. 526, &c.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is *pride;* the never-failing vice of fools.

Ver. 183. *Secure from flames,* &c.] The poet here alludes to the four principal causes of the ravage among ancient writings. The destruction of the Alexandrine and Palatine libraries by *fire,* the fiercer rage of *Zoilus, Mævius,* and their followers, against wit; the irruption of the *Barbarians* into the empire; and the long reign of ignorance and superstition in the cloisters.—WARTON.

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Whatever Nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride!
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day,
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.

A *little learning* is a dangerous thing!
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So, pleased at first, the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky!
Th' eternal snows appear already pass'd,
And the first cloud and mountains seem the last:
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way:
Th' increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:

VARIATION.—Ver. 225:

So pleased at first the tow'ring Alps to try,
Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,
The traveller beholds with cheerful eyes
The less'ning vales, and seems to tread the skies.

Ver. 225. *So, pleased,* &c.] Dr. Warton does not agree with Johnson, who says "that this simile is the most apt, the most proper, and the most sublime of any in the English language." It is undoubtedly appropriate, illustrative, and eminently beautiful, but evidently copied from Drummond.

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Survey the WHOLE, nor seek slight faults to find
Where Nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant, dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But, in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That, shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep
In wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, oh, Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprise;
All comes united to th' admiring eyes:
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear:
The whole at once is bold, and regular.
Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, must the less commit;
Neglect the rule each verbal critic lays;
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice.
Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,
A certain bard encountering on the way,

Ver. 267. *Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say.*] By this short tale, Pope has showed us how much he could have excelled in telling a story of humour. The incident is taken from the second part of *Don Quixote*, first written by Don Alonzo Fernandez de Avellanada, and afterwards translated, or rather imitated and new-modelled, by no less an author than the

Discoursed in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage;
Concluding all were desp'rate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produced his play, and begg'd the knight's advice;
Made him observe the subject and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight.
"Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrite."
"Not so, by Heaven!" he answers in a rage;
"Knights squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
"So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain."
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."
Thus critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form short ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.

celebrated Le Sage. The brevity to which Pope's narration was confined, would not permit him to insert the following humorous dialogue at length: "'I am satisfied you'll compass your design,' said the scholar, 'provided you omit the combat in the lists.' 'Let him have a care of that,' said Don Quixote, interrupting him; 'that is the best part of the plot.' 'But, sir,' quoth the bachelor, 'if you would have me adhere to Aristotle's rules, I must omit the combat.' 'Aristotle,' replied the knight, 'I grant was a man of some parts; but his capacity was not unbounded; and, give me leave to tell you, his authority does not extend over combats in the lists, which are far above his narrow rules. Would you suffer the chaste queen of Bohemia to perish? For how can you clear her innocence? Believe me, combat is the most honourable method you can pursue; and besides, it will add such grace to your play, that all the rules in the universe must not stand in competition with it.' 'Well, sir knight,' replied the bachelor, 'for your sake, and for the honour of chivalry, I will not leave out the combat; and that it may appear the more glorious, all the court of Bohemia shall be present at it, from the princes of the blood to the very footmen. But still, one difficulty remains, which is, that our common theatres are not large enough for it.' 'There must be one erected on purpose,' answered the knight; 'and, in a word, rather than leave out the combat, the play had better be acted in a field or plain.'"

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Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find;
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit;
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.
Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still,—the style is excellent;
Their sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon:
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Ver. 297. *True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd*, &c.] This definition is very exact. Mr. Locke had defined wit to consist "in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together, with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, whereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy." But that great philosopher, in separating wit from judgment, as he does in this place, has given us (and he could therefore give us no other) only an account of wit in general; in which false wit, though not every species of it, is included. A striking image therefore of Nature is, as Mr Locke observes, certainly wit: but this image may strike on several other accounts, as well as for its truth and beauty; and the philosopher has explained the manner how. But it never becomes that wit which is the ornament of true poesy, whose end is to represent Nature, but when it dresses that Nature to advantage, and presents her to us in the brightest and most amiable light. And to know when the fancy has done its office truly the poet subjoins this admirable test, viz: when we perceive that it gives us back the image of our mind. When it does that, we may be sure it plays no tricks with us: for this image is the creature of the judgment; and whenever wit corresponds with judgment, we may safely pronounce it to be true.

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Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable:
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd;
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky, as Fungosa in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets dress'd.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line it "whispers through the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep:"
Then at the last, and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,

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A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow:
And praise the easy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow:
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love:
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.
Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such
Who still are pleased too little or too much.
At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride, or little sense:
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move:
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we through mists descry,
Dullness is ever apt to magnify.

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Some foreign writers, some our own despise,
The ancients only, or the moderns prize;
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Though each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.
Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of author's names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dullness joins with quality;
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starved hackney sonnetteer, or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!

Ver. 394. *Our own despise.*] If any proof was wanting how little the *Paradise Lost* was read and attended to, at this time, our author's total silence on the subject would be sufficient to show it. That an *Essay on Criticism* could be written without a single mention of Milton, appears truly strange and incredible; if we did not know that our author seems to have had no idea of any merit superior to that of Dryden!

Ver. 402. *Which from the first,* &c.] Genius is the same in all ages; but its fruits are various, and more or less excellent as they are checked or matured by the influence of government or religion upon them. Hence, in some parts of literature the ancients excel; in others, the moderns; just as those accidental circumstances occurred.—WARBURTON.

Ver. 420. *Let a lord.*] "You ought not to write verses," said George the Second, who had little taste, to Lord Hervey; "'tis beneath your rank; leave such work to little Mr. Pope; it is his trade."

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Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
The vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft the learn'd by being singular;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right.
A Muse by these is like a mistress used,
This hour she's idolized, the next abused;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still they say;
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our father's fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread;
Who knew most sentences, was deepest read.
Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted:
Scotists and Thomists, now in peace remain,
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck lane.
If faith itself has different dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take their turn?

VARIATION.—Ver. 447. Between this and ver. 452:

The rhyming clowns that gladded Shakspeare's age,
No more with crambo entertain the stage;
Who now in anagrams their patron praise,
Or sing their mistress in acrostic lays?
Ev'n pulpits pleased with merry puns of yore;
Now all are banish'd to th' Hibernian shore!
Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
The current folly proved their ready wit;
And authors thought their reputation safe,
Which lived as long as fools were pleased to laugh.

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Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think their reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleased to laugh.
Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux:
But sense survived, when merry jests were past;
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise;
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true:
For envied wit, like Sol eclipsed, makes known
Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;

Ver. 465. *Zoilus again.*] In the fifth book of *Vitruvius* is an account of Zoilus's coming to the court of Ptolemy at Alexandria, and presenting to him his virulent and brutal censures of Homer, and begging to be rewarded for his work; instead of which, it is said, the king ordered him to be crucified, or, as some said, stoned alive. His person is minutely described in the eleventh book of Ælian's *Various History*.—WARTON.

Ver. 468. *For envied wit*, &c.] This similitude implies a fact too often verified; and of which we need not seek abroad for examples. It is this, that frequently those very authors, who have done all they could to obscure and depress a rising genius, have at length been reduced to borrow from him, imitate his manner, and reflect what they could of his splendour, merely to keep themselves in some little credit. Nor hath the poet been less artful, to insinuate what is sometimes the cause. A youthful genius, like the sun rising towards the meridian, displays too strong and powerful beams for the dirty temper of inferior writers, which occasions their gathering, condensing, and blackening. But as he descends from the meridian (the time when the sun gives its gilding to the surrounding clouds) his rays grow milder, his heat more benign, and then

"Ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories and augment the day."—WARBURTON.

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But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.
Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas! of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch-wits survived a thousand years:
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;
Our sons their father's failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live;
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings;

Ver. 474. *Be thou the first*, &c.] When Thomson published his *Winter*, 1726, it lay a long time neglected, till Mr. Spence made honourable mention of it in his *Essay on the Odyssey;* which becoming a popular book, made the poem universally known. Thomson always acknowledged the use of this recommendation; and from this circumstance an intimacy commenced between the critic and the poet, which lasted till the lamented death of the latter, who was of a most amiable and benevolent temper. I have before me a letter of Mr. Spence to Pitt, earnestly begging him to subscribe to the quarto edition of Thomson's *Seasons*, and mentioning a design which Thomson had formed of writing a descriptive poem on Blenheim; a subject that would have shone in his hands. It was some time after publication, before the *Odes* of Gray were relished and admired. They were even burlesqued by two men of wit and genius, who, however, once owned to me that they repented of the attempt. The *Hecyra* of Terence, the *Misanthrope* of Molière, the *Phædra* of Racine, the *Way of the World* of Congreve, the *Silent Woman* of Ben Johnson, were ill-received on their first exhibitions. Out of an hundred comedies written by Menander, eight only obtained the prize; and only five of Euripides out of the seventy tragedies he wrote. Our author seems to be eminently fortunate, who never, from his early youth, published a piece that did not meet with immediate approbation, except, perhaps, the first epistle of the *Essay on Man*.—WARTON.

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In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-lived vanity is lost;
Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife that other men enjoy;
Then most our trouble still when most admired,
And still the more we give, the more required:
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
If wit so much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
And such were praised who but endeavour'd well;
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too.
Now they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise!
Ah! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human; to forgive, divine.

Ver. 508. *If wit so much from ign'rance undergo.*] Boileau going one day to receive his pension, and the treasurer reading these words in his order, "the pension we have granted to Boileau, on account of the satisfaction his works have given us," asked of him of what kind were his works! "Of masonry," replied the poet, "I am a builder!" Racine used to relate, that an old magistrate, who had never been at play, was carried, one day, to his *Andromaque*. This magistrate was very attentive to the tragedy, to which was added the *Plaideurs;* and going out of the theatre, he said to the author, "I am extremely pleased, sir, with your *Andromaque*. I am only amazed that it ends so gaily."

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But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
Not yet purged off, of spleen and sour disdain;
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Though wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But dullness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thrived with large increase:
When love was all an easy monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts ruled the state, and statesmen farces writ:
Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimproved away;
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smiled at what they blush'd before.
The following license of a foreign reign,
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute,
Lest God himself should seem too absolute;
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And vice admired to find a flatt'rer there!
Encouraged thus, Wit's Titans braved the skies,
And the press groan'd with licensed blasphemies.
These monsters, critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice;
All seems infected, that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

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PART III.

RULES FOR THE CONDUCT OF MANNERS IN A CRITIC.—I. Candour, ver. 563; Modesty ver. 566; Good-breeding, ver. 572; Sincerity and freedom of advice, ver. 578.—II. When one's counsel is to be restrained, ver. 584; Character of an incorrigible poet, ver. 600; and of an impertinent critic, ver. 610, &c.; Character of a good critic, ver. 629; the history of criticism, and characters of the best critics; Aristotle, ver. 645; Horace, 653, Dionysius, ver. 665; Petronius, ver. 667; Quintilian, ver. 670; Longinus, ver. 675. Of the decay of criticism, and its revival: Erasmus, ver. 693; Vida, ver. 705; Boileau, ver. 714; Lord Roscommon, &c., ver. 725.

LEARN then what morals critics ought to show,
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning join:
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine;
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow, but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense,
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so:
But you, with pleasure, own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true:
Blunt truths more mischiefs than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught, as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
Without good breeding truth is disapproved:
That only makes superior sense beloved.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complaisance, ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take:
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

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Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to some fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain;
Your silence there is better than your spite:
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds, and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs, and squeezings of the brain;
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!
Such shameless bards we have: and yet, 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.
The bookfull blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always listening to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales:
With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
Nay, show'd his faults—but when would poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard:

VARIATION.—Ver. 623. Between this and ver. 624:

In vain you shrug, and sweat, and strive to fly:
These know no manners but of poetry.
They'll stop a hungry chaplain in his grace,
To treat of unities of time and place.

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Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
And, never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thundering tide.

But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
Though learn'd, well-bred; and, though well-bred, sincere;
Modestly bold and humanly severe:
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe;
Bless'd with a taste exact, yet unconfined;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were critics; such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew:
The mighty Stagyrite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore:
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
Poets, a race long unconfined and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,

VARIATION.—Between 646 and 649, the following lines were suppressed:

That bold Columbus of the realms of wit,
Whose first discovery's not exceeded yet.
Led by the light of the Mæonian star,
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far.
He, when all Nature was subdued before,
Like his great pupil, sigh'd and long'd for more:
Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquish'd lay,
A boundless empire, and that own'd no sway.
Poets, &c.

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Received his laws, and stood convinced 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd nature, should preside o'er wit.
Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense:
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He who, supreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly censure as he boldly writ;
Yet judged with coolness, though he sung with fire:
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm;
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from every line!
Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning with the courtier's ease.
In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd:
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All ranged in order, and disposed with grace,
But less to please the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire:
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;

Ver. 652. *Who conquer'd Nature*, &c.] By this we must not understand *physical* nature, but *moral*. The force of the observation consists in giving it this sense. The poet not only uses the word *Nature*, for *human nature* throughout this poem; but also where, in the beginning of it, he lays down the principles of the arts he treats of, he makes the knowledge of *human nature* the foundation of all criticism and poetry. Nor is the observation less true than apposite. For Aristotle's *natural* inquiries were superficial and ill-made, though extensive. But his *logical* and *moral* works are supremely excellent. In his *moral*, he has unfolded the human mind, and laid open all the recesses of the heart and understanding; and in his *logical*, he has not only *conquered Nature*, but by his *Categories*, has kept her in *tenfold chains*. Not as Dullness kept the Muses in the *Dunciad*, to silence them; but as Aristæus held Proteus in *Virgil*, to deliver oracles.—WARBURTON.

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Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself that great sublime he draws.
Thus long-succeeding critics justly reign'd,
License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd:
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew;
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome.
With Tyranny then Superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslaved the mind;
Much was believed, but little understood;
And to be dull, was construed to be good:
A second deluge learning thus o'erran,
And the monks finish'd what the Goths began.

VARIATION.—Between 490 and 491, the author omitted these two lines:

Vain wits and critics were no more allow'd,
When none but saints had license to be proud.

Ver. 686. *Saw Learning fall.*] Literature and the arts, which flourished to so great a degree about the time of Augustus, gradually felt a decline, from many concurrent causes; from the vast extent of the Roman empire, and its consequent despotism, which crushed every noble effort of the mind; from the military government, which rendered life and property precarious, and therefore destroyed even the necessary arts of agriculture and manufactures; and by the irruption of the barbarous nations, which was occasioned and facilitated by this state of things. About the eleventh century, the people of Christendom were sunk in the lowest ignorance and brutality, till the accidental finding Justinian's *Pandects*, at Amalfi, in Italy, about the year 1130, began to awaken and enlarge the minds of men, by laying before them an art that would give stability and security to all the other arts that support and embellish life. It is a mistake to think that the arts were destroyed by the irruptions of the northern nations. They had degenerated and decayed before that event.—WARTON.

Ver. 691. *A second deluge*, &c.] In referring to the revival of learning, it ought not to escape our notice, that a great effort was made for its restoration by Charlemagne, who not only collected about him learned men from all parts, but submitted to become their disciple and pupil. His earliest instructor was Petrus Diaconus, but it is to the honour of our own country, that the person who initiated him into the higher departments of learning was an Englishman —the celebrated Alcuin, the disciple of Bede. The exertions of Alcuin in the cause of learning are commemorated by all the historians, and are evinced by several of his works which yet remain. By his directions and example, and under the imperial patronage, schools and universities began to be established; and those of Pisa, Padua, Cremona, Florence, Verona, and many other places are referred to this early period. With the death of Charlemagne the cause of literature again declined, and it was not till nearly two centuries afterwards that the effort began to be made which has eventually proved successful. After this slow and gradual revival, which is not merely to be

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At length Erasmus—that great, injured name—
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.
But, see! each Muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;

attributed to the discovery of the *Pandects* of Justinian, but to various concurring causes, learning was overrun by no second deluge. It is true the cultivation of the modern languages, which had made some progress, as well in France and England, as in Italy, in the early part of the fourteenth century, was interrupted and declined, but this is perhaps to be attributed to the superior attention paid to classical literature, which continued in an uninterrupted progress till its final establishment in the sixteenth century. This passage in the *Essay on Criticism* gave rise to a short and friendly controversy between the author and a certain abbé, which is referred to in the *Life of Pope*, and in which the critic appears to have had the advantage.—ROSCOE.

Ver. 693. *At length Erasmus*, &c.] Nothing can be more artful than the application of this example: or more happy than the turn of the compliment. To throw glory quite round the character of this admirable person, he makes it to be (as in fact it really was) by his assistance chiefly, that Leo was enabled to restore letters and the fine arts in his pontificate.—WARBURTON.

This is not exactly true; others had a share in this great and important work.—WARTON.

If the restoration of learning consisted in recovering the works and reviving the spirit of the ancients, it had been in a great degree accomplished before the time of Erasmus. This, however, cannot detract from the superlative merits of that eminent scholar, who may be considered in literature as the apostle of the Gentiles, who, by his writings and his exertions, diffused a spirit of sound learning through every part of Europe. Erasmus was good-sense personified, and his merits appear no less in restraining and opposing a too implicit subservience to the ancients, than in recommending and restoring their works. In this respect he resembled his predecessor, Politian, who did not attempt to write precisely as the ancients wrote, but as they would have written had they lived in his own times.

Ver. 694. *The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!*] Our author elsewhere lets us know what he esteems to be the glory of the priesthood as well as of a Christian in general, where, comparing himself to Erasmus, he says,

"In moderation placing all my glory,"

and consequently what he regards as the shame of it. The whole of this character belonged eminently and almost solely to Erasmus: for the other reformers—such as Luther, Calvin, and their followers—understood so little in what true Christian liberty consisted, that they carried with them, into the reformed churches, that very spirit of persecution which had driven them from the church of Rome.—WARBURTON.

Ver. 697. *But, see! each Muse, in Leo's golden days.*] History has recorded five ages of the world, in which the human mind has exerted itself in an extraordinary manner; and in which its productions in literature and the fine arts have arrived at a perfection, not equalled in other periods. The First is the age of Philip and Alexander; about which time flourished Socrates, Plato, Demosthenes, Aristotle, Lysippus, Appelles, Phidias, Praxiteles, Thucydides, Xenophon, Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Me-

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Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head.
Then Sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live:
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:

nander, Philemon. The Second age, which seems not to have been taken sufficient notice of, was that of Ptolomy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, in which appeared Lycophron, Aratus, Nicander, Apollonius Rhodius, Theocritus, Callimachus, Eratosthenes, Philichus, Erasistratus the physician, Timæus the historian, Cleanthes, Diogenes the painter, and Sostrates the architect. This prince, from his love of learning, commanded the Old Testament to be translated into Greek. The Third age is that of Julius Cæsar and Augustus; marked with the illustrious names of Laberius, Catullus, Lucretius, Cicero, Livy, Varro, Virgil, Horace, Propertius, Tibullus, Ovid, Phædrus, Vitruvius, Dioscorides. The Fourth age was that of Julius II. and Leo X., which produced Ariosto, Tasso, Fracastorius, Sannazarius, Vida, Bembo, Sadolet, Machiavel, Guiccardin, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian. The Fifth age is that of Louis XIV., in France, and of King William and Queen Anne, in England; in which, or thereabouts, are to be found, Corneille, Molière, Racine, Boileau, La Fontaine, Bossuet, La Rochefoucault, Paschal, Bourdaloue, Patru, Malbranche, De Retz, La Bruyère, St. Real, Fenelon, Lully, Le Sœur, Poussin, Le Brun, Puget, Theodon, Gerradon, Edelinck, Nanteuill, Perrault the architect, Dryden, Tillotson, Temple, Pope, Addison, Garth, Congreve, Rowe, Prior, Lee, Swift, Bolingbroke, Atterbury, Boyle, Locke, Newton, Clarke, Kneller, Thornhill, Jervas, Purcell, Mead, Friend.—WARTON.

Ver. 705. *Immortal Vida.*] But Vida was by no means the most celebrated poet that adorned the age of Leo the Tenth; and music received not so many improvements, as the other fine arts, at that period. When Vida was advanced to a bishopric, he went to pay a visit to his aged parents, who were in very low circumstances; but unhappily found they were just deceased. An action more meritorious than writing his *Poetics*.

The merits of Vida seem not to have been particularly attended to in England, till Pope had bestowed this commendation upon him; although the *Poetics* had been correctly published at Oxford, by Basil Kennet, some time before. The *Silk-worms* of Vida are written in classical purity, and with a just mixture of the styles of Lucretius and Virgil. It was a happy choice to write a poem on Chess; nor is the execution less happy. The various stratagems and manifold intricacies of this ingenious game, so difficult to be described in Latin, are here expressed with the greatest perspicuity and elegance; so that perhaps the game might be learned from this description. Amidst many prosaic flatnesses, there are many fine strokes in the *Christiad;* particularly his angels, with respect to their persons and insignia, are drawn with that dignity which we so much admire in Milton; who seems to have had his eye on those passages.

Gravina (*Della Ragion. Poet.* p. 127) applauds Vida for having found out a method to introduce the whole history of our Saviour's life, by putting it into the mouth of St. Joseph and St. John, who relate it to Pilate. But surely this speech, consisting of as many lines as that of Dido to Æneas, was too

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Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But soon by impious arms from Latium chased,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd:
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic-learning flourish'd most in France:
The rules a nation born to serve obeys,
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despised,
And kept unconquer'd and uncivilized;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defied the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were, among the sounder few,
Of those who less presumed, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restored wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muse, whose rule and practice tell,
"Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

long to be made on such an occasion, when Christ was brought before the tribunal of Pilate, to be judged and condemned to death. The *Poetics* are, perhaps, the most perfect of his compositions; they are excellently translated by Pitt. Vida had formed himself upon Virgil, who is therefore his hero; he has too much depreciated Homer, and also Dante. Although his precepts principally regard epic poetry, yet many of them are applicable to every species of composition. This poem has the praise of being one of the first, if not the very first, pieces of criticism, that appeared in Italy since the revival of learning; for it was finished, as is evident from a short advertisement prefixed to it, in the year 1520. It is remarkable, that most of the great poets, about this time, wrote an *Art of Poetry*. Trissino, a name respected for giving to Europe the first regular epic poem, and for first daring to throw off the bondage of rhyme, published at Vicenza, in the year 1529, *Della Poetica, divisioni quattro*, several years before his *Italia Liberata*.

Ver. 714. *And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.*] May I be pardoned for declaring it as my opinion, that Boileau's is the best *Art of Poetry* extant? The brevity of his precepts, enlivened by proper imagery, the justness of his metaphors, the harmony of his numbers, as far as Alexandrine lines will admit, the exactness of his method, the perspicacity of his remarks, and the energy of his style, all duly considered, may render this opinion not unreasonable. It is scarcely to be conceived, how much is comprehended in four short cantos. He that has well digested these, cannot be said to be ignorant of any important rule of poetry. The tale of the physician turning architect, in the fourth canto, is told with true pleasantry. It is to this work Boileau owes his immortality; which was of the highest utility to this nation, in diffusing a just way of thinking and writing; banishing every species of false wit, and introducing a general taste for the manly simplicity of the ancients, on whose writings this poet had formed his taste.—WARTON.

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Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walsh, the Muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive;
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give;
The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescribed her heights, and pruned her tender wing,
Her guide now lost, no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries;
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid to blame:
Averse alike to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

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THE RAPE OF THE LOCK;

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXII.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

"THAT poetry does not depend upon the nature or choice of the subject," says Roscoe, "is a truth that never was more fully exemplified than in the following production. A circumstance of the most trivial kind—a lock of hair, cut in familiar sport from the head of a lady by one of her admirers—what are the materials for poetry that such an event affords? To Cowley it might have suggested some quaint witticisms or forced allusions; to Waller or Suckling, a metaphysical song; Dryden would have celebrated it in some strong lines, remarkable for their poetical spirit, and perhaps not less so for their indelicacy; while by the general tribe of poets, it never could have been extended further than to a smart epigram or a frigid sonnet. What is it in the hands of Pope? An animated and moving picture of human life and manners; a lively representation of the whims and follies of the times; an important contest, in which we find ourselves deeply engaged: for the interest is so supported, the manner so ludicrously serious, the characters so marked and distinguished, the resentment of the heroine so natural, and the triumph of the conqueror so complete, that we unavoidably partake the emotions of the parties, and alternately sympathize, approve, or condemn."

Pope, after the first publication of this poem, not only saw the necessity of enlivening it by poetical imagery, but he saw at the same time the impropriety of resorting either to the divinities of the ancients, or the allegories of the moderns, for that purpose; and having, as he informs us, fortunately met with a French book, called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, in which the four elements are said to be inhabited by spirits suited to his purpose, he enlisted these imaginary beings in his service. But although he was indebted to this idea of the Rosicrucians for his machinery, the use he has made of them is wholly his own.

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM: It will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you; yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its

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way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller you had the good nature, for my sake, to consent to the publication of one more correct. This I was forced to, before I had executed half my design for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the critics, to signify that part which the deities, angels, or demons, are made to act in a poem: for the ancient poets are, in one respect, like many modern ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady; but 'tis so much the concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which, both in its title and size, is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes, or demons of earth, delight in mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable; for they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts—an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the vision at the beginning, or the transformation at the end (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence). The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is here enough to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with truest esteem,

Madam, Your most obedient and humble servant,

A. Pope.

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THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.—MART.*

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing;—this verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:
This ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?
Oh! say, what stranger cause yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold, can little men engage?
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:

VARIATIONS.—Ver. 11, 12. It was in the first editions,

And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then,
And lodge such daring souls in little men?

Ver. 13, &c. stood thus in the first edition:

Sol through white curtains did his beams display,
And ope'd those eyes which brighter shone than they:
Shock just had given himself the rousing shake,
And nymphs prepared their chocolate to take;
Thrice the wrought slipper knock'd against the ground,
And striking watches the tenth hour resound.

* It appears, by the motto, that this poem was written or published at the lady's request. The first sketch, written in two cantos, and published in a *Miscellany* of Lintot's without the name of the author, was so well received, that he was induced soon after to add the machinery of the Sylphs, and extend it to five cantos. The reader will have an opportunity of seeing how these additions were inserted, so as to seem to grow out of the poem.

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Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver-sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow press'd,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest:
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau
(That ev'n in slumber caused her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:
"Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught:
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Of virgins visited by angel-powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flowers.
Hear, and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd.
What though no credit doubting wits may give,
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know, then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky:

Ver. 18. *Silver-sound.*] Boileau, at an entertainment given by Segrais, was engaged to read his *Lutrin;* when he came to this passage in the first canto,

"*Les cloches dans les airs de leur voix argentines,*"

Chapelle, who was one of the company, and who, as usual, had drank freely, stopped him, and objected strongly to the expression, *silver-sounds.* Boileau, disregarded his objections, and continued to read; but Chapelle again interrupting him, "You are drunk," said Boileau; "I am not so much intoxicated with wine," replied Chapelle, "as you are with your own verses." It is a singular circumstance that Boileau was buried in the very spot on which the Lutrin stood.—WARTON.

Ver. 19. *Belinda still,* &c.] All the verses from hence to the end of this canto were added afterwards.—*P.*

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These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring,
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclosed in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead:
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a Gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
"Know further yet: whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embraced:
For, spirits freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.

Ver. 47. *As now your own,* &c.] The poet here forsakes the Rosicrucian system; which, in this part, is too extravagant even for ludicrous poetry; and gives a beautiful fiction of his own, on the Platonic theology, of the continuance of the passions in another state, when the mind, before its leaving this, has not been well purged and purified by philosophy; which furnishes an occasion for much useful satire.—WARBURTON.

Ver. 68. *Is by some Sylph embraced.*] Here again the author resumes the Rosicrucian system. But this tenet, peculiar to that wild philosophy, was founded on a principle very unfit to be employed in such a sort of poem, and therefore suppressed, though a less judicious writer would have been tempted to expatiate upon it.—IS.

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What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honour is the word with men below.

"Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestined to the Gnome's embrace:
These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love denied:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, 'your grace' salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a hidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

"Oft when the world imagine women stray,
The Sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new;
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with swordknots swordknots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh, blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

"Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star

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I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend;
But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh! pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!"
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leap'd up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if reports say true,
Thy eyes first opened on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardour, were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.
And now unveil'd the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care:
These set the head, and those divide the hair;

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Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown;
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver'd Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her shone
But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Ver. 4. *Launch'd on the bosom.*] From hence the poem continues, in the first edition, to ver. 46:

"The rest, the winds dispersed in empty air;"

All after, to the end of this canto, being additional.—*P.*

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Th' adventurous baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious Heav'n, and every power adored;
But chiefly Love; to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer;
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay;
All but the Sylph: with careful thoughts oppress'd,
Th' impending wo sat heavy on his breast:
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipp'd in the richest tinctures of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;

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While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel placed;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:
"Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear:
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons, hear:
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to the aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;
Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.
"Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows, 'ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs:
Nay, oft in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.
"This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care:
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapp'd in night.

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Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law;
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart or necklace at a ball;
Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock must fall.
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair;
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

"To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the petticoat:
Oft have we known that sevenfold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale.
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

"Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins:
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics, with contracting power,
Shrink his thin essence like a rivel'd flower:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!"

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;

Ver. 112. *Zephyretta.*] The names of his Sylphs are happily chosen. Castelvetro mentions an odd circumstance, that the names which Boiardo gave to his heroes in his *Orlando Inamorato*, were only the names of some of the principal tenants and peasants on his estate of Scandiano.—WARTON.

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Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

Close by those meads for ever crown'd with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name;
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home.
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they pass'd,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of a British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray:
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.

Variation.—Ver. 11, 12. Originally in the first edition,

In various talk the cheerful hours they pass'd,
Of who was bit, or who capotted last.—*P.*

Ver. 1. *Close by those meads,*] The first edition continues from this line to verse 24 of this canto.—*P.*

Ver. 24. *And the long labours,* &c.] All that follows of the game at Ombre, was added since the first edition, till ver. 105, which connected this: Sudden the board with cups and spoons is crown'd.—*P.*

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Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred Nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore:
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard:
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band:
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand:
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
"Let Spades be trumps!" she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable Matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillo first, unconquerable lord,
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manilio forced to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard,
Gain'd but one trump, and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo,

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Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
  Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron Fate inclines the field.
His warlike amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
  The baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd king who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen with powers combined,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye.
The fierce battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
  The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh, shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin and Codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate:
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the king unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
The Nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

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Oh, thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And cursed for ever this victorious day.
For, lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band,
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
New stratagems the radiant lock to gain.
Ah! cease, rash youth; desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly paid for Nisus' injured hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edged weapon from her shining case;
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his finger's ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bent her head.

VARIATION.—Ver. 134. In the first edition it was thus:

As o'er the fragrant stream she bends her head.

Ver. 105. *For, lo! the board,* &c.] From hence, the first edition continues to ver. 134.—*P.*

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Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair!
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgins thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
T' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain;
(But airy substance soon unites again;)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever,
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the livid lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last!
Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust, and painted fragments lie.

"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine!"
The victor cried; "the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair;
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed;

VARIATION.—Ver. 147.

First he expands the glittering forfex wide
T' inclose the lock; then joins it to divide:
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever.
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever.

All that is between was added afterwards.—*P.*

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While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze:
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate:
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?"

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings, in battle seized alive;
Not scornful virgins, who their charms survive;
Not ardent lovers, robb'd of all their bliss;
Not ancient ladies, when refused a kiss;
Not tyrants fierce, that unrepenting die;
Not Cynthia, when her mantua's pinn'd awry;
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.

Ver. 11. *For, that sad moment,* &c.] All the lines from hence to the ninety-fourth verse, that describe the house of Spleen, are not in the first edition; instead of them followed only these:

While her rack'd soul repose and peace requires,
The fierce Thalestris fans the rising fires.

And continued at the ninety-fourth verse of this canto.—*P.*

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No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd: her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming wo,
Wrapp'd in a gown, for sickness and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.
A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids;
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.
Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout;
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Ver. 52. *And there a goose-pie talks.*] Alludes to a real fact a lady of distinction imagined herself in this condition.—*P.*

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Safe pass'd the Gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleen-wort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the power:
"Hail wayward queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays:
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray;
A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But, oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters, matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dogs gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin:
That single act gives half the world the spleen."
The goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.

Ver. 53. *Men prove with child.*] Van Swieten, in his *Commentaries* on *Boerhaave*, relates, that he knew a man who had studied till he fancied his legs to be of glass; his maid bringing wood to his fire, threw it carelessly down; our sage was angry, and terrified for his legs of glass; the girl, out of patience with his megrims, gave him a blow with a log on the parts affected; he instantly started up in a rage, and from that moment recovered the use of his glass legs!—WARTON.

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The Gnome, rejoicing, bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
"Oh, wretched maid!" she spread her hands, and cried,
While Hampton's echoes, "wretched maid!" replied,
"Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound?
For this with torturing irons wreathed around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare?
Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow!
Sooner let air, earth, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!"
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane:)

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With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out: "My Lord, why, what the devil!
Z——ds! damn the lock: 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
Plague on't, 'tis past a jest—nay, pr'ythee—pox!
Give her the hair."—He spoke, and rapp'd his box.
"It grieves me much," replied the peer again,
"Who speaks so well, should ever speak in vain;
But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew,)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear."—
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then, see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she raised; and thus she said:
"For ever cursed be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my favourite curl away.
Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
Oh! had I rather unadmired remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none ere taste bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.

Ver. 141.

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.

These two lines are additional; and assign the cause of the different operation on the passions of the two ladies. The poem went on before without that distinction, as without any machinery, to the end of the canto.—*P.*

What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam?
Oh, had I staid, and said my prayers at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell;
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell:
The tottering china shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A Sylph, too, warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believed too late!
See the poor remnant of these slighted hairs!
My hand shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh, hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO V.

She said; the pitying audience melt in tears;
But fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido raged in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:
"Say, why are beauties praised and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford?
Why angels call'd, and angel-like adored?

Ver. 7. *Then grave Clarissa.*] A new character introduced in the subsequent editions, to open more clearly the moral of the poem, in a parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer.—*P.*

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Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux?
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserves what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chased old age away,
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch—nay, ogle—may become a saint;
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay;
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to gray;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains but well our power to use,
And keep good-humour still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued:
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.

"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies:
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And base and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found;
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage:
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;

Ver. 37. *To arms, to arms.*] From hence the first edition goes on to the conclusion, except a few short insertions added, to keep the machinery in view to the end of the poem.—*P.*

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Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around;
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound;
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel, on a sconce's height,
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
Propp'd on their bodkin-spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song.
"Oh, cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast:
"Those eyes are made so killing—" was his last.
Thus on Meander's flowery margin lies
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chlöe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau revived again.
Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
See fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.

Ver. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel.*] These four lines added, for the reason before mentioned.—*P.*

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Sudden with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome rëechoes to his nose.
"Now meet thy fate!" incensed Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side;
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal rings; which after melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)
"Boast not my fall," he cried, "insulting foe!
Thou by some other shall be laid as low;
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah! let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."
"Restore the lock!" she cries; and all around,
"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd:
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be bless'd:
So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who can contest!
Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there:
There heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases:
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound;

Ver. 106. *Fierce Othello.*] Rhymer, with a tasteless insensibility, laughed at the incident of losing the handkerchief, as trifling. Neither he, nor the *Spectator*, seem to have known that this incident, so beautifully natural, is in the Italian novel, which Shakspeare copied.—WARTON.

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The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
But trust the Muse: she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes;
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view:)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with dishevel'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleased pursue its progress through the skies.
This the *beau-monde* shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the bless'd lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glories to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

Ver. 131. *The Sylphs behold.*] These two lines added, for the same reason, to keep in view the machinery of the poem.—*P.*

Ver. 137. *This Partridge soon.*] John Partridge was a ridiculous star-gazer, who in his almanacks every year never failed to predict the downfal of the pope and the king of France, then at war with the English.

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A KEY TO THE LOCK;

OR,

A TREATISE,

PROVING BEYOND ALL CONTRADICTION THE DANGEROUS TENDENCY OF A LATE POEM, ENTITLED THE RAPE OF THE LOCK, TO GOVERNMENT AND RELIGION.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXIV.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

When *The Rape of the Lock* was published, Dennis wrote some criticisms on it, as if there were a *latent meaning* in many of the incidents, and he therefore publicly accused the author of being an *enemy of his king and country*. This trifle was written to show, in the most forcible point of view, the ridiculousness of accusations founded on such coincidences.

Party feeling partook of more than ordinary acrimony, and there also existed a spirit of rivalry among writers striving for popularity, not always productive of the most creditable results. As a consequence of this state of affairs, every literary production was regarded with suspicion, and frequently tortured into bearings of which the author had not the least conception. Dennis was not alone in his attempts to pervert the poem of Pope; other writers, with perhaps less motive, unscrupulously accused him of entertaining a covert attempt to encourage treason, and subvert the Established Church and government. These attacks were too absurd to merit serious notice; and are treated in a happy vein of caustic satire, of which Pope was as capable in his prose as in his poetical writings.

Although it might be rejected by more sensitive editors, as not coming strictly within the range of "Pope's *Poetical* Works," yet we presume the general reader will not be disposed to cavil with us for placing it in succession to the inimitable poem, of which it professes to be a *Key*.

A KEY TO THE LOCK.

Since this unhappy division of our nation into parties, it is not to be imagined how many artifices have been made use of by writers to obscure the truth, and cover designs which may be

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detrimental to the public. In particular, it has been their custom of late to vent their political spleen in *allegory* and *fable*.* If an honest believing nation is to be made a jest of, we have a story of John Bull and his wife; if a treasurer is to be glanced at, an *ant* with a *white straw* † is introduced; if a treaty of commerce is to be ridiculed, it is immediately metamorphosed into a tale of Count Tariff.

But if any of these malevolents have a small talent in rhyme, they principally delight to convey their malice in that pleasing way; as it were, gilding the pill, and concealing the poison under the sweetness of numbers.

It is the duty of every well-designing subject to prevent, as far as he can, the ill-consequences of such pernicious treatises; and I hold it mine to warn the public of a late poem, entitled *The Rape of the Lock*, which I shall demonstrate to be of this nature.

It is a common and just observation, that when the meaning of any thing is dubious, one can no way better judge of the true intent of it, than by considering *who* is the author, *what* is his character in general, and his disposition in particular.

Now, that the author of this poem is a reputed papist, is well known; and that a genius so capable of doing service to that cause may have been corrupted in the course of his education by Jesuits or others, is justly very much to be suspected; notwithstanding that seeming coolness and moderation, which he had been (perhaps artfully) reproached with by those of his own persuasion. They are sensible, that this nation is secured by good and wholesome laws, to prevent all the evil practices of the Church of Rome; particularly the publication of books, that may in any sort propagate that doctrine; their authors are therefore obliged to couch their designs the deeper; and though I cannot aver the intention of this gentleman was directly to spread popish doctrines, yet it comes to the same point if he touch the government; for the court of Rome knows very well, that the church at this time is so firmly founded on the state, that the only way to shake the one is by attacking the other.

What confirms me in this opinion, is an accidental discovery I made of a very artful piece of management among his popish

* Alluding to Swift's *Allegorical History of John Bull*, and other ironical pieces, on the side of the Tories.

† The *ant* and the *white straw*, is Lord Oxford and the treasurer's white wand.—Bowles.

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friends and abettors, to hide his whole design upon the government, by taking all the characters upon themselves.

Upon the day that this poem was published, it was my fortune to step into the Cocoa-tree, where a certain gentleman was railing very liberally at the author, with a passion extremely well counterfeited, for having, as he said, reflected upon him in the character of Sir Plume. Upon his going out, I inquired who he was, and they told me he was a *Roman Catholic knight.*

I was the same evening at Will's, and saw a circle round another gentleman, who was railing in like manner, and showing his snuff-box and cane to prove he was satirized in the same character. I asked this gentleman's name, and was told he was a *Roman Catholic lord.*

A day or two after, I happened to be in company with the young lady, to whom the poem is dedicated. She also took up the character of Belinda with much frankness and good humour, though the author has given us a hint, in his dedication, that he meant something further. This lady is also a *Roman Catholic.* At the same time others of the characters were claimed by some persons in the room, and all of them *Roman Catholics.*

But to proceed to the work itself:

In all things which are intricate, as *allegories* in their own nature are, and especially those that are industriously made so, it is not to be expected we should find the clue at first sight: but when once we have laid hold on that, we shall trace this our author through all the labyrinths, doublings, and turnings of this intricate composition.

First, then, let it be observed, that in the most demonstrative sciences, some *postulata* are to be granted, upon which the rest is naturally founded.

The only *postulatum* or concession which I desire to be made me, is, that by the *Lock* is meant

THE BARRIER-TREATY.

I. First, then, I shall discover that Belinda represents Great Britain, or, which is the same thing, her *late majesty.* This si plainly seen in his description of her:

On her white breast a sparkling cross she bore:

alluding to the ancient name of Albion, from her *white cliffs,* and to the *cross,* which is the ensign of England.

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II. The baron, who cuts off the *lock*, or **barrier-treaty**, is the E. of Oxford.

III. Clarissa, who lent the scissors, my Lady **Masham.**

IV. Thalestris, who provokes Belinda to resent **the** *loss* of the lock, or treaty, the Duchess of Marlborough.

V. Sir Plume, who is moved by Thalestris to *rĕdemand it* of Great Britain, Prince Eugene, who came hither for that purpose.

There are some other inferior characters, which we *shall* observe upon afterwards; but I shall first explain the foregoing.

The first part of the baron's character is his being *adventurous* or enterprising, which is the common epithet given to the Earl of Oxford by his enemies. The prize he aspires to is the treasury, in order to which he offers a sacrifice:

> ——————An altar built
> Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.

The author here takes occasion maliciously to insinuate the statesman's love to France; representing the books he chiefly studies to be vast French romances: these are the vast prospects from the friendship and alliance of France, which he satirically calls romances: hinting thereby, that these promises and protestations were no more to be relied on than those idle legends. Of these he is said to build an altar; to intimate that the foundation of his schemes and honours was fixed upon the *French romances* above mentioned.

> A fan, a garter, half a pair of gloves.

One of the things he sacrifices is a *fan*, which, both for its gaudy show and perpetual fluttering, has been held the emblem of woman: this points at the change of the *ladies* of the *bedchamber*. The *garter* alludes to the honours he conferred on some of his friends; and we may, without straining the sense, call the *half a pair of gloves*, a *gauntlet*, the token of those military employments, which he is said to have sacrificed to his designs. The prize, as I said before, means the treasury, which he makes his prayer *soon to obtain*, and *long to possess:*

> The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer;
> The rest, the winds dispersed in empty air.

In the first of these lines he gives him the treasury, and in the last suggests, that he should not long possess that honour.

That Thalestris is the Duchess of Marlborough, appears both

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by her nearness to Belinda, and by this author's malevolent suggestion, that she is a lover of war:

To arms, to arms! the bold Thalestris cries.

But more particularly by several passages in her speech to Belinda upon the cutting off the lock, or treaty. Among other things, she says: "*Was it for this you bound your locks in par- durance?* Was it for this so much *paper* has been spe secure the barrier-treaty?

Methinks, already I your tears survey;
Already hear the horrid things they say;
Already see you a degraded toast.

This describes the aspersions under which that good princess suffered, and the repentance which must have followed the dissolution of that treaty; and particularly levels at the refusal some people made to drink her majesty's health.

Sir Plume (a proper name for a soldier) has all the circumstances that agree with Prince Eugene.

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
With earnest eyes———

It is remarkable this general is a great taker of snuff, as well as towns; his conduct of the clouded cane gives him the honour which is so justly his due, of an exact conduct in battle, which is figured by his cane or truncheon, the ensign of a general. His *earnest eye*, or the vivacity of his look, is so particularly remarkable in him, that his character could be mistaken for no other, had not the author purposely obscured it by the fictitious circumstances of a *round unthinking face.*

Having now explained the chief characters of his *human persons* (for there are some others that will hereafter fall in by the bye, in the sequel of this discoure), I shall next take in pieces his *machinery*, wherein the satire is wholly confined to ministers of state.

The Sylphs and Gnomes at first sight appeared to me to signify the two contending parties of this nation; for these being placed in the *air*, and those on the *earth*, I thought agreed very well with the common denomination, *high* and *low.* But as they are made to be the first movers and influencers of all that happens, it is plain they represent promiscuously the *heads of parties;*

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whom he makes to be the authors of all those changes in the state, which are generally imputed to the levity and instability of the British nation:

> This erring mortals levity may call:
> Oh, blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

But of this he has given us a plain demonstration; for, speaking of these spirits, he says in express terms:

> ———The chief the care of nations own,
> And guard with arms divine the British throne.

And here let it not seem odd, if in this mysterious way of writing we find the same person, who has before been represented by the *baron*, again described in the character of Ariel, it being a common way with authors, in this fabulous manner, to take such a liberty. As, for instance, I have read in St. Evremont, that all the *different* characters in *Petronius* are but Nero in so many different appearances. And in the key to the curious romance of Barclay's *Argenis*, both Poliarchus and Archombrotus mean only the king of Navarre.

We observed at the very beginning of the poem, that Ariel is possessed of the *ear* of Belinda; therefore it is absolutely necessary, that this person must be the minister who was nearest the queen. But whoever would be further convinced, that he meant the treasurer, may know him by his ensigns in the following line:

> He raised his azure wand.

His sitting on the *mast* of a vessel shows his presiding over the South-sea trade. When Ariel assigns to his Sylphs all the posts about Belinda, what is more clearly described than the treasurer's disposing of all the places in the kingdom, and particularly about her majesty? But let us hear the lines:

> ———Ye spirits, to your charge repair,
> The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care:
> The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign,
> And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine:
> Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite lock.

He has here particularized the ladies and women of the bedchamber, the keeper of the cabinet, and her majesty's dresser, and impudently given *nick-names* to each. To put this matter beyond all dispute, the Sylphs are said to be *wondrous fond of*

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place, in the canto following, where Ariel is perched *uppermost*, and all the rest take their places *subordinately under him*.

Here again I cannot but observe the excessive malignity of this author, who could not leave the character of Ariel without the same invidious stroke which he gave him in the character of the baron before:

> Amazed, confused, he saw his power expired,
> Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retired.

Being another prophecy that he should *resign his place*, which it is probable all ministers do with a *sigh*.

At the head of the Gnomes he sets Umbriel, a dusky melancholy sprite, who makes it his business to give Belinda the spleen; a vile and malicious suggestion against some *grave* and *worthy minister*. The vapours, phantoms, visions, and the like, are the jealousies, fears and cries of danger that have so often affrighted and alarmed the nation. Those who are described in the house of *Spleen*, under those several fantastical forms, are the same whom their ill-willers have so often called the *whimsical*.

The two foregoing spirits being the only considerable characters of the machinery, I shall but just mention the Sylph that is wounded with the *scissors* at the loss of the lock, by whom is undoubtedly understood my Lord Townshend, who at that time received a *wound* in his character for making the barrier-treaty, and was *cut out* of his employment upon the dissolution of it; but that spirit reünites, and receives no harm; to signify that it came to nothing, and his lordship had no real hurt by it.

But I must not conclude this head of the characters without observing, that our author has run through every stage of beings in search of topics for detraction. As he has characterized some persons under *angels* and *men*, so he has others under *animals* and *things inanimate;* he has even represented an eminent clergyman as a *dog*, and a noted writer as a *tool*. Let us examine the former:

> ———But Shock, who thought she slept too long,
> Leap'd up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.
> 'Twas then, Belinda, if reports say true,
> Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux.

By this *Shock*, it is manifest he has most audaciously and profanely reflected on Dr. Sacheverel, who leaped up, that is, into the pulpit, and awakened Great Britain with his *tongue*, that is,

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with his *sermon*, which made so much *noise*, and for which he has been frequently termed by others of his enemies, as well as by this author, a *dog*. Or perhaps, by his *tongue* may be more literally meant his *speech* at his trial, since immediately thereupon, our author says her *eyes opened* on a *billet-doux*. Billet-doux being addresses to ladies from lovers, may be aptly interpreted those addresses of loving subjects to her majesty, which ensued that trial.

The other instance is at the end of the third canto:

> Steel did the labours of the gods destroy,
> And strike to dust th' imperial towers of Troy;
> Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
> And hew triumphal arches to the ground.

Here he most impudently attributes the demolition of Dunkirk, not to the pleasure of her majesty, or of her ministry, but to the frequent instigations of his friend Mr. Steel. A very artful pun to conceal his wicked lampoonry!

Having now considered the general intent and scope of the poem, and opened the characters, I shall next discover the malice which is covered under the episodes, and particular passages of it.

The game at *ombre* is a mystical representation of the late *war*, which is hinted by his making *spades* the trump; *spade* in Spanish signifying a *sword*, and being yet so painted in the cards of that nation, to which it is well known we owe the original of our cards. In this one place indeed he has unawares paid a compliment to the queen and her success in the war; for Belinda gets the better of the *two* that play against her, *viz:* the kings of France and Spain.

I do not question but every particular card has its person and character assigned, which, no doubt, the author has told his friends in private; but I shall only instance in the description of the disgrace under which the Duke of Marlborough then suffered, which is so apparent in these verses:

> Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
> And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
> Sad chance of war, now destitute of aid,
> Falls undistinguish'd———

And that the author here had an eye to our modern transac

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tions, is very plain, from an unguarded stroke towards the end of this game:

> And now, as oft in some distemper'd state,
> On one nice trick depends the general fate.

After the conclusion of the war, the public rejoicings and *thanksgivings* are ridiculed in the two following lines:

> The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky;
> The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Immediately upon which there follows a malicious insinuation, in the manner of a prophecy (which we have formerly observed this seditious writer delights in), that the peace should continue but a short time, and that the day should afterwards be cursed, which was then celebrated with so much joy:

> Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
> And cursed for ever this victorious day.

As the game at *ombre* is a satirical representation of the late *war*, so is the *tea-table* that ensues, of the *council-table*, and its consultations after the peace. By this he would hint, that all the advantages we have gained by our late extended commerce, are only coffee and tea, or things of no greater value. That he thought of the *trade* in this place, appears by the passage which represents the Sylphs particularly careful of the *rich brocade;* it having been a frequent complaint of our mercers, that *French brocades* were imported in great quantities. I will not say he means those presents of rich *gold stuff suits*, which were said to be made her majesty by the king of France, though I cannot but suspect that he glances at it.

Here this author (as well as the scandalous John Dunton) represents the ministry in plain terms taking *frequent cups:*

> And frequent cups prolong the rich repast;

for it is manifest he meant something more than common coffee, by his calling it

> Coffee that makes the politician wise;

and by telling us, it was this coffee that

> Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
> New stratagems———

I shall only further observe, that it was at this table the lock was cut off; for where, but at the *council-board*, should the barrier-treaty be dissolved?

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The ensuing *contentions* of the *parties*, upon the loss of that treaty, are described in the squabbles following the Rape of the Lock; and this he rashly expresses without any disguise:

All side in parties———

and here you have a gentleman who *sinks beside the chair:* a plain allusion to a noble lord, who lost his chair of *president* of the *council.*

I come next to the *bodkin*, so dreadful in the hand of Belinda; by which he intimates the British *sceptre*, so revered in the hand of our late august princess. His own note upon this place tells us, he alludes to a sceptre; and the verses are so plain, they need no remark:

The same (his ancient personage to deck)
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck
In three seal rings, which, after melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown;
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew;
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.

An open satire upon *hereditary right!* The *three seal rings* plainly allude to the three kingdoms.

These are the chief passages in the battle, by which, as hath before been said, he means the squabble of parties. Upon this occasion he could not end the description without testifying his malignant joy at those dissensions, from which he forms the prospect that *both* should be disappointed, and cries out with triumph, as it were already accomplished:

Behold how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost.

The lock at length is turned into a *star*, or the old barrier-treaty into a new and glorious *peace.* This, no doubt, is what the author, at the time he printed this poem, would have been thought to mean: in hopes by that compliment to escape the punishment for the rest of this piece. It puts me in mind of a fellow, who concluded a bitter lampoon upon the prince and court of his days, with these lines:

God save the king, the commons, and the peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears.

Whatever this author may think of that *peace*, I imagine it

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the most *extraordinary star* that ever appeared in our hemisphere. A star that is to bring us all the wealth and gold of the Indies and from whose influence, not Mr. John Partridge alone (whose worthy labours this writer so ungenerously ridicules) but all true Britons may, with no less authority than he, prognosticate *the fall of Lewis* in the restraint of the exorbitant power of France, and the *fate of Rome* in the triumphant condition of the church of England.

We have now considered this poem in its political view, wherein we have shown that it hath two different walks of satire; the one is the story itself, which is a ridicule on the *late transactions in general*, the other in the machinery, which is a satire on the *ministers of state in particular*. I shall now show that the same poem, taken in another light, has a tendency to *popery*, which is secretly insinuated through the whole.

In the first place, he has conveyed to us the doctrine of *guardian angels* and *patron saints* in the machinery of his Sylphs, which being a piece of popish superstition that hath been exploded ever since the reformation, he would revive under this disguise. Here are all the particulars which they believe of those beings, which I shall sum up in a few heads.

1st. The spirits are made to concern themselves with all human actions in general.

2ndly. A distinct guardian spirit or patron is assigned to each other person in particular:

> Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
> A watchful sprite———

3rdly. They are made directly to inspire dreams, visions, and revelations:

> Her guardian Sylph prolong'd her balmy rest;
> 'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
> The morning dream———

4thly. They are made to be subordinate in different degrees, some presiding over others. So Ariel has his several under-officers at command:

> Superior by the head was Ariel placed.

5thly. They are employed in various offices, and each hath is office assigned him:

> Some in the fields of purest ether play,
> And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
> Some guide the course, &c.

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6thly. He hath given his spirits the charge of the several parts of *dress;* intimating thereby, that the saints preside over the several parts of *human bodies.* They have one saint to cure the tooth-ache, another the gripes, another the gout, and so of the rest:

> The flattering fan be Zephyretta's care,
> The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign, &c.

7thly. They are represented to know the thoughts of men:

> As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
> He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind.

8thly. They are made protectors even to animal and irrational beings:

> Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

So St. Anthony presides over hogs, &c.

9thly. They are made patrons of whole kingdoms and provinces:

> Of these the chief, the care of nations own.

So St. George is imagined by the *papists* to defend England; St. Patrick, Ireland; St. James, Spain, &c. Now, what is the consequence of all this? By granting that they have this power, we must be brought back again to *pray* to them.

The *toilette* is an artful recommendation of the *mass* and pompous ceremonies of the *church of Rome.* The *unveiling of the altar*, the *silver vases* upon it, being *robed* in *white* as the priests are upon the chief festivals, and the *head uncovered*, are manifest marks of this:

> A heavenly image in the glass appears;
> To that she bends———

plainly denotes *image worship.*

The *goddess*, who is decked with *treasures*, *jewels*, and the various *offerings of the world*, manifestly alludes to the Lady of Loretto. You have perfumes breathing from the *incense-pot* in the following line:

> And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The character of Belinda, as we take it in this third view, represents the popish religion, or the whore of Babylon; who is described in the state this malevolent author wishes for, coming

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forth in all her glory upon the Thames, and overspreading the whole nation with ceremonies.

> Not with more glories in th' ethereal plain
> The sun first rises o'er the purple main,
> Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
> Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.

She is dressed with a *cross* on her breast, the ensign of popery, the *adoration* of which is plainly recommended in the following lines:

> On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
> Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

Next he represents her as the *universal church*, according to the boasts of the papists:

> And like the sun she shines on all alike.

After which he tells us:

> If to her share some female errors fall,
> Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

Though it should be granted, some errors fall to her share, look on the pompous figure she makes throughout the world, and they are not worth regarding. In the sacrifice following you have these two lines:

> For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
> Propitious Heaven, and every power adored.

In the first of them he plainly hints at their rising to *matins;* in the second, by adoring *every power*, the *invocation of saints.*

Belinda's visits are described with numerous *wax-lights*, which are always used in the ceremonial part of the Romish worship:

> ———Visits shall be paid on solemn days,
> When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze.

The *lunar sphere* he mentions, opens to us their *purgatory*, which is seen in the following line:

> Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.

It is a popish doctrine, that scarce any person quits this world but he must touch at purgatory on his way to heaven; and it is here also represented as the *treasury* of the *Romish church.* Nor is it much to be wondered at, that the *moon* should be *purgatory*, when a learned divine hath, in a late treatise, proved the *sun* to be *hell.**

* The Reverend Dr. Swinden.—WARTON.

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I shall now, before I conclude, desire the reader to compare this key with those upon any other pieces, which are supposed to have been secret satires upon the state, either ancient or modern; in particular with the keys to *Petronius Arbiter*, Lucian's *True History*, Barclay's *Argenis*, and Rabelais's *Garagantua;* and I doubt not he will do me the justice to acknowledge, that the explanations here laid down, are deduced as naturally, and with as little violence, both from the general *scope* and *bent* of the work, and from the several *particulars:* furthermore, that they are every way as consistent and undeniable, every way as candid, as any modern interpretation of either *party* on the conduct and writings of the other. And I appeal to the most eminent and able *state decypherers* themselves, if, according to their art, any thing can be more fully *proved*, or more safely *sworn* to?

To sum up my whole charge against this author in a few words: he has ridiculed both the present ministry and the last; abused great statesmen and great generals; nay, the treaties of whole nations have not escaped him, nor has the royal dignity itself been omitted in the progress of his satire; and all this he has done just at the meeting of a new parliament. I hope a proper authority may be made use of to bring him to condign punishment. In the mean while, I doubt not, if the persons most concerned would but order Mr. Bernard Lintot, the printer and publisher of this dangerous piece, to be taken into custody and examined, many farther discoveries might be made, both of this poet's and abettors' secret designs, which are doubtless of the utmost importance to the *government.*

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MISCELLANEOUS EPISTLES.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

In nearly all the editions of Pope's Works, the *Epistles* are introduced with that charming one addressed to "Mr. Addison, occasioned by his *Dialogues on Medals*." We cannot, however, but regard it as more intimately connected with the *Moral* Epistles than with those of a general character, and have disposed of it accordingly on page 97 of this volume.

A few productions, which are not strictly epistolary, have also been included in this division; it being deemed of greater consequence to have them partially classified than scattered promiscuously through the volumes, with a regard to nothing but the date of their composition.

TO ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD, AND EARL MORTIMER,

*Prefixed to Dr. Parnelle's Poems, published after his death by Mr. Pope.**

Such were the notes thy once-loved poet sung,
Till death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh, just beheld and lost! admired and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
Bless'd in each science, bless'd in every strain!
Dear to the Muse!—to Harley dear—in vain!
For him, thou oft hast bid the world attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him, despised the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dext'rous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleased to 'scape from flattery to wit.
Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear,)

* This *Epistle* was sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnelle's Poems, published by our author, after the said earl's imprisonment in the Tower and retreat into the country, in the year 1721.—*P.*

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Rëcall those nights that closed thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy Parnelle in his living lays,
Who, careless now, of int'rest, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;
Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.
And sure, if aught below the seats divine
Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine:
A soul supreme, in each hard instance tried,
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.
In vain to deserts thy retreat is made;
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis hers the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Rëjudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all th' obliged desert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now she shades thy ev'ning walk with bays,
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise;)
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm sunset of thy various day,
Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell that Mortimer is he.

Ver. 21. *And sure, if aught.*] Strength of mind appears to have been the predominant characteristic of Lord Oxford; of which he gave the most striking proofs when he was stabbed, displaced, and imprisoned. These noble and nervous lines allude to these circumstances; of his fortitude and firmness, another striking proof remains, in a letter which the earl wrote from the Tower to a friend, who advised him to meditate an escape, and which is worthy of the greatest hero of antiquity.

There are few verses in Pope more correct, more musical, more dignified, and affecting than these to Lord Oxford; and such a testimony to his merit in the hour of misfortune, must have been as grateful to Lord Oxford as it was honourable to Pope.—Bowles.

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TO JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.,

Secretary of State.

A soul as full of worth, as void of pride,
Which nothing seeks to show, or needs to hide:
Which nor to guilt nor fear its caution owes,
And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows:
A face untaught to feign; a judging eye,
That darts severe upon a rising lie,
And strikes a blush through frontless flattery:
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, kings and fortune cannot make thee more.

Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,
Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;
But candid, free, sincere as you began,
Proceed—a minister, but still a man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Ashamed of any friend, not ev'n of me:
The patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;
If not, 'tis I must be ashamed of you.

Secretary of State.] In the year 1720.—*P.*

Mr. Craggs was made Secretary at War, in 1717, when the Earl of Sunderland and Mr. Addison were appointed Secretaries of State.

This *Epistle* appears to have been written soon after his being made one of the Secretaries of State. He was deeply implicated in the famous South-Sea Scheme. When Mr. Shippen, alluding to him, said in the House of Commons, (at the time a motion was made to secure the persons and property of the South-Sea directors,) "in his opinion, there were some men in high stations, who were no less guilty than the directors;" Mr. Craggs immediately answered, "he was ready to give satisfaction to any man who should question him, in that House or out of it. This created great offence, and was understood as a challenge; but after some ferment, Mr. Craggs said, that "by giving satisfaction," he meant, clearing his conduct.—*Tyndal's Continu. of Rapin.*

He died soon after the detection of the fallacy of the *great scheme*, and would most probably have been called to a severe account had he lived. He died of the small-pox, on the ninth day, 16th February, 1721.—Bowles.

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TO MR. JERVAS,

With Mr. Dryden's Translation of Fresnoy's Art of Painting.

THIS verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where life awakes and dawns at every line:
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,
And from the canvas call the mimic face:
Read the instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire:
And reading wish, like theirs our fate and fame,
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name:
Like them to shine through long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.
Smit with the love of sister arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;

Epistle to Mr. Jervas.] This *Epistle* was orignally printed in 1717.—*P.*

Jervas owed much more of his reputation to this *Epistle* than to his skill as a painter. "He was defective," says Mr. Walpole, "in drawing, colouring, and composition; his pictures are a light, flimsy kind of fan-painting, as large as the life: his vanity was excessive." The reason why Lady Bridgewater's name is so frequently repeated in this *Epistle* is, because Jervas affected to be violently in love with her. As she was sitting to him one day, he ran over the beauties of her face with rapture; but added, "I cannot help telling your ladyship you have not a handsome ear." "No!—Pray, Mr. Jervas, what is a handsome ear?" He turned aside his cap, and showed his own!—WARTON.

Jervas was one of the most intimate friends of Pope, and appears from his own letters to have been a man of good sense and sincerity. He was distinguished by his knowledge of works of art, and was sent to Italy at the expense of Dr. Clarke, Member of Parliament for the University of Oxford. He is also well known by his excellent translation of *Don Quixote.*

Ver. 13. *Smit with the love.*] These five lines are read with additional pleasure, when we reflect that they are a true representation of the manner in which Pope and his friend were accustomed to pass their time at the period they were written. Of the proficiency made by Pope, and of his character of his own attempts at painting, some account is given in his *Life*, prefixed to this edition.

Ver. 13. *Sister-arts.*] To the poets that practised and understood painting, the names of Dante, of Flatman, of Butler, of Dyer, may be added that of our author; a portrait of whose painting is in the possession of Lord Mansfield: a head of Betterton.—WARTON.

There is also another portrait by Pope in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, at Arundel castle.—BOWLES.

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Like friendly colours, found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light.
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer suns roll unperceived away!
How oft our slowly growing works impart,
While images reflect from art to art!
How oft review; each finding, like a friend,
Something to blame, and something to commend!
What flattering scenes our wandering fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fired with ideas of fair Italy,
With thee on Raphael's monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn:
With thee repose where Tully once was laid,
Or seek some ruin's formidable shade:
While Fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome anew.
Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye;
A fading fresco here demands a sigh;
Each heavenly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphael's grace, with thy loved Guido's air,
Carraci's strength, Corregio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
This small well-polish'd gem, the work of years!
Yet still how faint by precept is express'd
The living image in the painter's breast!
Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.
Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead!

Ver. 36. *Match Raphael's grace.*] If the character of Raffaelle were to be given in one word, this was the only one suited to the occasion. This is the characteristic in which he stands unrivalled. The works of Giulio Romano, and his other pupils, please the imagination and gratify the judgment, but the inimitable *grace* of Raphael touches the heart.

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Call round her tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!
Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flower, that every season fears,
Bloom in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes;
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.
Oh, lasting as those colours may they shine,
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works display,
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;
And finish'd more through happiness than pains!
The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.
Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on every face;
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And these be sung till Granville's Myra die;
Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name.

Ver. 40. *The work of years.*] Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing his poem.—*P.*

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TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT,

On her Birth-Day.

Oh! be thou blest with all that Heaven can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend:
Not with those toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
With added years if life bring nothing new,
But like a sieve let every blessing through,
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad reflection more;
Is that a birth-day? 'tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the funeral of the former year.

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm every thought, inspirit every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;
Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or ecstacy of Joy,
Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in the life to come.

Variations.—After ver. 10, were these four lines, in the original:

If there's no hope, with kind though fainter ray,
To gild the evening of our future day;
If every page of life's long volume tell
The same dull story, Mordaunt, thou did'st well!

Colonel Mordaunt, who destroyed himself, though not under the pressure of any ill or misfortune.—Warton.

Ver. 15. Originally thus in the MS.:

And, oh! since death must that fair frame destroy,
Die, by some sudden ecstacy of joy;
In some soft dream may thy mild soul remove,
And be thy latest gasp a sigh of love.

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TO MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT,

With the Works of Voiture.

In these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
And all the writer lives in every line;
His easy art may happy nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flattery pleased the fair and great;
Still with esteem no less conversed than read;
With wit well-natured, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his mistress and his friend did share,
His time, the Muse, the witty, and the fair.
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he played the trifle, life, away;
Till fate scarce felt his gentle breast suppress'd,
As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.
Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd, who never mourn'd before;
The truest hearts for Voiture heaved with sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes:
The smiles and loves had died in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.

Let the strict life of graver morals be
A long, exact, and serious comedy;
In every scene some moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear,
And more diverting still than regular,
Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
Though not too strictly bound to time and place:
Critics in wit, or life, are hard to please,
Few write to those, and none can live to these.

Ver. 14. *As smiling infants*, &c.] There is a beautiful passage of this sort in Temple's *Essays*:—"After all, life is like a froward child, that must e trifled with, and played with, till it falls asleep, and then the cars is over."

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Too much your sex are by their forms confined,
Severe to all, but most to womankind;
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame;
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater in their place:
Well might you wish for change by those accursed,
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.
Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,
Or bound in formal or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for some months adored,
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.
Ah, quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
Nor let false shows, nor empty titles please:
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.
The gods, to curse Pamela with her prayers,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched thing!
Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward part;
She sighs, and is no duchess at her heart.
But, Madam, if the fates withstand, and you
Are destined Hymen's willing victim too;
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
Those, age or sickness, soon or late disarms:
Good-humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past:
Love, raised on beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;
As flowery bands in wantonness are worn,
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

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Thus Voiture's early care* still shone the same,
And Monthausier was only changed in name;
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.
Now, crown'd with myrtle, on th' Elysian coast,
Amid those lovers, joys his gentle ghost:
Pleased, while with smiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you.
The brightest eyes in France inspired his Muse;
The brightest eyes in Britain now peruse;
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT,

On her leaving Town, after the Coronation.

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the town to wholesome country air,
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew:
Not that their pleasures caused her discontent,
She sigh'd, not that they stay'd, but that she went.
She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashioned halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from opera, park, assembly, play,
To morning-walks, and prayers three hours a-day;

* Mademoiselle Paulet.

Coronation.] Of King George the First, 1715.—*P.*

Ver. 7. *Zephalinda.*] The assumed name of Teresa Blount, under which she corresponded for many years with a Mr. More, under the feigned name of *Alexis*.—Bowles.

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To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon:
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the 'squire;
Up to her godly garret after seven,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heaven.
  Some 'squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whose game is whist, whose treat a toast in sack:
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries,—"No words!"
Or with his hounds comes hallooing from the stable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.
  In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
In pensive thought recall the fancied scene,
See coronations rise on every green;
Before you pass th' imaginary sights
Of lords, and earls, and dukes, and garter'd knights,
While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes;
Then give one flirt and all the vision flies.
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!
  So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
Not plagued with headaches, or the want of rhyme,
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you.
Just when his fancy paints your sprightly eyes,
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs, rush upon my sight;
Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,
Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

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TO MR. JOHN MOORE,

Author of the celebrated Worm-Powder.

How much, egregious Moore, are we
  Deceived by shows and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
  All human kind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
  Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
  Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find
  E'er since our grandame's evil;
She first conversed with her own kind,
  That ancient worm, the devil.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name;
  The blockhead is a slow-worm;
The nymph whose tail is all on flame,
  Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,
  That flutter for a day;
First from a worm they take their rise,
  And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an earwig grows;
  Thus worms suit all conditions:
Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaux,
  And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen
  By all their winding play;
Their conscience is a worm within,
  That gnaws them night and day.

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Ah, Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the courtier void
The worm that never dies.

Oh, learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
Who sett'st our entrails free;
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Ev'n Button's wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

TO MR. GAY,

Who had congratulated Mr. Pope on finishing his House and Garden.

"Ah, friend! 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow,
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens:
Joy lives not here, to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.

What are the gay parterre, the chequer'd shade,
The morning bower, the evening colonnade,
But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds?
So the struck deer in some sequester'd part
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;
He stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away."

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TO MR. THOMAS SOUTHERN,

On his Birth-day, 1742.

Resign'd to live, prepared to die,
With not one sin but poetry,
This day Tom's fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table, with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
Presents her harp still to his fingers.
The feast his towering genius marks
In yonder wild-goose and the larks!
The mushrooms show his wit was sudden!
And for his judgment, lo a pudden!
Roast beef, though old, proclaims him stout,
And grace, although a bard, devout.
May Tom, whom Heaven sent down to raise
The price of prologues and of plays,
Be every birth-day more a winner,
Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And scorn a rascal and a coach.

Ver. 3. *This day Tom's.*] This amiable writer lived the longest, and died one of the richest of all our poets. In 1737, Mr. Gray, writing to a friend, says, very agreeably, "We have here old Mr. Southern, who often comes to see us; he is now seventy-seven years old, and has almost wholly lost his memory; but is as agreeable an old man as can be; at least, I persuade myself so, when I look at him, and I think of Isabella and Oroonoko." He was certainly a great master of the pathetic; and in the latter part of his life became sensible of the impropriety he had been guilty of in mixing Tragedy with Comedy. He was the first play-writer that had the benefit of a third night. He told Dryden that he once had cleared seven hundred pounds by one of his plays.—Warton.

Ver. 16. *The price of prologues and of plays.*] This alludes to a story Mr. Southern told of Mr. Dryden, about the same time, to Mr. P. and Mr. W. When Southern first wrote for the stage, Dryden was so famous for his *Prologues*, that the players would act nothing without that decoration. His usual price till then had been four guineas; but when Southern came to him for the *Prologue* he had bespoke, Dryden told him he must have six guineas for it; "which," said he, "young man, is out of no disrespect to you; but the players have had my goods too cheap." We now look upon these *Prologues* with the same admiration that the Virtuosi do on the apothecaries' pots painted by Raphael.—Warburton.

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TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.*

In beauty or wit,
No mortal, as yet,
To question your empire has dared;
But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning,
To yield to a lady was hard.

Impertinent schools,
With musty dull rules,
Have reading to females denied:
So papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

'Twas a woman at first
(Indeed she was cursed)
In knowledge that tasted delight,
And sages agree
That laws should decree
To the first of possessors the right.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong;
And let men receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

* This panegyric on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu might have been suppressed, by Mr. Pope, on account of her having satirized him in her verses to the imitator of Horace; which abuse he returned in the first satire of the second book of Horace.

From furious Sappho, scarce a milder fate,
P—'d by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

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But if the first Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she,
What a punishment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who, tasting, have robb'd the whole tree!

VERSES TO MR. C.

St. James's Place.

LONDON, OCTOBER 22.

Few words are best; I wish you well;
Bethel, I'm told, will soon be here:
Some morning-walks along the Mall,
And evening friends, will end the year.

If, in this interval, between
The falling leaf and coming frost
You please to see, on Twit'nam green,
Your friend, your poet, and your host;

For three whole days you here may rest,
From office business, news, and strife;
And (what most folks would think a jest)
Want nothing else, except your wife.

END OF VOL. II.

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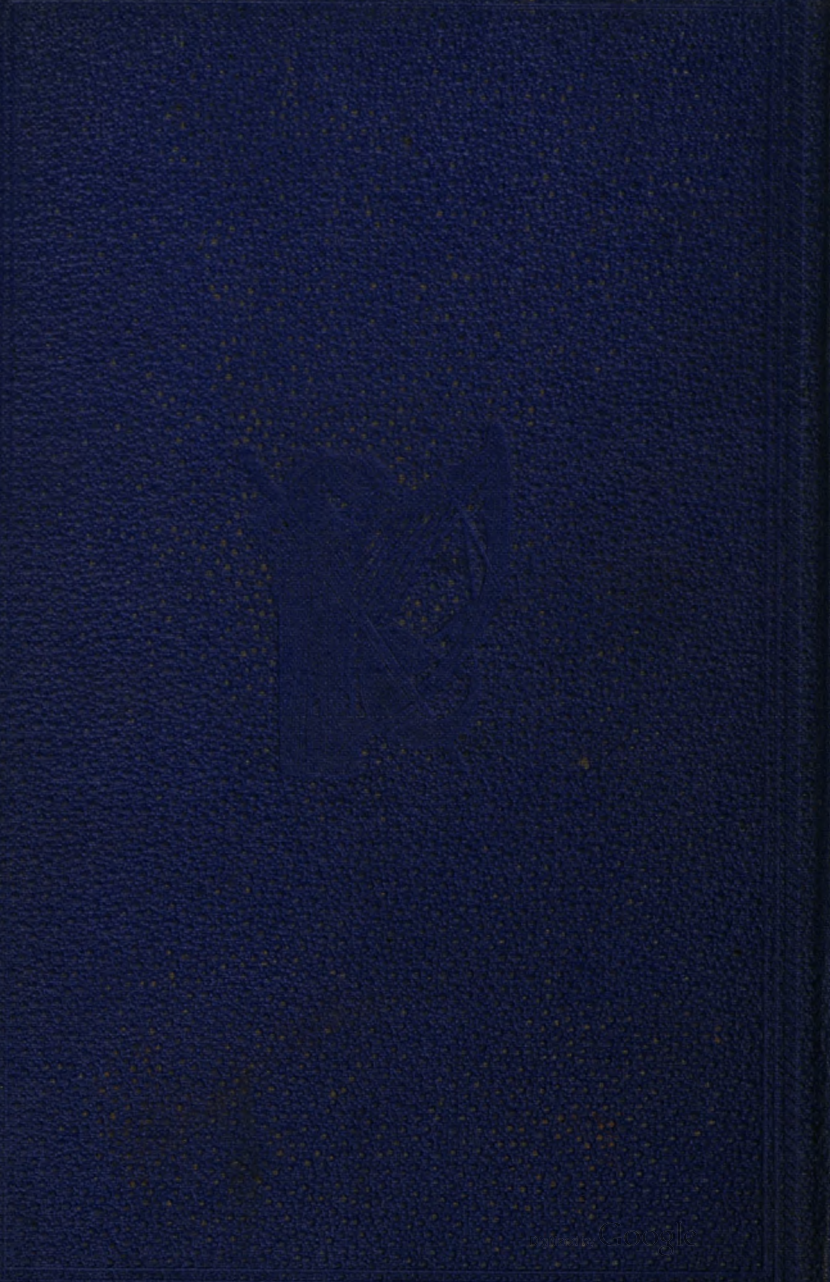
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